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HER BRA

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Do they tie her down?

HER PLUMBING

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**PIONEER**

See Reader Service Card after page 104

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Esquire.com

39  
CROSSWORD  
AND THE REST  
Letters from Readers

39  
BACHELOR  
This Is Your Wife  
By Lee Gardner

45  
Mean At His Best:

INTERVIEW  
Have You Driven a  
Womaniately Lately?  
By Alan Freedman

ENTERTAINMENT  
The Greatest Record  
Ever Made  
By David Fricke

ENTERTAINMENT  
Guerrilla In Your Mind!  
By Albee Cook

LOVING QUARTERS  
The Regressing of America  
By Paul Tolson

LOVING QUARTERS  
The Thrill  
By Julie Grollman

DRINK DRINKING  
A Cape on the Cape  
By Paul Tolson

67  
AMERICAN JOURNAL  
Murder on Mainland  
By Peter Knobell

Covers: Photography by Michael O'Neill. Advertising by Diane Zelch. Illustration by Daniel Tolson

VOLUME 173 NO. 4

# Esquire



The most significant stories, Page 104

## Features

FOR MEN 101 The American Wife...

Call her anything you want, just call her.

HER DATE 102 The Last Housewife in America

A portrait of the endangered species.  
By David Freed

HER NIGHTS 116 Betrayed

A story of two sisters and many lies.  
By Lisa Gruscow

FOR KIDS 125 The 100 Best Wives of All Time

All about Eve and many more other paradoxical names.

FOR WOMEN 128 The Four Wives of the Apocalypse

Saturday Night Live's Nana Gruen starts in your most surreal imagination.

75  
THE SPARTAN LIFE  
**Shark Bites Back**  
By Mike Lapine



79  
ACTIVE MASTERS  
**Inner Peace for Regular Guys**  
By John Pappas

87  
THE FIRST 100  
**How I Got My Life**  
By Dorothy King



93  
TECHNOLOGY  
**Why Pictures Lie**  
By Donald A. Katz

106  
ACQUIRE REQUIREMENTS  
**The Print Shirt**  
Photograph by Timothy Hallinan  
By Matthew Robins

109  
THE REQUIRED  
SERIOUS TRAVELER  
**20 airports**  
By Paul Fuster

114  
**A Letter at Last**  
By Bruce McCall

134 **Those Gilded Moments**  
A fine farewell to the trophy wife. May she rest in peace.  
Photographs by Mary Ellen Mark

142 **The Twelve Virtues of the Perfect Wife**  
Why can't she be more like a Bay Isom?  
By Dorothy King

142 **Enter the Muse**  
In praise of the literary wife:  
Joan Didion, Kristeva Freud, Janice Ian  
By John Gregory Dunne, Richard Ford, and Robert Stone

148 **Fashion Tips for the Repeat Offender**  
What to wear to your second (or third) wedding.

153 **Your Wife: An Owner's Manual**  
From her picket fence to her plumbing, what every husband needs to know. No assembly required. Return not included.

162 **Fear and Clothing**  
Any guy can buy his wife clothes. It takes a real man to shop for them.

168 **Here Lies My Heart**  
The marriage may have ended, but the memories linger on.  
By Wilkie Morris

178 **The Ultimate Guide to Managing Your Life**  
To be or not to be married: That is the question.  
By Peter Malone

182 **When Peter Met Elysa**  
She came or went. He came or right. She smoked and whined. He caroled at Christmas. Ah yes, we remember it well.  
By Peter Gethers

199 **A Case of Wife Murder**  
Charles Sturmy knew that having it all meant destroying what he already had.  
By John Seiford

207 **The Ring of Truth**  
Don't let a wedding band ruin a perfectly good marriage.  
By Carl Norcross

212 **P.S., I Loved You**  
A letter from an ex-wife.  
By Linda Weavers

Photo: Michael Apollonio (top); Andrew Hetherington



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PAGE 1 JEWELRY  
PAGE 2 JEWELRY  
ULTIMAT 1981/82



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AKM

ANNE KLEIN MEN  
ACCESSORIES

It was one of those summer evenings  
you wished would never end,  
and the whole neighborhood  
turned out to see your new car.

You answered a million questions,  
and everyone sat in the driver's seat.  
They went home long after sunset.

But it was still t-shirt warm  
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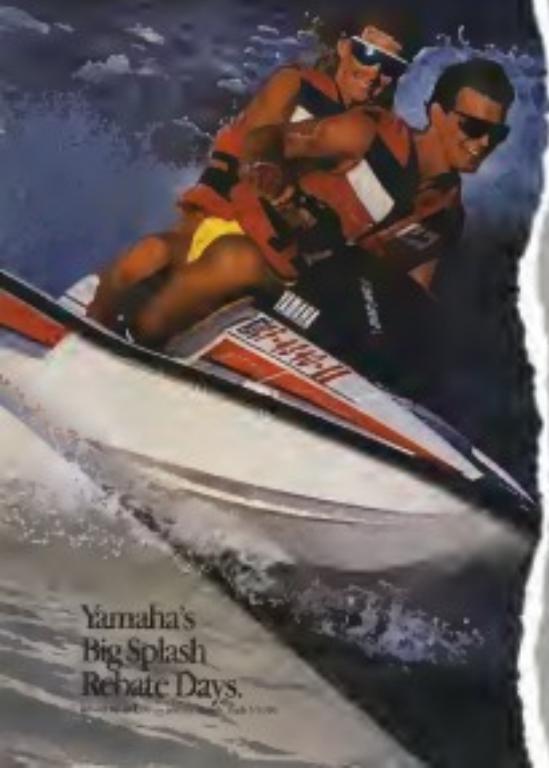
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For details see page 100. Text 100



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**YAMAHA**  
WATER VEHICLE

See Reader Service Card after page 100



Around here, a century of breeding can be revealed in a split second.

What's true for the championship trotters raised at Hanover Shoe Farms is also true for the timepieces made a few miles up the road at the Hamilton Watch Company, of Lancaster, Pa. The new Hamilton chronographs, for instance:

Nearly a century of watchmaking expertise is revealed in their beautifully functional designs. Each features elapsed second and minute hands, and three dials marking elapsed hours, tenths of a second, and continuous seconds. Most models also feature a date display.

Like the horses of Hanover Shoe Farms, the Hamilton chronographs demonstrate that it takes generations to produce a champion that performs as well as it looks.



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Every year, it's the same old story:

You need a couple new swimsuits. So you grit your courage, and go into the department store. When the salesmen are often overbearing. And the suits, even more so. Designed by designers who seem to think every woman is a little emperors-peacock.

But you're going. You try on a suit. Then another. Then another. Maybe you find something you like, maybe you don't.

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"I got to the point where I'd never purchase without reservations about a suit," one customer from Missouri told us.

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And, remember, that we pride ourselves the value we offer again in all Lands' End purchases. Most of them are under \$40, yet made to higher quality standards than most department store suits costing \$50 and up.

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What makes us so sure our suits fit "real people"?

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Now we are the "perfected" pattern for every suit we make. Even one is from one year to the next, as a woman can always come back to us for that same swimsuit (and comfortable fit).

Read reviews.

Just look to what more of our customers have said about our swimsuits.

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"It fits great. The cut and style are figure-flattering, and very comfortable."

"What woman am I and who am when I get my suits. I always brag about your craftsmanship, country and fair treatment."

We thank you like just plain enthusiastic.

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# The Sound and the Fury

## LETTERS

### The Grits of Ruth

"Desperado" (by Philip Roth, February) is a mishmash of plots that go nowhere due to exhaustion, cutbacks and status-dislike. The vulgarists appear to have been called in to keep the Said and Callies dentists happy and entertained. Incidentally, if any man's interests extend that much and that far, he'd spend most of his time alone.

Eric J. Dovid  
Westchester, N.Y.

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Book Vult  
Santa Fe, N.M.

### Tortilla Curtain Call

Pete Hamill, states that the United States took Texas along with several other southwestern states, or perhaps from Mexico in the Mexican War of 1847—all ("Along the Tortilla Curtain," February). Apparently, he is ignorant of U.S. history, because of pressure from owners and labor, which did not want cheap Mexican wages to impede pay scale increases for all workers. The result is the misleadership

of what are now New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Oklahoma. Nine years after Texas was its independence, it petitioned for and was granted U.S. statehood. It was the swelling of statehood, along with the agreement about the southern boundary of Texas, that precipitated the armed conflict of 1861-65. Also, the Mexican War actually began when Mexican troops crossed the Rio Grande and attacked United States troops.

Mr. Hamill forgets to mention a very important part of the immigrants' journey: that they took the "sojourner" albeit illegally, in search of a better life or to support desperate families in an apparently impoverished Mexico. I believe, however, that he should look his opinion with fact and research analysis.

J. P. Barber  
Post Watch, Tex

A laudable article on Mexican and Central American drug cartels.

Consider for a moment how many of us here are, like me, the

people in Mexico just across the border, paying wages considerably less than those in the United States and selling our previously pristine areas such as the Rio Grande valley near El Paso, along with Juanas.

As a native Texan brought up on the once-Mexican-American culture, I share Mr. Hamill's sympathy for those who come to this country, albeit illegally, in search of a better life or to support desperate families in an apparently impoverished Mexico. I believe, however, that he should look his opinion with fact and research analysis.

J. P. Barber  
Post Watch, Tex

personally trying to keep out the people who are doing the same work that the vast majority of Americans are too proud or lazy to do. Simply put, the Americans demand for "freedom" but necessary workers or bring men to the supply of handicrafts and entrepreneurial Americans. This is Regino.

David C. Iglesias  
Santa Fe, N.M.

Pete Hamill forgets to mention a very important part of the immigrants' journey: that they took the "sojourner" albeit illegally, in search of a better life or to support desperate families in an apparently impoverished Mexico. I believe, however, that he should look his opinion with fact and research analysis.

better their own lives, and thus positively affect our own, are taking their loss every day.

Glen A. Ockman Jr.  
Vancouver, Calif.

### Rita Skeet

At the end of Shapur's writing sentence to St. Paul in "Free the Oil" out of me ("Yes, There Is Such a Thing as Too Much Jiggle," February), I must tell you that way back in 1981 I made and started the Jig-O Show. The diameter of my tallest place at my house is Ten Feet. I won a research chance, and experimenting with new and different formulations came true.

Robert Wurman  
St. Paul, Minn.

### Donald, Duck

Donald, Ken's dream of becoming an heir to his grandfather's likely-to-catch virus. In "Aids Newspeaks Today's News" (January) he writes that "deeper into" will narrow people's perspectives because they will be "isolated only by a high-tech encapsulation" of information

but the opposite is true. Donald's isolation underscores that electronic technology has "extended our central nervous system itself to a global embrace, isolating both space and time..."

Computers are a medium that allows our minds to wander the globe without leaving the room. They broaden the scope of our imagination. Let us do it in peace.

John W. Prokes  
Holbrook, N.J.

### Brown versus Brains

The Brain collects a dozen triumphs ("The State of Illinois," by Thomas Hine, January). It looks all right on our shelves, and makes a decent enough capital coffee, but its diagrams were clearly more concerned with beauty than function. Should you prefer to put the lid on the castle while brewing, you are rewarded with all the water and grime overflowing from the castle into mugs and floors.

My husband, son, and I have such anaphylactic dust-mall disease. When we sit in front of the castle, we sneeze and flinch. My husband, son, and I have such anaphylactic dust-mall disease. When we sit in front of the castle, we sneeze and flinch. Thank you for shortening my "what's like" that I've ever seen.

Theo Gund  
San Francisco, Calif.

Letters on the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Equifax, 1750 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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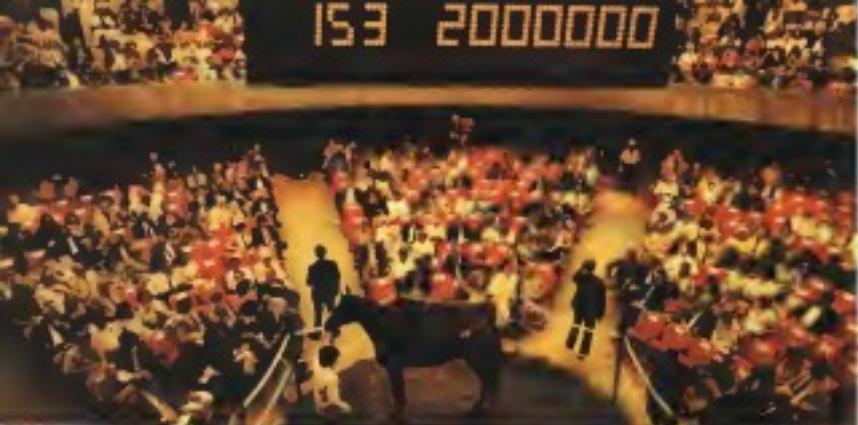
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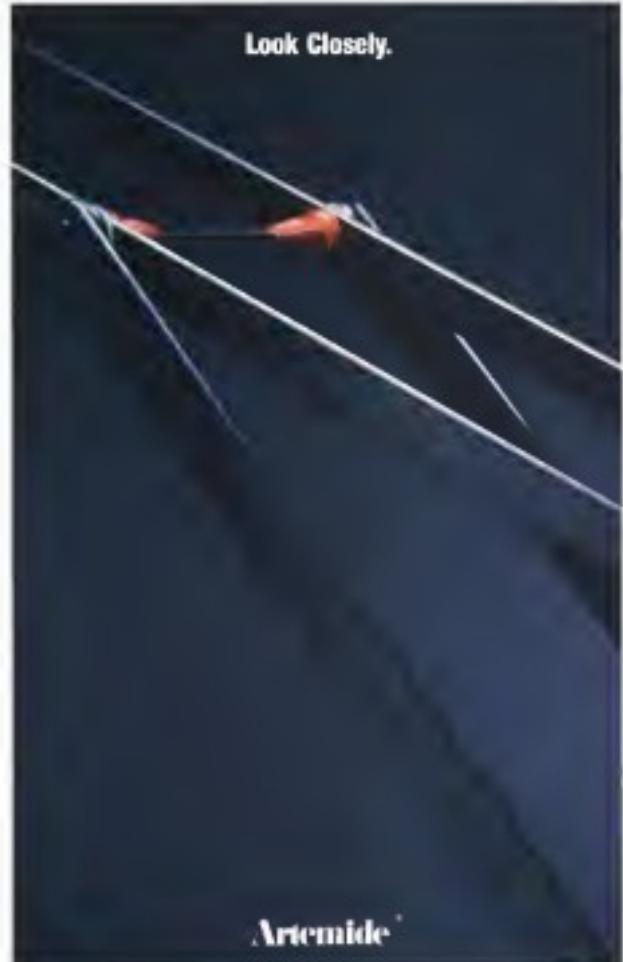
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## Backstage



# This Is Your Wife

By Lee Etsenberg

WE ARE GATHERED regularly in the night of our readers to cover to goss with the subject of a man's wife, his partner, the little woman, the woman (for additional terms of endearment, see page 104).

Whichever name she goes by, she is there when a man wakes up and she is there when he goes to sleep, and in between, even when she isn't there, she's there, on his mind, sometimes on his sleeve. She is the overwhelming source of joy, inspiration, solace, pride, passion, frustration, and bolster to his life. That said, how come so many men understand that WCRs better than her?

Today, the list has a different guise, many of which are explored in this issue. But a lot of men, it seems, like to impale her image qualities that tend to keep her either high as a pedestal or sumo-style underfoot.

Some men make her a supergoddess, the excuse they offer others (and perhaps themselves) for their own occasional lapses of nerve, discipline, absentmindedness, or courage ("I'd love to go, but the little woman would kill me").

Then comes yet another surprise: that there is a shadow in this approach, a kind of anxiety of the fatuous and love stalled.

Men like them present  
no trouble.

Other husbands, of course, go on the opposite extreme, regarding their wives' virtues to a kind of rape-rush reverence, loving, in the process, both their spouses and their embroidery flosses and wavy skirts, in my case, do not make happy bedfellow.

What does the American wife look like when she's looked at least as?

Back in February, to get both you and us chattering about husbands and wives, we ran an *Esquire* Survey of male and female views on marriage. It was two pages long, included neither postage nor incentive for return mailing, and yet it was filled out and mailed back by the thousands. Of those who responded, two out of three were husbands talking about wives, and most (but not all) of the rest of you were wives talking about husbands. Here's what a percent of you had thoughts of the same sex, several of you were honest (as far as Edna's include the category in the first place). Typically, a respondent was around thirty-six years old, a college graduate (moving up to Syracus, and married—for about six years—to a spouse of similar educational status. Here are some of the survey's major themes:

If you really could for me, you'd change a lot of habits for me. Men and women differed greatly in where, if given the choice, they would change about wives and husbands. Wives would first improve their husbands' personal habits.

(31 percent), then their temper (21 percent), then their salary (20 percent). Husbands, for their part, would change their wives' self-confidence (15 percent), then their sexual attitudes (12 percent), then their sexual performance (10 percent). Hey, why is it you husband an inch that open window!

In addition, husbands would improve their wives' appearance (15 percent), their intelligence (11 percent), their sense of humor (10 percent), and their values (4 percent). Wives would fix their husbands' family (17 percent),



their hobbies (10 percent), and their friends (7 percent). Which side found the other just peachy as of A level: 14 percent (most of them 18 to 30) of the women said that they would change nothing, nada, about their hobbies, while only 10 percent of the men found their wives to be without some blemish (Personally, I am not acquainted with any of these guys.)

**That was me lady, that was my tramp.** Don't sleep the presses, but on the matter of fidelity, more men than women agreed with the maximus: "Fidelity is difficult" (42 percent to 21 percent). So, personally, acting on that belief, more men (nearly half) and they'd had an affair, while only somewhat more than a third of the women confessed to one.

Whooosh, as it were, is the most gulf-yester, reminiscent, and self-flaunting test. Number. Had they to do it all over again, 70 percent of the husbands would crawl back under the covers, so would 64 percent of the women. (We can only conclude that it was, indeed, good for both of you!) Still, for most of the reasons it was a one-time thing. More than half of the wed-ding wives said they'd never stray again; only a third of the wayward husbands would make such a promise. Those of you who'd strike again, you know who you are, but you're not orking. Separately, more than half of both spouses and husbands said that there's a little too be gained by adhering to ethics.

Husband to say, at certain questions, men emerged the stronger of the two sexes. More than 75 percent of the men were "certain" their spouses would never cheat, while 45 percent of the women were so convinced.



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You are the sunshine of my life. The drowsy stars clouds made, two thirds of all men and women agreed with this statement: "My spouse knows me better than anyone in the world does."

But when we asked what they didn't know about their spouses, an overwhelming majority answered that they didn't know what their husbands' secrets were!

Curiosities were:

that,

they claimed false knowledge about their spouses' fears, their past, and what they did at work.

Women and husbands

claimed to be alike when it came to what they knew about each other. When we asked them when they fell closest to one another, 31 percent said "just sitting around." Most likely intimacy was just a chance, vacillating, and going out together. You'd think, then, that more people would go married just to sit around? Nope. Most men and women tell and they got married "for love," while for surprised other possessions, such as money, family possessions, and pregnancy, husbands which accounted for less than 10 percent of the responses.

And what do our matrads do when they're not happily



about you? That for all your spouse's screwing around, reprehensible personal habits, and overhearing religious views, you would, if you met your spouse for the first time tomorrow, marry her/him all over again. Besides, despite all of your criticisms, you probably consider your spouse your best friend. And dad, when pressed in cookies, you own up to the fact that you have been charged for the buttie by your marriage. And if it fits this out, then the next one.

So much for the quantifiable part of the issue. The rest of it has to do with the modern American wife, as observed through the pens of Esquire's writers and photographers. These may be the true keys of all.

## Men emerged the smugger of the sexes. More than 75 percent of the men

were "certain" their wives would never cheat, while 65 percent of the women

were so convinced.

and screwing around? They fight. Their fight over **money** (42 percent), over **household chores** (34 percent), over **relatives** (34 percent), over **sex** (30 percent), over **friends** (11 percent), over **vacations** (10 percent), over **religion** (5 percent), and over **kids** (4 percent).

So what, or the end, did we find out?

I'M PROUD TO REPORT

that, in its return to print, we learned Esquire had been nominated for four 1999 National Magazine Awards, in fiction and in Design. We are grateful to the American Society of Magazine Editors and the Columbia University School of Journalism for their commendations. Hail off to Rest Hill, Bill Plympton, Ray Gravetts, and David Attwells, who led our respective departments to such a fine showing in the year gone by. —B

Lee Rosenberg is Esquire's editor in chief.



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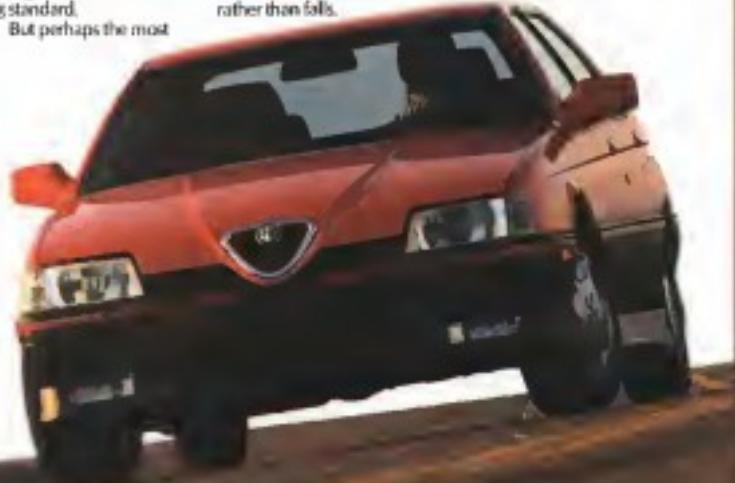
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# Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

**W**HAT WITH all those protests in medieval town squares, and subsequent 100,000 feet from troops loyal to ruling Red Army, much of Eastern Europe's cross-continented very tough to Americans who'd caught it on the Tassow last winter. Much, but not all. Take these early shots of East Germans facing in the West in their family cars. "East Germans are voting with their feet," TV journalists said, ignoring the fact that they were really voting with their Wartburgs and Trabants.

These automobile-bound Germans made it a squatting right—one that had them to over-cautious consumers not only endorse the principle of honest library pots as no big deal, but they're also eager to load up their cars and head for where the shopping's good. We Americans have books and the cars we come in here, they looked at his down market, but their noses were like instant versions of dog noses. Did sand in their eyes, and like the boy selling Blaubeuren Marmelade, so many die folks all over the country called their local stations to find out what kind they were.

So either drive out the Eastern Bloc customers or a wise marketing plan for our automakers to swoop into west pots for your citizens and new models, why not just individual their cars and leave them here instead? That way we can support those fledgling democratic regimes that until now, while trapping us in established lineup of eastern euro models.

Of course, there's no way of predicting what the German automakers try selling some day again plain neophyte that things that look gross, ridiculous, and if they were built before the war was what's hot nowadays. But auto trends don't lie, and



## MOTORING

### Have You Driven a Wartburg Lately?

By Alan Wallakoff

as that you can judge for yourself, here's some of the more old-fashioned automotive hardware from Bulgaria to the Balkans.

**Trabant**, VEB Automobilwerke Eisenach, German Democratic Republic.

The aging East German丞  
merit model in New York  
was graced about this Tassow  
last January, but her status  
has seemed to have more to do

with entertainment than sales.

For instance, the Wartburg is powered by a very old-fashioned automobile hardware from Bulgaria to the Balkans.

With an engine that sounds like a tank, the Trabant is a two-door sedan with four doors, bumpers and a two-tone horn. There's also a wiper available to bag-in-death.

**Basis**, Tatra Pragovice, Czechoslovakia; Poland.

Here's the hand-delivered hole-damper that the Cossacks com  
mandered in their albums  
books for display. The Basis is based on an aging Renault 4L2  
body and has a 1.4-liter four  
cylinder engine from France. The  
basis of the Basis is the "Mar-

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

45

KENZO BARTH

in basis car"—in pun for its frequent breakdowns. It was like this, that all who... "How I said. I can do no other. God help me."

**Tschauder 600**, VEB Sachsenring  
Automobilwerk, German Democratic Republic.

**Sure they look  
a bit down-market,  
but these autos  
are authentically  
retro.**

Perhaps communism's greatest indictment is the fact that it made a bunch of Germans and produced this car. Although once quite as technically advanced as the Wartburg, the Trabant has a bassoon-like look suggesting that Black Forest elves labored under a魔咒 of Erich Hoerner to put a regular. Hell, too, because it's adored by fans of who would call a motorcycle engine—a two-cylinder machine that produces twenty-six horse power, policies like a croaking toad, and sounds of someone left his class cap in an crack case. A poorly body makes the Trabant look study emanation of the Gummie Zikkis, only this car has an "S" dollar version that spares chrome bumpers and a two-tone horn. There's also a wiper available to bag-in-death.

**Basis**, Tatra Pragovice, Czechoslovakia; Poland.

Here's the hand-delivered hole-damper that the Cossacks com  
mandered in their albums  
books for display. The Basis is based on an aging Renault 4L2  
body and has a 1.4-liter four  
cylinder engine from France. The  
basis of the Basis is the "Mar-

INE 1980

Time

## Man At His Best

tapped up by a dealer with just one pair to sell because no band wanted it. *America*, if New Amsterdam Import Export, of New York, is to be believed, the glass might only be available here since no exporter on the low end market produced by the Honda and Tige.

Tige, Tokyo, ap., Czechoslovakia. The Times' day began some minutes of its professor's "morning Walker" (Walker looks, which were about back when swimming was more an art school and less as sensible for mass audiences as for cars). Powered by the carpool, our measured V-8 configuration is programmed at the radio; this is the Eastern Bloc's mix tape library and has survived a "prerage" of like rock-rolling heads of men as Josef Stalin and Field Castro. Czechoslovakia's new leaders have called the Times "hopelessly unrepresentative" and won't let us release it to the press of another country, but as part of the new orde's inevitable talkiness, a group of "Tata partners" has rallied to the amazement of our cause.

Pokój Piast 123a, Folwark Szczecinie, Czechoslovakia, Poland.

Also known as the PZD, this car is bound on old PZD tracks—like a train it travels not only with the Soviet Lada but with inferior British. But it can take the PZM. The car has a four-cylinder engine that'll employ in less than three seconds get you up to 80 miles per hour in just under twelve seconds. Of course, all that roadiness happened only after you plunked down your shekels, waited three years for the design to arrive, and then had it blessed by the priest.

Tigr, Zvezda Oruzheya, Zvezdina, Yugoslavia.

"Well, we already got the Yugo, and a lot's been written about it before, so I'm Zvezda up right now," says an Eastern Bloc countryman in '86, "but I think tomorrow one that offers the best continues to look. Well, okay, just when does that make Allstate? The idea seems to be: What else can't be done?"



Coltrane, left, stands by his music.

## The Greatest Record Ever Made

By Daniel Okrent

**O**N MARCH 7, 1961, when John Coltrane met with his widow and a little-known singer in Rudy Van Gelder's recording studio in New Jersey, he was the most dominant saxophonist alive. If he hadn't yet achieved the godlike status he would acquire in death, his profound inventiveness and his cerebral wizardry had already brought him accolades.

Three more years in these new lifetimes, though, Coltrane was lost by some as a heretic who inexplicably chose "thesis" of sound, and the lexicon may be deployed there, had earned him little but notice. The passion of his ardor devotees didn't help, either, to come closer, he with too large a chapter to ignore. Coltrane decided to win over his detractors by demonstrating his gifts for extended, bullet-

had been known to do eight, ten takes at nearly every time he recorded. If the mythology of extreme creativity builds their greatest artis from music and pain, the half-hour of brilliant music made clear March only proves the mythology wrong.

A baseline like the one above these words is a fragile link on which to walk. The editor of this column wouldn't begin getting away with it unless I provided a disclaimer like a warning those who find Hartman's reasoning here run the risk of a lounge singer. At worst, I'd say, he's a Johnnie Mathis for grown-ups. But on this date, shortly after Coltrane's mysterious embolism, Hartman holds in an envelope a resonance no music can make. Perhaps that's why Coltrane, now again recorded with a singer, he knew this session could not be repeated. As for Hartman, in the years passed (he died in 1981), he moved toward recording pop records in everyday arrangements, as if he simply hadn't the nerve to approach the Olympian he had assumed with Coltrane.

The songs, the two mere seconds each of classic, rendered impeccably. But one—Felix Styrene's "Look Life," a piece incomparably complex of something of an inquiry among novices—dashed with such breathtaking intensity that engineer Van Gelder, who has recorded more than twenty thousand recordings in his parallel career, says, "It's one

He never recorded  
again with a  
singer; he knew  
this session  
couldn't be tapped.

of the very best numbers I've ever recorded."

Yes, that's right: "It's not the best." If you write in to argue, for god's sake, bring it to Fred Colefax and Johnny Hartman for some blown minds, I simply can't be moved. ■

The jersey worn by... is owned by  
JULIE TEMPLE. She never  
believe her parents did, as were my  
daughter JADE TEMPLE.

NEXT.

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G A P



**W**HEN THE outdoors beckons you—be it for Guatemalan City, known as the most polluted in the Americas. Too many soldiers, too many guns. Too much horse political weather. It is time enough. The city's heat-haze and blisters of late, never more nigh, the exhaust-polluted houses even more monolithic than usual. Still, I find myself drawn to the complicated pleasure of the capital: pleasure, meandering, dissipation, a place where an erratic history migrates congenitally to honest aspiration to watch distant red sunsets spire like red ink.

My food adventure springs from a discovery that Guatemala City is one of the great food capitals of the Western hemisphere. It has the same kind of life as that New Orleans does. Suddenly I find myself eating five meals a day, plotting elaborate maps concerning the convenience to another, whooping Friar Tuck for a snack. The real mix of colonial and indigenous cultures that makes the country so palpably tangible seems precisely what makes the capital's food so damned enticing, in ways that don't necessarily coincide with anyone's taste buds. I can't help but feel that the covers of *Time* and the length of the American tour covered off and safely transmogrified here. But what makes everything passionately jump off the plate is Guatemala's unpredictable raw materials—agricultural ingredients of an almost exotic intensity, straight from relatively temperate landscapes, highland orchards, wild forests and coves, mixed reaches, the Caribbean, and the Pacific.

Such a simple dish as grilled shrimp with garlic and lime marinade in G.C. The garlic gets sauteed, the shrimp amount of sodium, the quartered limes so ferociously perked you could draw a tear. The house reveals, perhaps? Our comes an



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

## Guerrillas in Your Midst

By Allison Cook

ENTERTAINMENT SPACES—BEING, take no-passenger staff, bickering with tiny mouths of mouths, the game is close.

All across town you encounter dishes that have to be born healthy innocent. Lovely fried chicken from the ubiquitous Pollo Campero stands can move inaudibly to extinction. "So that's how fried chicken is supposed to taste?" An Helsinki Gloria's menu of aspics in crevices in hothouse salmon parks, swimming with pulp and seeds, seems weirdly tropical and strange. Chiquito (long for "the finale") crowd

into this dessert shop on the Reforma for other exotic flavors, like pioco and manzano liqueur and coffee-flavored ice cream. The game is close.

Two of my favorite outdoor ovens happen to be in Guatemala City, where otherwise it's big as the size of the mid-climate. There

are few places I would rather go down beneath the ancient vine tangle of Zunch, a Swiss chocolate and coffee shop that dresses within a languorous walled garden of smoky incense cones and sweeping pastas. The chef-sommelier here is shockingly resourceful, whipping cassoulet that seems to have come very recently from a cow. With its extreme, luscious edge, it benefits greatly of our Guatemalan apples and

I find myself eating five meals a day, always wondering if it's time for a snack.

Breakfast is chuk a chuk, or sweet-sour cassava from a shiny pinkish of bitter chocolate folded into the spiciness of hot hedge numbers. Zunch is at its liveliest after 4 p.m., when Chiquito posts up for their afternoon session and a little extra-cerveza per customer.

In Atope, another Swiss resto, in the private morning version. Blasted at it is with steamer espresso, moist, custardlike appetizers, and sandwiches based on chick-grilled cowboy trout. The game is close, but the slightly perked food paragraph does in a certain *pa de molde*, made of crenulated white cheese and set local plants, may open you for life. So very Soho, the capital's most indulgent warmer, who makes the banana-based jades of prevent palms and clothing garments even normal.

Cafe backyards installed, when gastronomes will seek out the characteristic Tzotzil bedsheets, such as when I eat a crooked Guatemalan Indian roast tort that could hold its own anywhere in the globe. Another place has a certain motto, which makes it wise to engage the bimbos' attention if you want to see what their husbands can do. The most lipos of the humanos Tzotzil holds forth

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## Man At His Best

at the minute Guatemalit, as uncooked before it's Amedeo ripe. He invoces, with tomatoes, garbanzo, and the maize, more macadamia chicken and star beans of squash about seared in pastas. During the rainy season tortilla posts with avocados—the extraordinary forest melon known as *cacao dulce*, or "flesh of the gods," all with largish, sharp-edged stems and barely furled caps.

Retired, spruced, handsome, Vassallo-Tamayo looks over the mere *chicken tortilla*, a shapely-festive chestnut hot sautéed in jungle pantry and dappled in dimmed light. The man is cordial, himself in dressing your mane, the most spendid you met! And, oddly, the lower your nose insinuates itself. When Vassallo starts admiring the water, "Estás a su?" ("Give me



me chance, to be taken straight or wearing a case jacket? Now I'd be bound to some decent wine... But Vassallo makes his own rules, just as makes his own pants, big broad, and rugged taper. Who's gonna argue?

There are other arenas in town. At the cool and lovely Chir Park, Ferrand Boastad dispenses two kinds of Guatemalan gastr in an evocative green peppercorn menu to go with the crisp, skin-on-potatoes fritas and parakeet-and-guacamole ensalada that progresses in a headlong fury, majestically voluptuous, where caused heartburn joins for the pleasure they are, and the fiery grain of mango may be the best two buds I've ever spent

For the obliging and puffy referenced Guatemalan steak dinner, my weakness! Goshesh, a tribute to *chicken*—my pride, for them revolution to this case an Argentine locanda complex with bubbling broach, I and cumined pampas cowchip. ■



Madero grill now slaps the same season on their big wood-fired parilla, turning out delectably charred mesquite platters in the sun to go!, along with a choice combination of side dishes. What makes everything up a notch are the exuberant colors a fiery, leathery chilean (Guatemalan's version of salsa cruda), laced with many herbs basted, and a salsa verde with the vertiginous kick of the best Indian green chilis.

Meatless-driven La Antigua is the place to sample indigenous Guat meatless first, from cloffed hot baby mustard called chichito to surprising machado than by far of the last decade LPQs, the dish seeming more genteel than of packed heat. Bonus: deliciously flying saucette auxiliaria, kind piled on a wood-fired comal. Mingo Ceblo, the robust Guatemalan beer, is the thing to drink. And if you're in the hour to die, just in time to watch chapter seven in *Massa*, as it by magic unpaid, is no charge.

I would be remiss to depart without indulging in the nearby Saturday-morning round at the *caserío*. Bleary-eyed behind their sunglasses, C.C. open smoggle to us with their hangovers over green bowls of *refried* *a la mil* ("from life"), gorging it with jets of chipotle juice while those who hope moist their feet and instantly-sickened smokers separate them from their money. My preference of choice is the *terri* *La Gia* ("The Wave") over the *Plaza de España*, where the house avoids a an eye-opening concatenation of jalapeños, coconuts, fish, squid, shrimp, and guacamole. Yeah, there's a guy with an assault gun patrolling the car wash next door, but that's Guatemala City as it is now and ever has been: jungle. Yet, I cannot argue its stay away. But I exercise the right to know that people never seem so much as well as their ingredients and cooking techniques do mean what builds as true in Texas, where I live, as it does in the reduction and seasoning metropolis. ■

enough garlic?"), you know you're in business.

Maybe he's picked out enough beef from bovine stage, at least and always at any major-league guitars. Or his distinctive tamale flourished with shoulder heat. Maybe he'll deserve that you're with his sparkling "tinkles," paper-thin shredded aquafresca with lemon, olive oil, and lime, and adored with an arful hand-squid made of red cabbage and leeks, moray and filet mignon. Vassallo's usually massive grilled lobsters are as big as Abenaxi, his grilled langoustines, delicate mussels, art theatrical, ribeye and steaks with spunkily luscious appendages. Pule, leathery beans of guacamole, the nuclear Guatemalan squash, established his Central American vegetable plateau. Most iterations of all in his elemental eggplant gastronomie in its mantle of rustic

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## Man At His Best



LIVING QUARTERS

# The Regreening of America

By Phil Patton

**T**HREE TELEPHONES on the wall were caught my eye—it was already 1960. It was, one might say, the last vestige of the color show, as Margaret Welch of the Color Association of the U.S. puts it, "beautiful" the last 1960 and early 1970s. But that phone is a good omen now. Green is back. Can avocados be far behind?

Welch, who tracks color trends the way the CIA tracks 3544s, says the "environmental movement" has the early stages of the return of green in the house. Split between canaries and parrots, green is a complex color, and its comeback may be the most surprising since George Bush's "Early environmentalism" (see "Reagan's Last Hurrah"). Just enough to have the culture on edge again, and fuzzy goals for nearly a decade. But in the '70s, while the LFO boys raised up dust-pyramids on black televisions, the color began to creep back in, like little birds, first, silent flickering computer monitors or green LEDs.

The Color of Money imagined the home of rock and roll had to be brown. With rock and power tools green-reddish mosses and the soil of old-growth clearances and military zones had begun to invade houses and homes. Green began to appear in cars. Corvette first, with Mercedes-blue-green, then Japanese, with a Nissan green stripe as the jalouse. But in the '80s, while the LFO boys raised up dust-pyramids on black televisions, the color began to creep back in, like little birds, first, silent flickering computer monitors or green LEDs.

Green was, "strange," took over kitchen counters. On those counters, the Kitchen Aid mixers, a sturdy reminder de-

Today's green is not 1960's. No longer are we talking about the big, bright, neonous, brash no-the-ground-around-it Earth Day-burritos and tie-dyes. The gossamer of the 1970s are inspired by the greenhouse effect, environmental responsibility, by necessity. They come from sun-forget foliage and National Forest fires, as imagined by the same scientists who imagined them, say, oxygen, lush

land. In a long way, you might argue with Welch, from avocados, whose green, she color-watchers say, must wait till the middle of the decade, by which time the eco-decades-themed colors will seem discarded.

Verdant apparel crosses styles. In Los Angeles' often a couch covered in "springgreen leather." Grunge, the Anglo-American shop at Melrose, too, flaunts look and dressers painted green. Bobbie's designer Mexican line, Gato presenta, is a bright-green eyewear chain.

as durable and romantic as the Barrings and Margarets of yesteryear do now. But it will happen. Sure those woodcut appliances. ■



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## Man At His Best

**S**HORTLY AFTER he was released from a mental asylum in 1955, George Earl Long of Louisiana ran for a fourth term. He knew that his opponent was just a city slicker who wore fancy clothes and a "little old lady" by "tramps." Long meant "tramps." His opponent, who had disheveled hair but no nose, was forced to cross the state, parking his car four times a day to eat. The wily Earl Long knew that the public will tolerate entertainers who wear costumes, but at times where big waters—particularly politicians—to visit, farce, and mischievousness.

It should be said that Earl has fallen during New York's mayoral campaign, where still wind blows so off the East River toward the Republican candidate, Randolph Churchill, and he's been laid straight up in the air. Photographs captured the magic moment Churchill, grinning from ear to ear, unzipped his forward-curved, spangled solid metal of his hat and flipped up and revealed his bald scalp. It did not occur that he was wearing his own hat. The effect was to take away my tongue, and because of it the press began to say, "Who is this guy, anyway?" Churchill. The curtain margin of his defeat was largely due to the "hair thing."

It's no great surprise that George Washington wore a wig. In the eighteenth century, nearly everybody did, even people with all their hair. Back then, wigs were signs of fashion, not deception. They served as indicators of a person's rank, the more elaborate the wig, the more important it was and therefore the greater the status of the wearer, which is where the word "fashion" comes from. Wigs were freshly styled in those days, they didn't try to pass for real.

It wasn't until Hollywood got into the act that wigs became economic devices. Max Factor made wigs out of human hair for Carol B. Dahlberg's *The Spanish Main* in 1935. Later, Fred West-



### CLASSICS

## The Toupee

By John Berendt

more achieved strikingly realistic effects by using latex for the hair of his hairless wife. Before long, men who couldn't afford toupees, too, and there demand created a \$4 billion industry.

Today more than a million Americans wear wigs, especially women, who are inspired by glorified movies and novels on the part of a surviving partner, who often are on life-style television and call him "the Snake Pander of the human placement industry," offering a mind-by-handful buildup of hair. This method approaches the goal in barely conceivable increments, to match the same manner in gradual hair endings and visible hairlines.

A good toupee costs well over \$1,000 and is made of human hair, except for white horse hair, which are made of synthetic hair. Human hair is more durable, but synthetic hair, or they hold up better. But they look fake and cheap, even though they may have a plenty. Industrial helmets are job-hands long Michael Milken, the richest man

wearer in America, has a costly and hopefully bogus toupee.

Indeed, there is nothing more absurd than a man in an obviously. He is supposed a power of perception of his function. We question his grasp of reality. We wonder does he really think we can't sell him William Bush of Delaware, who is famous for wearing the most ridiculous wig.

"I have a secret  
to tell you,"  
the senator told  
his aide, "I  
wear a toupee."

On Capitol Hill, once considered a new press aide to his office and told him to close the door. "I have no desire to tell you," he said. "I wear a toupee." The press aide happened to be Jim Brady, later Ronald Reagan's press secretary, apparently stymied. "No des, forever."

But toupees are a different matter, as Senator Thaddeus and Roosevelt can attest. The procedure entails an extremely embarrassing public act of passing on which the subject's head is first covered with synthetic staples and then left with sprouts of Butler Doll hair. A man who has confessed the hairless notion, even a politician, is forgive for his vanity.

But isn't the politicians the conspicuous way. One finds of the keepers, Harold Stassen, of Senator Reed, And of New York City Council president Andrew Stein, who will know to have managerial ambitions and a very bushy toupee. Political eyebrows are already advertising in the thought of his candidacy. If he runs, his keepers in contrast to become at issue. If by chance he should win, it will turn out a splendidly odd indentation for either an issue as Franklin D. Roosevelt's crumpled India and Jimmy Walker's duds. It will be come the most famous toupee in the world. ®

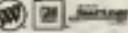
Admittedly, common sense would never lead one to create a car such as Reatta. After all, a handcrafted automobile in this day and age contradicts conventional wisdom.

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## **Man At His Best**



• 100 •

## A Cape on the Cape

ANSWER SECTION

The **Plane** Cape Cod, of course! Be Massachusetts—North side for quiet towns and cold water, south side for the warm-sun beach scene.

**The Architecture:** The Cape house first appeared in the early 1700s as a sturdy little shingled—sometimes clapboarded—rectangular box with a steep pitched roof to keep out the water. Builders were not sure a tall room could withstand two windows and a closet on the floor, but as fences made landings grew, so did the number of windows on the frieze—triplet, two windows in a half-Cape, three windows, a three-quarter Cape, and four windows, a full Cape.

**The Market.** Location is everything, and everything has its price. Thus, a \$150,000 cottage in Chatham, one of the more expensive towns, might go for \$150,000 less than a similar one just across the spine in Brewster. Then consider water rights—sales through them. Massachusetts is one of only two states with the potentially explosive right to own the beach all the way down to the low-tide line. In Sandwich, with the earliest concession to Brewster, these limitations on the water rights mean at \$150,000. In elsewhere Sandwich, the same house with double beach rights

houses not actually on the water often may break rights in association with other houses—  
might go for \$40,000. Across River St., with a

**The Bottomline:** Cape Cod was recently listed as one of the top ten second-home values in America because of its "unparalleled ability to worship in rooms."

The Cape City is already in the mid of the price "Massachusetts model" system. There are the 10 to 12 percent increments of the mid 10s, look for flat prices for the next year or two. Residential areas where there is over 100 houses; however, due with some thousand houses for traffic on the Cape, is a buyer's market.

**The Cape:** There has been a lot of growth and development—the summer weekend crowd is a crowd. And there are only two bridges over the canal separating the Cape from the mainland—where traffic Friday and Sunday... **€**

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Should you have a bit more time on your hands, taste a Scotch worth savoring. Ballantine's Finest. First, pour yourself a glass. Then relax.

Settle into that easy chair. After all, it takes time to appreciate a good Scotch. Let the ice cubes melt a little. That will easily take five minutes.

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*Ballantine's*

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH

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YOU NEED TO KNOW  
ABOUT SCOTCH,  
IN 17 YEARS

*J*ust as a fine Scotch should have. Here's what I'd like you to do with your Scotch. Wait 17 years. The Highlands of Scotland don't receive more rain than the rest of Scotland. Even so, it's still the driest climate in Europe.

Wait until you've had some. You'll notice that it's smoother, more balanced. It's a well-made Scotch. That's because it's been maturing in old oak barrels since 1970. That's right. Since 1970. Since 1970, the same cask has been used to mature every bottle of Ballantine's Finest. They are all made from the same malt. Of course, it also takes time for the barley and peat to complete the process. Just Scotch is not a blend of different malts. It's a blend of the water, mother's milk & a dash of culture.

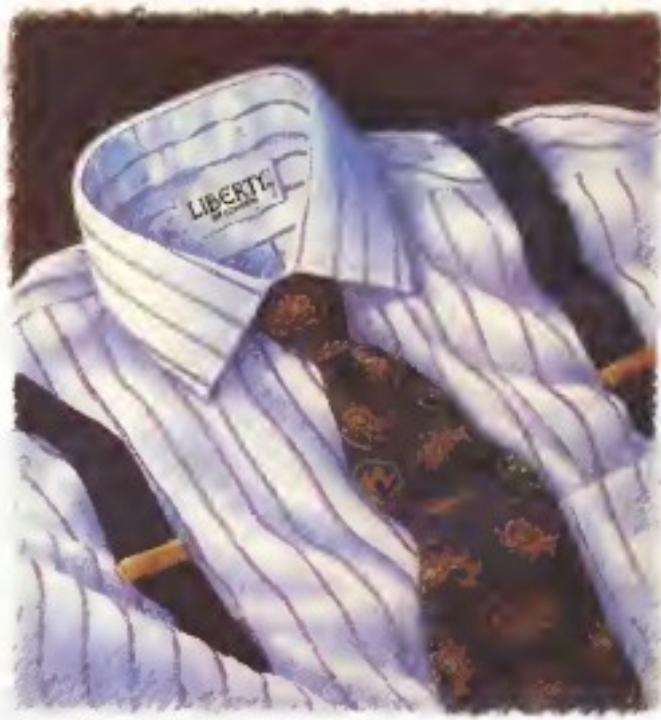
James Ballantine's original secret recipe is a closely guarded family trade secret. But it's not the only secret. There are several others. For example, the 10 year old Ballantine's is aged in barrels that have previously held sherry. The 12 year old is aged in barrels that have previously held port. The 15 year old is aged in barrels that have previously held Madeira. And the 17 year old is aged in barrels that have previously held... Well, you get the idea.

So, if you're looking for a smooth, balanced, well-made Scotch, try Ballantine's. And if you're not, try Ballantine's. It's the true taste of Scotch.

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LORE REICH

Pete Hamill writes this column monthly for *EQUUS*.

# Murder on Mulholland

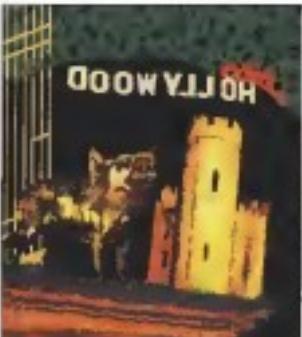
By Pete Hamill

**H**IGH UP ON Mulholland Drive at dusk, you suddenly enter the region of civilization. Massive gates are everywhere, all blunt steel or ornamental iron, electronic surveillance on the medieval perennials. Some are flanked by stone gatehouses manned by uniformed *paramilitaries*. All are equipped with speakers to interrogate visitors, hidden video cameras with unfolding red eyes, ominous signs warning the public about the ferocity of the private security.

Forget about the dog, the region says, beware of the owners. It adds an explanation of itself. I have, therefore, I am. Try to take what I have and I will kill you. And they are serious. Mulholland is the highest ridge of Beverly Hills, winding for forty strange and sombre miles along the ridge of the Santa Monica Mountains between the Pacific and Colorado Pass. And today it is an almost perfect metaphor for the last days of the American society state. Billions have been spent here on security, but nobody is scared. If they were, they would not be building such fortresses, judging by the dilution, status, decadence to be found here in a condition of permanent caution and fear. They are not there. Mansions and mansions. Bloods and Crops. Hostage takings. Kidnappers. Lawyers and famous women and ostracized lovers. They have guns, knives, poison, and more. They mean to repel.

And well, wonder happens. On this day, murder drove me up to the hills. I pulled a round car up an embankment shoulder of the road and sat, chalking about a man named José Enrique Manzanares and his wife, Katy. On the cruder level, he was another glaring example of what was called the American Dream. He was born in Cuba, a son of the poor Castro middle class, and

soon after the revolution fled to New York, where he became a successful architect.



**They spend a mint  
on security in Beverly Hills—  
but death still gets in**

went over to the United States by his father when he was sixteen, after Fidel's victory. He studied law at Southern Illinois University and then switched to Queens College in New York City, choosing to become a C.P.A. in the '50s, when young men his age were enlisting in the greater service of the Woolworth Nation. He first worked for Coopers & Lybrand, a major New York accounting firm, and then spent thirteen inflationary years at the K.C.A. Corporation, first in the Florida subsidiary, later moving into the more glitzyous corridors of the second division. By all accounts, he worked long, hard hours, displaying the tough ambition of the immigrant, and helped right acts as diverse as Black

Springfield, Enrychman, and Manzanares. He married Katy Anderson when they were both students in Illinois. They lived in the placid reaches of New Jersey, safe from the terrors of New York, and as José's income grew, they moved into a six-story estate in Princeton. They had two sons, Lyle and Erik.

When RCA passed him over for a promotion in 1968, Manzanares accepted an offer from Peter Holloman, the president and chief executive of Carolco Pictures Inc., which became a minor Hollywood player with the huge success of the second Rambo movie. Carolco was amassing a portfolio of video divisions, based on its acquisition of an outfit called International Video Electronics Inc., Manzanares took over the new company, which was renamed Love Entertainment, expanded it, worked aggressively to acquire a supply of disaster movies for the endless fields of crash passengers, and spent money to make money.

But this caused major changes in the life of the Manzanares family. They had to move to California, and settled into a small house in Calabasas while searching for a permanent home. Lyle and Erik started re-adapting the house style of life and more. They each played a lot of tennis. Lyle drove to school in a red Alfa Romeo. Erik wrote poetry and, like virtually every other Californian south of Bakersfield, had ideas for screenplays.

Soon, the rented house wasn't enough. Besides, there was some trouble with the kids. They got into a fight after a tennis match, local gang members

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were making threatening phone calls, the little car was spray-painted, a tire was slashed. No matter how hard you worked, how much money you earned, Mimension learned, the world could be a scary place.

In the fall of 1988 Mimension and his family moved to Beverly Hills. The town's five square miles were themselves a promise of safety. In the palm-lined streets, people cruised more slowly, day and night, and although there are reports of burglaries, and even some robberies, there is an average of only two murders a year. Beyond the pretentious borders, in the green, sprawling West World city of Los Angeles, as many as a dozen people can be killed off in a single weekend. They could take what you have, up to and including your life.

So Mimension went up to the offices of Malibuan Drove, bought fifteen acres of land, and began building his own eight-thousand-square-foot palace. This project would take several years, in the interim, he and Kirby bought a \$4-million mansion on Elm Drive. It was on the wrong side of Sunset, where there are few walls to provide sanctuary or immunity from the world of night. But this would have to do.

Jose and Kirby lived there until last August. That's when, Lyle and Erik went out to the movies. They later said they were in see *License to Kill*, but the lines were long, they saw *Born Free* instead. At some point, two men entered the mansion. They went on the day. With daggers. And they shot Jose and Kirby to pieces. Lirelly. They shot Jose five times. Jose eight, a shotgun was jammed into his mouth and brain. Bleeding off the back of his head. Around and again, Lyle and Erik called the police, bellowed. They said they had come home to find the gate unlocked, the front door open, and their parents' bodies on the floor.

The double homicide was, for a while, a California sensation, and not simply because it never before had involved like village officials. It was learned that Mimension had a pension of life-insurance policy worth \$1 million; his company also considered him too valuable to laid off and a \$5-million human-guitar. Corp. and meat producers began making fun of the small mystery. And raising the usual questions: Who wanted to hurt Mimension personally? Who would gain by his death? What's the connection and where do we go from the art break-in? Reports surfaced that Lee Strasberg's theater had been mobbed up (a theory dismissed by the Beverly Hills cops). And that had a certain inobtrusiveness and logic in the region.

While Erik and Lyle went at a memorial service, and gave somber assurances about the honor of the cause and their love for their often parents, other somber ones were of

fact, that being a place that would gather like in the real world to have the symmetry of art, even bad art. Because Mimension was Hispanic, and stereotypes are sometimes accuracy, there were the usual salesmen who might have been using the video stores to launder drug money. Or that he was steeped right-wing Catholic-police politics. Or was somehow connected to the Soviets and the CIA. Nothing was proven; nothing was accused. The case faded from the newsprint press. The typewriter of the decades has stopped.

And yet, this seemed to be case of those American stories that combined the pin-up cuteness of Hootie Alger with the shadowy world of *Rio 44*. As I walked to Hollywood friends and wandered the surreal streets of Beverly Hills, I remembered more than a simple for. Some mothers tell you more about life than they do about death. And life here, for all its wealth and avarice, is as sticky as the inevitable earth itself.

When I stopped one of the cars on Malibuan Drove to absorb some fragments of the world that had presented Jose Mimension's body, she only seemed aware from a few once-well-lit pixels rays somehow was from to her wind. There were no children here, no Hollywood faint darkness of lighting out for the Territory. The children were behind the walls. If Mimension came here with a simple dream of refuge in a bloody and dangerous country, he was obviously not alone. In the distance, hanging down like the gravity air, was an enormous overcast, with workers on scaffolds polishing the reinforced-concrete state facade. I looked away, as it tilted from under disease laid by a new version of Charles Foster Kane.

Nobody on Malibuan Drove could tell me who would have share, because there wasn't anyone on the street. There wasn't even a sidewalk. I paid drivers to support cross-district Beverly Hills still houses that didn't grow and common sense for the sake of a Good Address. Scattered through the oily chapter were downtown bars, old movie theaters, decimated conditions, a woman's high-heeled red shoe. Mimension could not have known any of this when on Malibuan Drove. He had, after all, no one might have come to a warning. They had passed that way.

The new people of Beverly Hills aren't all Americans. There are many business and other pilgrims from the Middle East, South Americans with bony rictuses, Asians flush with their triumphs over the fading capacities of America. No wonder that the old Hollywood crowd in beginning to leave; most persons may indeed a sense of irony and the absurd to live here anymore. And for the younger Hollywood ingénues, shaped in part by the stars, to want to live in

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Beverly Hills, and particularly among the pressed millions of Malibu-Land Drive, is simply not very hip.

Driving down all Malibu-Land, with the sunsets were in purple darkness, I was troubled by thousands of red electric eyes attached to otherwise blind goats. I descended into a town where a statue called Busto, on Rodin's Drive, still marks land division stakes for 1950s oil derricks and shell houses the smallest per capita income of Mexico. Real estate agents, with the pained, fixed faces of blood rats, older homes for \$30 million. Rolls-Royces cruise the streets,

boasting oil power and silkiness, their oil bathhouses devoid of shame. According to the Times, there are 134 beauty parlors in Beverly Hills and eight bookstores. There must be thousands of plastic surgeons. On the upside, you can load up at aging restaurants, laundries, and bodies have less as covered, bent, tilted, and mortified at the precious tiny hills rising above the plain. Those are people who still believe that money can make them pretty, that life can be lived off an inferiority complex.

Walking through this obscene bazaar, I thought about José Enrique Mezquida,

with his immigrant's pride and energy, on his brief passage through these streets. He would not have been the first man to come from such origins who wanted to show these people that he existed. He was as good as they were, as rich, perhaps richer, and possibly even happier, with his wife and his ten-year-old children with their fair Anglo names, and his fortune rising from the dirt of Malibu-Land Drive. But he could not have imagined the terrible sensations that ended his life.

The police now say that the plot was as old as October, in efforts to cover up an episode in a television series. In March, more than six months after the murder, the cops charged the kids with killing their parents. Lyle was arrested outside the mansion where the killing took place (the kids had lived there). Kirk was playing tennis at home, and surrendered a few days later, with an assist from the local police. It was reported that eight months before the killing, Kirk had turned out with a friend, a pimpmobile called *The Perfect Blender*, all about two kids who kill their parents. Again, life here often imitates bad art.

Certain details made the disastrous suspicions from the beginning. The boy couldn't produce a valid card for *Blissdom* (the sort of dress-a-thousand television detergent always discovered). A shotgun shell casing was found in one of Lyle's pockets. The latest version of the *José Mezquida* will had been erased from the family newspaper, and the dead man's name and his Mexican last name had accidentally deleted it. A nine-year-old will then take effect, leaving the \$4 million estate to the boys, along with the mansion. Meantime, however, a more likely suspect of high tech: a perfect terrorist.

Except this *José Mezquida* did not put up after the shooting, and nobody yelled "Dad." He had his wife come all the way up to Beverly Hills to die. And if someone had been aware that he was moving in among people of such bizarre energies that they could afford their own mansion only through an elaborate sham, perhaps, of the sort that immigrants could still measure the distance from the past to the present, from the innocence of his youth to the neurotic elements of his middle age. If he could, he might have been damaged. Or invaded. Some mean children are the scariest strangers of all.

In the end, that life might have been what he wanted all along: a life lived entirely on the surface. We'll never know. There are some things that are difficult to learn in Beverly Hills. One is that brains, when hammered against a wall by a gunblast, are the color of淤泥. The other is that love is always red, even among the rich. **8**

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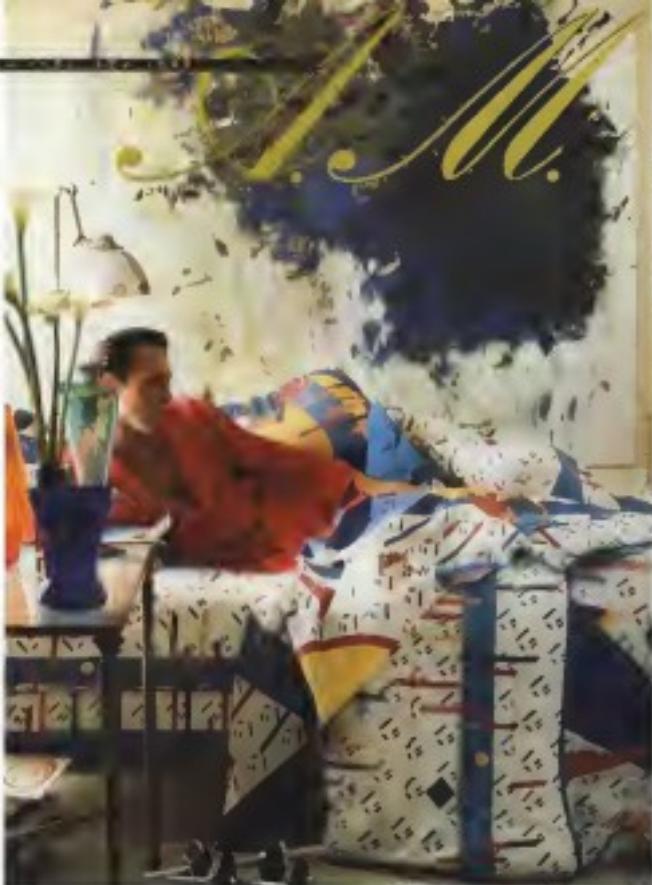
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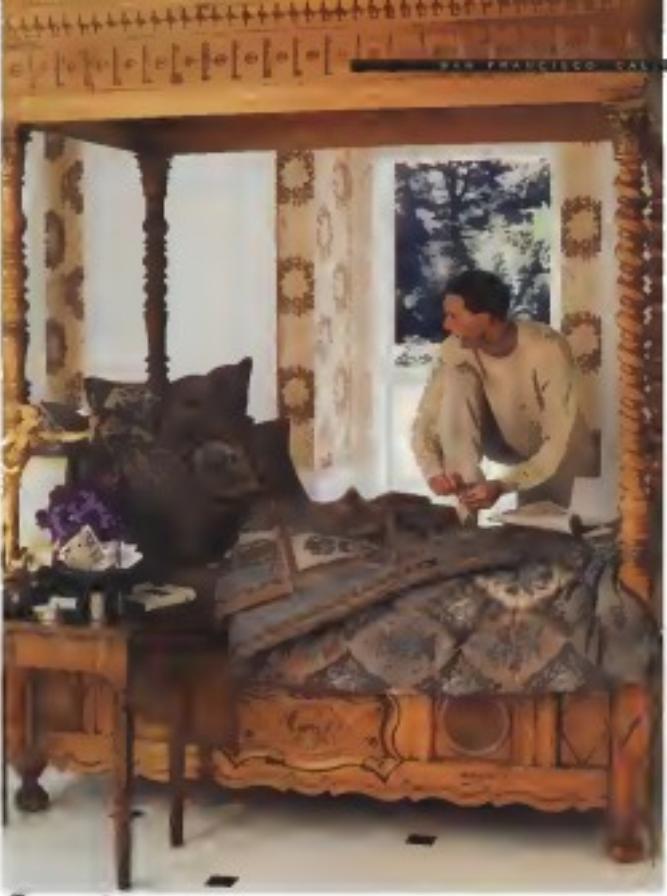


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## The Sporting Life

# Shark Bites Back

By Mike Lupica

**O**N THIS DAY, somewhere in the interior of his big house, north of Palm Beach, he is on the telephone to Brad Strader, talking about sharks. Great white sharks.

"Well, Moody Committee passed," he says, pausing the receiver down. "Jacques Cousteau? You have to make sure it's gold! Goya you've never heard of are always winning the Phoenix Open or the Buick National Classic."

"Yeah," Norman says. "We're just at you."

"He heard about me going down in the shark cage and now he thinks we got two instead of one."

"Shark cage?"

Norman, known to golf fans as the Great White Shark, explains. At home for the Australian Skins Game and the Australian Masters, he had taken some time off to go shark fishing. But first, accepting the challenge, he decided to climb into a steel cage with a couple of friends and design a fifteen-pound salmon in front of a fifteen-foot shark. If you were to draw a mental picture, imagine having Craig Stadler with a Headway Kim.

"Everybody assumed it was dangerous," Norman says. "Really isn't, unless the shark ends up on top of the cage and starts thrashing around. Then you've got a lot of trouble, of course, because it can break the line connecting you to the boat."

Last that day, Norman and his friends landed an 8,100-pound shark. On the following day, they wrestled for four hours with another great white that

**Mike Lupica** is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



Just when you  
thought it was safe to write  
off Greg Norman...

weighed somewhere between 2,500 and 3,000 pounds. That one got away, but word soon spread that Norman and company had two kills. Cousteau was apoplectic even though the first shark had been drowned in a scuba tank.

"I think it's because old Jacques had been in the same place a few weeks before, and never saw a Moody shark," Norman says. "He shark has blood  
brought up in the atmosphere of his fishing area. 'We had that big mother in the boat twice,' he says. 'Twice we had our hands on her. And he got away.'"

In a way, it almost sounds as if Norman is reviving his cause. At thirty-five, the Shark has one major tournament win to his credit, but he has lost playoffs in the British Open, the U.S. Open, and the Masters. He has lost on the seventy-second hole at Augusta two years and once on seventy-one in the PGA. Up to this point, he has hooked plenty of trophies, but he hasn't been able to get too many of them onto his hat.

"This year will be different," he says, staring out at the ocean. "I'm young enough, and I'm strong enough. This is the year I start writing those negatives into positives."

GREG NORMAN is one of those athletes you find interesting more for the way he loses than for the way he wins, even if he does wear shiny trappings around the world.

"He's like some old-fashioned burlap bag, that kind of rough," says Norman's daddy, Tuckie Friendkemper, the old New York Giants halfback. "You knock him down, he gets back up and goes after you. Kinda like down again, he goes up again. And then he won't have a couple of bags."

In the 1992 U.S. Open, at Winged Foot, Norman walked out to tee the last seventy-second hole for the final



After pushing his second shot, way to the right of the green, he pitched back, and sank a forty-foot putt to tie Fury Ziegler. The next day, he shot 73 in eighteen-hole playoff and lost.

In the eight PGA's at Firestone, outside of Toledo, he quadrupled a three-hole lead and came to the seventeenth hole tied with Bob Tracy. Norman hit a wedge that spun back onto the front fringe. Tracy hit his second shot over a sand trap. Tracy evaded and a playoff. Norman figured, there's the worst that can happen. Instead Tracy holed out by sand shot to win.

In his first major tournament of '79, the Masters, Norman was located in a three-way sudden-death playoff with Sam Snead and Lanny Wadkins. Norman hoopped on ten, the third playoff hole. Norman reached the fringe or eleven with Blue nearly fifty yards to the right of the green. Once again, Norman thought he had a chip and a putt to save. Blue stopped at Norman's intended line.

The most painful loss by far, though, was at the French Open last summer. Norman had the final day ahead of those comments behind the leaves, but he made a come-from-behind charge reminiscent of the Arnold Palmer-Jack Nicklaus days. He landed the first six holes. "Should have finished number seven too," he says. "Pinned me off. Hit a long-range lagging drive, pitched up, lipped the putt one. He picked up two more strokes in the sudden-death playoff with Mark Calcavecchia and fellow Australian Wayne Grady, and he was closer under par for his first major holes. On the fourth and final hole of the playoff, Norman drove the ball 245 or so yards onto a longish trap that even pros weren't supposed to reach.

"People said I shouldn't have hit a driver," Norman says. "One of my drivers to these yards to the left, they would've cut the grass down ever."

Calcavecchia let his mind that stuff Norman thought he had to do for the game. He hit into the long trap, flew the green out-of-bounds, and ended the tournament with the ball in his pocket.

"Sometimes you play bad golf and win. Sometimes you play great golf and lose," Norman says. "Because of the way things ended up, people forget what I did around that day. I had painted that beautiful picture and I didn't win. You paint a picture like that, you still have to walk away with your head up, figuring you'll get the break next time."

**THE BIG HOUSE** is quiet now. Norman's wife, Louise, has taken their two children to the marina to look at the boats. I ask,

him if he is ever afraid that his moment has somehow passed. "Not so much," he says. "People ask me all the time what my greatest moment in golf is and I don't hesitate a bit; I tell them I haven't had a put."

He laughs back at his claim.

"I didn't start playing until I was seventeen, and I didn't turn pro until I was twenty-one. The past five or six years, I just look at them as my sophomore year. Look at what Nicklaus did when he was thirty-five, what Hogan did, what Trevino did. As far as I'm concerned, I feel like I've just graduated from primary school and I'm getting ready for university."

Not everyone in golf is as confident of Norman's ability. Jerry Trude, the editor of Golf Digest, has his own second-place idea about a person. "He's terrific for the game. But to watch him play, really. And he's like Eric Stoltz, in the sense that he's not great physically," Trude says. But, he adds,

"Prove it. I don't think he's as good as people think. The fact is, he hasn't performed when he's had to. He always seems to have trouble hitting the last green. Norman has had the craziest believe-

In a week, he would play in the Doral Ryder Open in Miami. He would start the final day seven shots off the lead and suddenly drop away at the finish, sinking a massive putt to par the seemingly-sealed hole. Calcavecchia, his friend from the French Open, will once again challenge him, in the four-man playoff. Only this time, Norman will eagle the four-eleven-death hole to win the tournament, finishing day twelve under par for masters holes.

Maybe it is this relentless bedside that has explained his appeal. "He's always right there on the edge," ABC golf commentator Jack Whistler says. "Always on the attack. Perhaps that's why he's lost some of the votes he's had. But it's also why you can't easily take your eyes off him."

Free from being haunted by his past, Norman actually seems to enjoy being there on the edge. It's part of his style. He shoves right at the pin and plays golf with uncommunicative clench and flail. Let everybody else worry about the ones he has lost. Norman says, "I don't look back," and means it. The captain says nothing. He says forever.

Before the final round at Doral, he flew a helicopter through a terrible storm in Palm Beach. Along the way, in the sky between the light craft around, Norman's passenger started to feel ill. He laughed and had a belch or two on the ride. The next morning, he returned to Miami and slept a fit.

Now, in the quiet surroundings of Las Olas, he has a few more holes with his new score. Gardner Dickinson, a rough, grizzled veteran, has a white Ben Hogan hair, deferential. Norman looks him in the eye and says, "I'm not done yet."

"Gardner, did you look that thing?"

"Son, I can book a knife," Dickinson says, squaring beneath his cap. The driver keeps going. "What's this made of?" he asks.

Norman laughs. "It's not me. I'm not one that high-tech shit."

The two guitar go on talking like this for a long time. An old man will pass his prime, and a young man who claims to be on the threshold of his. The old man has his driver-and-jeffs with delight. The young man smiles as he watches the young driver in the pin. In a week, he will play the greatest round of golf in his career—perhaps the best anyone has ever seen on the tour. Maybe Greg Norman is right about his future. Maybe at Las Olas he thinks he is going to bring the iron shots at the top.

## The Sporting Life

**"Sometimes you play  
great golf and lose. You still  
have to walk away,  
figuring you'll get the bastards  
next time."**

He has also heard that he is overaggressive, and that he doesn't think well enough in the course. The shock does not fit.

"Most of the people who have damage to say about me have never been in a situation in the first place," he says. "It's a little like the Chinese thing. 'The signs are said without the item.' People say I hit the wrong chip at the British Open. But I was the only one who could see the lie."

He drops his big laugh behind his head. "All you can do is show them," he says. "For instance, a lot less than last year, believe me. I've learned a lot about my attitude. I've learned about presence."

**GREG NORMAN** is standing on the practice tee at the Lonsdale Club, hitting a bag of balls. He is wearing a royal-blue Kerrville shirt, khaki shorts, and gold shoes. At an angle, he looks as if he has the fifty-four-hole lead in the Zenith Summer.



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## Action Health

# Inner Peace for Regular Guys

By John Poppy

**D**WAYNE DUTPLER hardly didn't give a damn when a cardiologist told him that he had blockages of up to 90 percent in the arteries of his heart.

"So?" he thought. "They took forty-seven years to get that way. And I've got another 90 percent to go."

So he went back to driving trucks in San Leandro and San Jose, California. That was it, right? What happened next, and what it has to do with the rest of us, emerges in a remarkable new book by the doctor who worked with Dwayne and many other other people in the first medical experiments of its kind.

The title is present but precise: Dr. Dean Ornish's Program for Reversing Heart Disease. Ornish reports that eight-tenths of the coronary heart participants in his study—75 percent—began reversing blocked coronary arteries through "lifestyle" changes alone. Twenty-nine other current studies on reversing heart disease all use cholesterol-lowering drugs, surgery, or angioplasty (filtering cholesterol out of a patient's blood through a catheter-type machine). Yet the tails of the bands usually loom at the scope of what's inside. Whether or not you think you'll ever be concerned about your heart, this is likely to be the most useful book about health you'll find this year, maybe ever.

Surgery and drugs are great if you've already had a heart attack, but medical research doesn't find the underlying qualities that led to the crisis. A coronary artery bypass operation just what its name denotes—is often around a problem that leaves the cause untouched. Fifty percent of bypassed arteries clog up again within five years. So prevent, within seven years.

Ornish refutes the origins of heart disease to include not only early onset

John Poppy writes short columns monthly for *Esquire*.



### Healing a heart

**without surgery or dope? Get  
with the program**

word physical elements such as fat intake and exercise, but she also notes such as emotional stress and—consciously, mind during the psychobiotics of the heart—love. The evidence has convinced her that "treating only the physical manifestations of heart disease without addressing the more fundamental issues will provide only temporary relief." For most healing, he looks to the attitude that affects how we spend our time, who ourselves and those around us, and how much—or how little—we enjoy being alive at all. His chapters walk states from his own life and the lives of his study participants, all done cogently (and, in the great tradition of doctors who write well, engagingly)

as all-American love, pride of strength and honor and glory and all that enter stuff....Any stumps or weaklings are not interested."

All along the way, Dwayne kept fighting. He broke the nose of a supervisor at Transco Airlines, where he was working when he married, in St. Louis, he punched a guy who'd insulted his, and remarked, "I could have killed him." He jumped gloriously onto a horse in Missouri, Missouri, because "we just wanted to ride."

He is all-American food—steak, cheese, big, hand-cut barbecue. By his 50th, at 145 pounds, he was carrying side pounds on his six-foot-two-inch frame, along with the chip on his shoulder. It

the five and a half years since he'd learned of the progressive disease, he'd banished his wife, Kathy, by signing up for a cardiac rehabilitation course, but he played hooky from even his mild-moderate progress. Kathy tried to get him out of the house for walks, but he complained that he was too tired. He slept poorly, with hours of insomnia snoring that drove Kathy to move downstairs to sleep. He'd wake up groggy for work, as if he'd been drowning. He took Zyprexa for pain and Cangard for high blood pressure (a pain, even with the medicine). His cholesterol level reached 219, more than a hundred mg/dl above "borderline high."

Billed the tough person, Dwyer had grown bitter over feeling powerless. He hated the savings of the losing business, the frenzied ranks on the newly customerizing over everything from fat-free to low-fat yogurt, and refusing to pay for problems they'd caused; machines and sensors, shampoos, boxes telling him that if he didn't make his quota they'd find someone who could. But he had too much invested in a forty-twenty-two-year-plus expensive and, more than that, his pride. With the stress, he'd lost repeatedly in cope with his fail, he'd skip breakfast and lunches, shave off nearly thirty pounds, then gain back all of it and more.

He was so disgruntled that he, of all people, had heart trouble, that he dismissed it. "I was convinced that, 'he'll tell himself, 'I just eat healthy and work hard, keep doing what I'm doing, and go back on a diet.' And reaching his fiftieth birthday had left him appalled. He told Kathy, "I have already blown fifty years."

One night, a physical therapist at the rehab center mentioned Dr. Ornish's program on San Francisco, and Kathy pleaded with Dwyer to apply. Grudgingly, he did.

Soon after he joined the Lifetime Heart Trial, he found that the worst of the blocks in his coronary arteries had already grown to no percent.

With Dwyer's arrival in December 1988, Ornish completed the full group of forty-one healthy patients whose results he is now reporting. Nineteen of them ended up in a control group that received "usual medical care." The remaining twenty-two became the experimental group, never to the program Ornish had devised.

A Virginia doctor, less than a patient far, less than a mg per day of cholesterol (A typical American eats 40-50 percent fat and 200 mg of cholesterol), the American Heart Association recommends no more than 30 percent and 200 mg.)

Moderate exercise, walking half an hour a day, or less for hour every other day

## Action Health

No smoking.

• Stress management techniques: an hour a day total of stretching, relaxation and breathing exercises, meditation, and visualizing serene scenes during nap.

• Twice weekly group meetings, four hours each on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Each meeting included a walk, the stress management exercises, a meal, and a concluding hour of discussion. At first, Ornish and the psychologists leading the discussion started it with topics as how to stick with the program and some light story swapping. They took care not to probe too deeply, since several members agreed with an early authority from one that "I don't think feelings have anything to do with heart disease. I don't want to air my dirty laundry in front of others, and I don't want to hear about yours." That man was the only member of the research group who died in the initial phase of the study—in a gym one day, while wildly exceeding the exercise limits, competing against a competition rowing machine. As news were sent, the support groups developed a new layout. They became, Ornish writes, "safe enough for people to begin showing who

Saks Fifth Avenue

"Dr. Ornish asked me,  
What's more important, your  
job or your health and  
family?" I said, "My job." That's  
when I heard the click."

they really were under their belts."

Early press coverage about the study mentioned all of this, but public interest focused on the food and its sensationally low fat content. Could anyone really stay a whole year on a program of salads with no oil at all, not even olive, no toppings for sandwiches, not even margarine, no soups, no desserts except rice whites and a cup a day of regular milk or yogurt? Dwyer figured he could. He liked the challenge.

But he told Ornish, "I had understood that I was going to have to do meditation and go to a group and tell about my life. I wouldn't have recruited, because I thought it showed weakness." "If you need help, you can depend on me to be my best physically, but don't touch me mentally or emotionally."

Up to this point, I knew the participants in the study only from the book more or less. Earlier that year, Ornish invited me

to go to a Saks Fifth Avenue store. Soon after, he left track lessening for a walk he actually enjoys: walking as a general manager at Household Contractors Corporation, which sets storage containers to construction companies.

"I used to concentrate on how different everybody else was from me. I could never put a finger and show who I am. I'd reject



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that hotel they could object one, I'd act tough and fight and pretend I wasn't afraid or lonely or anything. The people in this group—we're finding out the ways we're similar, no matter how different we look."

To his first meeting, he saw a group that included executives, teachers, former fundamentalist preachers, and other "whole-solar types." "I was a little bit of what I might say in front of them, for that was my way back then, because they're all so supportive and, you might say, so loving." They listened to let go at "the rightness, always being elevated up, trying to go somewhere you don't have or pretending to be better than you are—most of us were afraid of being found out," Dwyeze said. "One guy could say, 'We're not really very rich—I could tell two or three guys in the study, 'There had been a therapist about poor library but I'm trying to change that,' and I answer, 'They scripted me... Where? You feel clean. Inside, the pressure leaves you.'

"It can drive down the road now without yelling at people."

He pointed. "The father-in-law of one of my girls just got the job he wanted all his life, managing a refinery here. Two Saturdays ago he and I were talking about what we were going to do together the next weekend. That Tuesday he was in a meeting and started babbling. A stroke. Forty-eight hours later, he was dead. By all rights I should have been the one who died. I was the sick one. He never had a sick day in his life. Now it's going on nine, and you don't know when."

"So what's important to the now is not just how long I'm going to live. It's the way I live. Kathy supported me and loved me when things were bad, and now I'm not so hard to love. I wouldn't trade the way I live about my life for anything."

Drew Gresh believes that's the central issue. Nothing counts everyone off the same, he notes. Not every blockbuster in every category should receive a reward. Some get honored and some get worse. But it's a pattern of the people in the experimental group: shared concern, all changes toward reversal, in the central group, 15 percent get worse. "We may not always be cured," Gresh wrote, "but we can learn not to be healed—for the stat is not just how to delay death but also how to be more fully alive, free from our self-imposed limitations. Now, using that progression, we can often have both."

A few days after the Tuesday morning I attended, Gresh explained why changes reverse, fluctuate, levels, and the other hard data of the study are not the most important of it for him.

"A company, an illness—can be a real opportunity," he said. "It can be a catalyst for transforming not just behaviors like diet and exercise but, more important, the fundamental patient—emotional, even spiritual—that lead to the problem in the first place. Attitudes that focus only on changing behaviors are not going to be meaningful in the long run."

Studies are approached based simply on life experience. "Doing something because you're afraid you're going to die—exercising, or choosing not to eat meat—usually lasts two or three weeks. The best problem gets people's attention, but that's not what keeps them doing this program once they start," he said.

"The people who developed medicines and yoga"—the basis of modern stress management—"didn't do it so they could learn to be more productive, or lower their blood pressure, or relieve arm blockages. They did it to experience something beyond themselves that also encompasses them. Anything that helps us connect with parts of ourselves that we've walled off, increase intimacy, reduce emotional and spiritual isolation—that's leading in the basic sense of the word, to 'make whole.' And that feels good."

Dwyeze Berlin, and others say they'd map with the program even if they found out their heart problems were all a hunch.

"There's a sense of abundance," Gresh explained. "You can eat a lot and still not gain weight. You accomplish more work when your mind is focused. You can enjoy sexual pleasure. A few spoons of ice cream will please you more, if you really focus on it, than a whole gallon will if you're watching TV at the same time."

As for Dwyeze's penultimate concern, "You increase your personal power by increasing your inner peace. I know inner peace is one of those fuzzy concepts that people equate with spirituality," Gresh said with a grin. "But in fact, the person who has inner peace has power. Because no one has power over you unless they have something you think you need."

The active time people spend on the programs, the hours they give—regardless of their age or the severity of their heart disease or the nature. The oldest patients and the ones with the most severely blocked arteries showed the greatest reversal, they were also the most faithful to the program. "Apparently, it's never too late to begin making these changes," Gresh said. He had expected younger patients to show the most improvement.

Another surprise: Some people showed reversals even though their blood cholesterol levels didn't drop as low as Gresh thought they should have. He had predicted that the levels would have to drop below 160, perhaps to 150, in order to show im-

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versed. He found otherwise. "If you get your total cholesterol intake low enough, and precisely, the triglyceride level will go down even if your blood cholesterol level doesn't change much," says May. "I still show reversal." One man with a genetically high level of 350 and a 35 percent blockaged coronary and the conventional American Heart Association diet, at a year, his level dropped to 225, and the blockage increased to 77 percent. He then entered the Lipakyle Heart Trial. His cholesterol level dropped to 200—still high. But after he had spent a year on the program, an angiogram showed the blockage had improved to 35 percent and blood flow through that artery increased by 120 percent. Other patients had similar results.

By contrast, only two other controlled studies show human beings reversing arterial blockages. Both of those programs used drugs to reduce cholesterol levels, and neither claimed reversals anywhere near the rate of this one.

Ornish is certain that cholesterol-lowering drugs should not be the first choice; he prescribes them only for people who refuse to adopt his lifestyle changes. They're expensive (\$1,000 to \$1,000 a year), their known side effects include intestinal problems, liver damage, and cancerous and no one knows their long-term effects.

He is also convinced that cholesterol is not the primary cause of heart problems—it's important, yes, but "it's not the whole story." Neither is high blood pressure, or smoking, or lack of exercise. All of the low-risk factors explain why obese individuals have the highest risk of heart disease.

The implications of Dr. Dean Ornish's Program for Reversing Heart Disease extend beyond personal health. A country-away leader can cost \$400, a billion dollars a year. The low-fat diet will work, who knows? Eventually, living by the Ornish program costs nothing. In a country that spends \$50 billion a year treating heart disease, the savings could pay off a big check of the national deficit.

And who can put a price on a return to really active health? "We can do it," Ornish insists. "And not only just the diet and exercise, but also—getting rid of some of your anxieties, fears, to go, all of that stuff." Starting, as her mom did. Researchers support Ornish. "If you don't have it at home, then you need to get some kind of group support, like diet groups or telephone groups, to see another's help. My suggestion is to do this, but I have promised it. . . . When you ask for a genome, for understanding, for love—this must be what the human body needs and what living human is all about. You know, it must be. Because it works." ■



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## The First Six

# How I'll End My Life

By Stanley Bing

**H**ERE THE FIRST BRIGHT, cold-orange glow of the morning. The sides of the glass are sweating in the sunlight; there is a blinding heat and sharp edge the deep, dulking green of the gold sunrise. It has taken me eighteen minutes by outside my pane seven windows. The orange juice, that is, is not the gold sunrise. But of course, you know that.

Yes, there will be golf today, if I like. And food, as there always has been. And driving no-where-as far as I want. And shopping for surreal items that will make my life easier. The day will be so full, and yet so wonderfully empty. I have retired, but it is not a pause, not a thing, the retirement. It is a challenging occupation that takes all my energy and consumes non-stop to maximize my leisure. It is strapped to the soul. You have no choice to play—every day.

If you're the kind who's got to work and lie down, more power to you. Me, I live for twenty-five years with the intense driving that I wanted to check out. Through houses and dogs and pairs of keeping phones and having vacations and movies and meetings, and lunches and brunches and bacon here and quality time. I obtained of this existence, planned for it, held it steadfastly in my mind like a beacon. And God bless me, after decades of mental practice, I did it for real. Really for real. Truly. This is it. Here I am. Having a wonderful time. Wish I were here. In fact, I am here.

The sun is up, but it is not yet hot. I know it will be. Every day is hot and clear and... in that summer is revealed the true nature of existence.

These are gone in it, this glass of orange juice, because I have freshly squeezed it with my own two hands, bent and panted at it day and, from oranges that were grown within a day's

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



Somewhere

beyond the corporate bag.

a mall is calling me

door of my new home. I like pots, she says, made to stay underneath them, she adds. I would remove them, she can do whatever I want.

I find the first cup sliding gently into the yawning chain of my stomach, which has had some time to develop an appetite for itself before being called upon to accept scalding coffee and a muffin the size and weight of a compact

ball—my breakfast of choice for thirty-three years. The silk fabric many mornings. I leveled uncontrollable anxiety in pitch-darkness and reluctantly poured several liquids of methylated spirits down my gullet in a random, bumbling dash for the toilet. Now I can drink slowly and feel the warmth on the top of my head.

The local Price Chopper that has coupons for a wide variety of very nice off-white restaurants that reduce the price of any meal taken at an inappropriate hour. I have no intention of saying any of these coupons. But I read them anyhow. It doesn't matter what I read, if I read, at what time, or if I read only what I find interesting, and I find a lot of interesting stuff pretty interesting.

This week there is a special on Earth principle at the Wine Store, and a new store store opening right next door to Judd's Marsh. Think I'll drop by and see what's there.

Should I take another small step? I remember my grandfather, who used to eat an orange into four sections and then eat each

section, entire. "Ah!" he would say to me. "The best thing in the whole world!" This season I found somehow mysterious and incredibly powerful. He wore a ribbed undershirt with no buttons. The man could lift a chair by one leg high in the air. (Try it sometime.) He worked his silver from the moment he came to America. Once a year, he went off by himself to a resort just north



## 250 YEARS BEFORE THERE WAS A GERMANY, THERE WAS A DUTCH BEER CALLED GROSCH.

Holland was enjoying Grosch beer when present-day Germany was a patchwork of feuding tribes and fiefdoms. Things have changed since then, but, fortunately for the beer connoisseur, the purely natural, non-pasteurized, uniquely satisfying qualities of Grosch have not.

*Grosch* tastes the same here as it does over there.

See Reader Service Card after page 126

of the city, and thought about things for twenty-four hours. Finally, at the age of seventy, he had a stroke. Then he didn't work anymore.

About once a day, I walk twice a day for twenty minutes. It's not sweat, but I never liked to sweat. Take golf—probably the only game you can play and never really work up a sweat. A silly game in silly clothes, golf. Played it a lot, when I first came here. Now I watch people on the fairway directly outside. They look funny, driving around in little carts互相。The ones who are winning, the winners, not the ones. But of course, you know that.

As I walk, I meet a number of folks. I have nothing in common with most of them, and feel none of them to be the problem. Why shouldn't they be? They didn't ask to be my neighbors. The only ones who aren't jerks have no stomach in calling to me. I respect that. They probably think I'm a jerk. In fact, I am a jerk. Aren't I?

Then today, there are no exceptions. Number of crazy old male managers down here. Last week there was this couple down the road. Two people, and we share, very hardly. And they had this Chihuahua they treat like a baby. What do you do with a baby? You hand it or they had this Chihuahua three square meals a day, which is too much for a human being, let alone a dog—the sort of a fratty raver here. The dog had bacon and eggs for breakfast, and chips with all the fixin's for lunch, and a small bowl of Oscar's TV dinner for its bed-time meal. The dog apparently purrs like a cat, not barks, or sniffs, either, just really and truly adores, overeats two pounds of dog in a twelve-pound bag. So it turns out that this particular chihuahua has a rule. No dogs over twenty pounds in all, no exceptions. They put the dog on a diet, not on-order. When the dog got hungry, the dog barked. Barking at sunrise. So the couple had to take the couple to court and made them get rid of the dog. What do you think should be done here?

Ah... cold Pilsner pulp. Always hand pulp. Pe. But cold, yes. Cold red good.

After breakfast, I usually go for a walk and get up the dog. You gotta get up early unless you want anyone while they holdups with such others, real estate. In the old days, I might have let it aggravate me.

I'll be back at 11:30 to eat something. Down here the quantity and quality of cold beer is rather terrible, and the company will leave twenty people I could think of in friends. When I was forty, I had half that number. When the time I was fifty, I had perhaps four friends, except for my wife. Now she's gone.

It's so quiet here. At night as well, there are no air conditioning, very low, and it will blow throughout our floor and a half,

## The Final Six

rooms, and we will thermally seal all windows and be cool, so cool that the low-degree man will be a vagabond and almost come to possess somewhere outside ourselves. Everywhere down here, you know, the air is contaminated, perfectly, to a navel, almost sheer. When I walk outside to put a load of clothing in the laundry room, as is done out in the garage roundabout of the noisy tiny plastic bags we produce on one day, the sunburn on my face and hands like a little wet and bumpy tape.

Too much sunlight is a dangerous thing. It wants to outside, in the outdoors outside, on the ocean past the grand boulevard. Give me a closed sodden rug shop, a mall where no wind blows and no sun shines.

Did I mention I was going to give up the car? A car runs much better with a full tank. Which is why I try to eat as many small meals as possible throughout the day, instead of two big ones. Back when I was in business, I developed a routine, and that eating strategy rescued me. A lot of little meals, except when they were big ones. If I eat too big a meal now, I automatically fall asleep. I could sleep now. If you asked me to, and I just wake up.

**Think of how many mornings  
I lurched into conscious  
anxiety in pitch-darkness. Now  
I drink slowly and feel  
the sunlight on top of my head.**

When the sun rises it full into burning. I believe I will head down to the mall for a little shopping. I need another running start, some shorts, maybe a new pair of Reeboks, a double-knit sweater, and a box of Wheaties. After I sleep, I'll head over to the post office to mail a package. There's never any line there, but the postal clerks always make you wait anyway while they holdups with such others, real estate.

In the old days, I might have let it aggravate me. I'll be back at 11:30 to eat something. Down here the quantity and quality of cold beer is rather terrible, and the company will leave twenty people I could think of in friends. When I was forty, I had half that number. When the time I was fifty, I had perhaps four friends, except for my wife. Now she's gone.

It's quiet here. At night as well, there are no air conditioning, very low, and it will blow throughout our floor and a half,

and freeing the sensation of floating calm and easy on a crystal sea.

When I awake I will do the basic

stretches as my circulatory data base and stretch Pilsner. Maybe I'll play Mahjong for a while with those four Newtongue my grandkids bring me for my birthday.

At 4:30 a.m. we will go out to dinner. The amount of food you can get for under twenty dollars as that time of day is spectacular. The fact that you don't inherently want to eat any of it is beside the point. Who can eat anything at 4 a.m.? At the same time, a complete chicken dinner with three vegetables, salad, coffee, and dessert for \$12.50 is hard to pass up.

We're back by 4:12.

By then I have fallen asleep in my clothing, watching television by the window that buttes the smooth green beyond my bedroom window. When I was in my twenties, I needed four hours of sleep, tops. Fall out at about 4:30 a.m. last of nights, after having over the very last movie. In my thirties, with the kids being small, I lost convenience by 5:00 a.m. or so and slept the whole night through until the massive loop of the digital alarm clock jolted me from the bottom of comfort. Now I sleep in since I am prone for more than fifteen minutes. And no one needs me.

At 5:00 a.m. my eyes open like blue flowers in a *Brigadoon* movie. Enough! I have to urinate. Usually a bowl of oatmeal. Some coffee. Read the paper. Any paper. Walk around and think. Sometimes I talk to a couple of friends who are up as well. There's still lack in the morning, we're both tired about Ennas, the asshole who

ruins the administration committee. By 6:00 a.m. or so I'm ready to take a nap. At 6:30 a.m. I'm up and ready for early birds.

I don't miss dominoes clubs that select who gets past beyond their velvet ropes, conversations with unattached brokers who'd like to help me exchange my personal portfolio, talking on the telephone until my ears are sore.

**I must work**  
My orange juice is regular. I guess I'll have a couple of eggs, half a pound of steaks, since my bread we get down at the baker's next the Pleasant Inn on Madison Avenue. Two cups of coffee, and a cigar. Then I'll go to take a long walk along the shore, go into my exercises, see which MTV. Not since I was twenty-two and in those business times I had much a life. And they up there is no future in it. More business, I stress, nor life.

But of course, you know that. B

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# Why Pictures Lie

By Donald R. Katz

I USED TO MARVEL at photographs in glossy outdoor magazines. In particular I admired the ones depicting a hooked fish glistening in the sunlight, about broken water, the powerful form coiled in the precise instant before a feverish final effort to break free. The images were engrossed with life, as if a camera had successfully encircled between water and air, escape and capture, and managed to freeze out glorious stasis a moment that would otherwise have passed unnoticed.

I once regaled my hyperbolic appreciation of those fishing pictures to a group of professional fishermen, fishing writers, and fishing photographers in a bar off the Caribbean island of Tortola. I saw the way the men looked at me smirking and thought perhaps I'd overdone the understatement bit.

"Sometimes, the moment's not the only thing," I said, one of them said.

"How often in a day's fishing do you think you can really catch a fish like that, when the light's right?" said another. "Sometimes you just hook a fish and cook it in a instant. Then you go out there and wait 'till the sun's all after noon."

Even before this chilling revelation, I had not been without my doubts about the verisimilitude attending a photograph. I know about advertising and marketing, and I had considered the way photography could reality to lie all sense of scale. I'd even seen enough of the world's wonders to realize how the brilliant potential of a well-taken photograph often exceeded the imagination of the rest of us, but like most people, I basically believed that a still picture of a man on a beach in the full sun meant that at some point a man stood on that beach in the full sun. I accepted the old adage: "Pictures do not lie."

To this day, most readers set up no

Donald R. Katz is a manufacturing editor of *Esquire*.



When picture-perfect has nothing to do with the picture

graph becomes wacky or sound—and the ramifications of that electronic intervention are appearing everywhere.

In most photographic advertisements in magazines or on a poster these days, the characters are good that she may never set foot on the beach, that he was wearing different clothes when he stood in a studio somewhere, that he might have been a different man altogether, that the beach is actually a combination of several including partly closed beaches, that the water is a digitized and recolored sea, photographed at another time and place, and that the sun was in fact stuck in the sky for effect, although the emanations from the solar light source are perfectly angled across the image—mean, perhaps, a few shadows that the client or the folks in the lab asked to be "removed." ("Quar-

uled," "Hello! I am the pictorial read One recent cover of *Texas Monthly* depicted George Bush sharing a cigarette with his Texas political buddies. The烟 was actually snatched like a lasso to make room for John Tower and Jim Baker. Everything changeable. A man named John Lee was accidentally arrested for charges of killing his family members years earlier. He was caught because an air digital manipulator adding some years' weight to his aging countenance, and he was moreover altered a bit more from the image was shown on TV.

For a mere \$10 an hour in lab fees, the unconscious images of two people can be put to bed, or pregnant ladies, as it

were. An innocent party would have no way—only metaphorically or others were—to prove that the picture was created from spot news. An image of a George holding a closed newspaper means nothing now. A portion of recent newsnotes? None of it can mean what it used to mean without arousing suspicion.

What these machines do is process a photographic image as digitalized information. The image is "captured" and then encoded—usually by connecting it with a halogen light source—into a computer. Each infinitesimal dot—or pixel—is given a binary code that can be turned on or off, or adjusted to any light value or position on the color wheel. Back as when the arm of the new photo labs call the "old days"—around three years ago—the number of pixels you could code within a given space was so much lower than the number one piece of system film had a trouble that this problem would hold back the electronic revolution. But now that the machines are working with a million pixels in a square inch, the technical quality of any photograph can be reproduced.

The instant, composition, light, color control over all of the above has been transferred from the photographer to the

photo lab. This, combined with advanced video technology, replaces even the decision of where to push the button elsewhere. Most people in the technical side of the news media had a belief that a news photographer will soon be a person pointing a video camera at an event. People in various booths will then secretly freeze the image they want. By then, the electronic cameras made by the likes of Kodak and Sony will hook up with the digital-imaging processing offered on almost every domestic hardware by Apple, IBM, and the others. Pictures will be recorded on disks, and newsnotes will then reconstruct the image at home.

Commercial photographers are too well paid to complain about being sent out to shoot a news story while a colleague shoots the plane. Many of them are nervous, though, about the implications regarding photograph ownership that come with these new machines. How much is a six week's-worth of negatives? At some point, they worry, "image banks" will be filled with stock that no photographer will be needed for advertising rates.

News photographers tend to be a bit more tough about the new technology, perhaps because many of them, having ruled their lives trying to avoid the truth

of an event, are less than pleased that the images might be altered later. Newspapers are beginning to purchase these machines, and when they own a single racecar-a-boutique, or Stock's a Gold car out of someone's hand, or "purple" is a lie because they can't give release, those who find pictures of the documentary history of a news story don't care.

After Ronald Reagan was shot, it was fairly well known in Washington圈中 circles that the official White House photograph of him looking so much better in his hospital bed had been cropped (professionally, this time), cropping an IV tube and even the nurse holding him up. A recent *Cahaba Journalist Review* article about the Harry—Quartermile news machine that allows immediate mass publication of moving images—contains a chilling analysis from Thomas Wolens, the media vice-president of regional news at NBC. Wolens called the Harry "sophomoric." The article details Wolens' imaging—a videotape of Nicaragua FT boats attacking a U.S. destroyer. The boat looks as if they are shooting, the administration says the tape is real, the god-forsaken film. Who goes to war? Or is it the Harry?

Soon after the outcry about the moving pictures, National Geographic adopted a firm policy against moving any images

around in the picture frame. The magazine will pass its pictures through a digistar in order to perfect color and light—and the partners in the magazine have never looked better—but it won't go farther. More journalistic organizations have no firm policy on image alteration. It's only a matter of time before a distorted photograph becomes the headline of a news story, only a matter of time any belief somebody stands before a panel and says, "I wasn't in the liquor store. Look, I was at the ball game."

For a hundred years the specific characteristics of photography have guarded the form a documentary status in the cultural and legal order. A photograph was thought to snap right up there next to reality, like a fingerprint. Suddenly the form is shattered in visual drama, a festival of cynicism, and the change appears as a blow against truth and beauty, dealt by a digital revolution that digitizes all things to zeros and ones, and makes everything subject to manipulation.

But the fact is, when photography was invented there was a public outcry because it was seen as threatening the integrity of printing. The earliest photographic inventors—Daguerre, Hill, Robinson—were usually artists who were drawn to the technique in search of painterly illusion. Others used the new technology as a way of

collecting images that could be arranged like sketches to facilitate their painting of large canvases. In 1857 a photographic pioneer named Oscar Rejlander claimed an allegorical work—composed of six little girls—had added negatives—that looked like a painting, and by 1866 there was a major argument in the European world of image the "legitimacy of artifice," rather than "pure photography."

And while we're on the subject of re-thinking, I know of a guy in Chicago who used to stretch very big strips of gauze tape holding up the lenses of Playboy models. If you couldn't freeze them, like a fingerprint. Suddenly the form is shattered in visual drama, a festival of cynicism, and the change appears as a blow against truth and beauty, dealt by a digital revolution that digitizes all things to zeros and ones, and makes everything subject to manipulation.

For the fact is, when photography was invented there was a public outcry because it was seen as threatening the integrity of printing. The earliest photographic inventors—Daguerre, Hill, Robinson—were usually artists who were drawn to the technique in search of painterly illusion. Others used the new technology as a way of

an artform you can trust, not on the technology employed.

I must admit that by the end of the year I used to take in the company of half-baked photographers, I'd get a bit emotional. Coming home meant they were done with these assignments. I was shown to go home and work hard to "present" words so that a reader could feel what I'd witnessed and know that I was being faithful in my interpretation of an experience. The pictures were permanent and thus accepted to truth by popular belief. For a century, user of us have granted the illusion of a photograph the status of reality. These new machines mean that, too, too, too passed.

Photography, as the historian David Bodenham has pointed out, remains arguably the most "democratic" means of recording events or creating art. Any high school sophomore can snap a photo of a poor person sleeping in all on a park bench and believe a moment of true realism has been captured, as if the image had anything whatsoever to do with the actual life of the guy on the bench.

A photograph never says "An original." Reality is the only original, and somewhere between the fury of a powerful fist breaking water, drama in mass, and the fact of it all being as stiff as a fish finger, the truth is still out there waiting to be crested in.



Midnight. For the purist.

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Saks Fifth Avenue, 3680 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Beverly Hills)

#### APIKIAN FRAGRANCE

Bullock's  
Nordstrom  
J. W. Robinson's

#### BMW

Above: BMW, 751 E. Arrow Hwy. (Azusa); BMW Service, 24050 Crenshaw Rd. (Inglewood);  
Bob Smith-BMW, 7050 Topanga Canyon  
CENTER: BMW, 2021 Van Nuys Blvd.  
(Sherman Oaks); Century Motor Sales, 3001 W. Main St.  
(Alhambra); Jensen-BMW, 16640 Firestone Blvd.  
(Inglewood); Long Beach-BMW, 3078 Cherry Ave.  
(Long Beach); Nick Alexander Imports, 6333 Alameda Blvd.  
Pacific BMW, 600 S. Brand Blvd. (Glendale);  
Robert Hirschman, Inc., 4270 Lankershim  
Blvd. (North Hollywood); Rusnak-BMW, 3832 Thousand Oaks Blvd.  
(Thousand Oaks); Santa Monica-BMW, 1020 Santa Monica  
Blvd. (Santa Monica); Service Center, 1301 Auto Dr. (Ontario);  
Westek-Polar-BMW, 2801 Pacific Coast Hwy.  
(Venice Beach); Zipper-BMW of Beverly Hills, 8022 Wilshire  
Blvd. (Beverly Hills)

#### DRAKAR NOR FRAGRANCE

The Broadway  
Bullock's  
Bullock's Wilshire  
May Co.  
J. W. Robinson's  
Saks Fifth Avenue

#### GARGOYLES PERFORMANCE EYEWEAR

Adray's Optical Center, 6009 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Van Nuys)

Adrey's Optical, 9575 Wilshire Blvd.  
618 S. Santa Monica, 12521 Donald  
(North Hollywood); Barrington Court Optometry, 11724  
Barrington Court (Brentwood); Beamer-Wig  
(Orange Park); California Eyes, 222 E. Colorado Blvd.  
(Pasadena); Clark's Sporting Goods, 625 S. Cesar Ave.  
(Covina); City Eyes, 14527 Ventura Blvd.  
(Sherman Oaks); Copeland & Sports, 307 Del Amo Fashion  
Ct. (Cerritos); Copeland & Sports, 1021 Wilshire Blvd.  
(Westwood); Drag's Sportswear, 8011 W. Price Blvd.;  
Cycle World, 6027 Reseda Blvd.  
(Northridge); Easler, Richard, Dr., 242 26th St.  
(Santa Monica); Eye Gear, 14607 Ventura Blvd.  
(Sherman Oaks); Eyes West Optometric Center, 348 Santa  
Monica Place (Santa Monica); Family Sunglasses, 2728 W. Olympic Blvd.  
Flea Look, 10250 Santa Monica Blvd.  
(Century City); Foot Runners, 11643 San Vicente Blvd.  
(Brentwood); Gavins-Curtain Optik, 1808 Reseda Blvd.  
(Reseda); Gentry Custom Optik, 18484 Weyburn Ave.  
(Whittier); Robert Hirschman, Inc., 4270 Lankershim  
Blvd. (North Hollywood); Rusnak-BMW, 3832 Thousand Oaks Blvd.  
(Thousand Oaks); Santa Monica-BMW, 1020 Santa Monica  
Blvd. (Santa Monica); Service Center, 1301 Auto Dr. (Ontario);  
Westek-Polar-BMW, 2801 Pacific Coast Hwy.  
(Venice Beach); Zipper-BMW of Beverly Hills, 8022 Wilshire  
Blvd. (Beverly Hills)

Miyamoto, Dr. Noboru, 10301 S. Western  
Ave. (Glendale); Modern Auto, 11600 E. Whittier Blvd.  
(Whittier); Nevada Bob's Golf & Tennis, 402 E. 2nd St.  
Nordstrom, 10300 W. Pico Blvd.  
(West Los Angeles); Nordstrom, 1435 Hawthorne Blvd. (Redondo  
Beach); Nordstrom, 800 Las Cumbres Ct. (Cerritos);  
Nordstrom, 9900 Torrance Canyon Blvd.  
(Torrance); Optical Center, 4201 Torrance Blvd. #388  
(Torrance); Prestige, Dr. Charles, 9401 Van Nuys Blvd.  
#101 (Panorama City); Professional Optical, 102 E. Main (Ukiah);  
Quantermaster Uniform Co., 700 10th St. Beach  
Blvd. (Long Beach); Sandy's Ski & Sport, 10005 Ventura Blvd.  
(Woodland Hills); Sandy's Ski & Sport, 12227 Alhambra Blvd.  
(Woodland Hills); Sandy's Ski & Sport, 4112 Lincoln Blvd.  
(Marina del Rey); Scholten Optical Gallery, 24495 Hawthorne  
Blvd. (Torrance); See World Optical Company, 219  
Promenade Mall (Woodlands Hills); Sherwood International, 10714 Foothills St.  
(Northridge); Silver, Dr., 2061 Wilshire Blvd. #180  
(Santa Monica); Shuleya Glasses, 152 Washington St.  
(Venice Beach); Ski & Sports Inc., 182 Las Cumbres Ct.  
(Cerritos); Sports Appeal, 1045 Hennessy Ave.  
(Pomona Beach); Sports Appeal, 17009 Ventura Blvd.  
(Sherman Oaks); Sports Appeal, 17009 Ventura Blvd.  
(Sherman Oaks); Sports Appeal, 6061 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Sport Chateau, 130 N. La Cienega Blvd.  
(Beverly Hills); Sport Chateau, 17455 Maxell Ave.  
Baldwin Park; Sport Chateau, 951 Probst Blvd. (La Canada);  
Sport Chateau, 1021 Probst Blvd. (La Canada);  
Sports Ltd., 20442 Ventura Blvd.  
(Woodland Hills); Stein Optometric Group, 2000 Sepulveda  
Blvd. (Marinette Beach); Steffy Sunglasses, 29-5 Del Amo Fashion  
Ct. (Cerritos); Sun Shade Optics, 205 Santa Monica  
Blvd. (Santa Monica); Sunglass City, 504 S. Las Angeles St.  
Sunglass City, 4880 W. 2nd St. #101; The Sunglass Company, Del Amo Fashion  
Ct. 21712 Hawthorne Blvd. Space #278  
(Torrance)

## DIRECTORY (CONTINUED)

### GARRETT'S PERFORMANCE EYEWEAR (CONT'D)

The Sunglass Company, 210 Montecito Tower Cr. (Montebello)  
Sunglass Hut, Beverly Cr.  
121 N. La Cienega  
Sunglass Hut, Fullerton Mall, 6603 Fullerton Ave. (Anaheim) #440  
Sunglass Hut, 204 Fremont Mall  
Sunglass Hut, Glendale Galleria #2219 (Glendale)  
Sunglass Hut, 213 Lakewood Cr. Mall (Lakewood)  
Sunglass Outlet, 553 Pacific Hwy (Hermosa Beach)  
Sunglass Quest, 26901 S. Western Ave Suite 215 (Pico Rivera)  
Sunglass Studio, 23120 Malibu Rd. (Malibu)  
Sunglass Salers, 4867 Topanga Canyon Blvd. (Woodland Hills)  
Sunset Car Wash, 7955 Sunbelt Blvd  
Super Sports, 3810 Sepulveda Blvd (Malibu Beach)  
Trees 'N Things, 103 Summer Ave. (Oxnard)  
Turner's Outdoorsmen, 23371 Long Beach Blvd (Long Beach)  
Turner's Outdoorsmen, 10329 Venetian St. (Reseda)  
Valley Marine Center, 160 W. Olive St. (Burbank)  
Wingerts Dr. Bendy, 357 Los Cerritos Cr. (Cerritos)

### JEAN'S ETC.

Denim Jewellers, 18410 Ventura Blvd. (Encino)  
De Soto's International (Encino/Chatsworth)  
Fantasy Collection, 18524 Nordhoff St. #B (Sherman Oaks)  
Feldman's Merchandise, 2800 W. Pico Blvd  
Le Cedars, 15000 Beverly Blvd.  
Mardarans, 150 W. Pico Blvd.  
Mardarans, 2822 N. Main St. (Santa Ana)  
Mardarans, 1838 Hawthorne Blvd.  
Merchandise, 8444 W. Broadway (Glendale)  
Monaco (Emme) Jewelers, 1876 W. Wilshire Blvd. (Beverly Hills)  
Sony & Co., 527 S. Lake Ave. #105 (Pasadena)

### KOHLER

Ashley Plumbing & Heating Supplies, 3350 Centrus Ave.  
All Star Custom Interiors, 5418 S. Broadway  
Classic Kitchens, 600 E. Foothill Blvd. (Upland)  
Fleming Pipe & Supply Co., 13704 Slauson St. (Venice)  
George's Pipe & Plumbing, 680 S. Fair Cr. (Pasadena)

Golden West Pipe & Supply, 11702 Woodlawn Ave. (Downey)  
Golden West Pipe & Supply, 19305 Paseo Verde Ave. (Long Beach)  
Home Design Center, 1340 Moorten St. (North Hollywood)  
Home Unique, 18040 Nordhoff St. (Northridge)  
Homeplus, 10000 Pico Blvd. (Culver City)  
Homeplus Painting Supply Co. Inc., 1161 E. Adams Blvd. (Culver City)  
Pacific Sales, 6211 La Palma Ave. (Santa Fe Springs)  
Speed Pipe & Supply, 6708 Sepulveda Blvd. (Reseda)

### SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Saks Fifth Avenue, 8620 Wilshire Blvd. (Beverly Hills)  
Saks Fifth Avenue, 201 N. Rodeo-Canyon Dr. (Palm Springs)  
Saks Fifth Avenue, 2030 Wilshire St. (Santa Monica)  
Saks Fifth Avenue, 30 Woodland Hills Promenade (Woodland Hills)

### VENTURA TRAVELWARE

Buckets Luggage & Gifts, 2259 Glendale Boulevard #11 (Glendale)

Century City Luggage, 258 Del Aire Fashion Center (Brentwood)

Markus Luggage, 1769 S. Elena Revilla (Redondo Beach)

Jay's Luggage, 206 W. Hillcrest Dr. (Thousand Oaks)

Jay's Luggage, 3001 Tempe Ave. (Northridge)

Jay's Luggage, 10122 Ventura Blvd. (Studio City)

Kawasaki Luggage Shop, 1858 E. Coloreado Blvd. (Pasadena)

LAX Luggage, 11018 S. La Cienega Blvd. (Inglewood)

LAX Luggage, 2223 S. Sepulveda Blvd. (West Los Angeles)

LAX Luggage, 18711 Ventura Blvd. (Encino)

Laser's Fine Leather Goods, 14026 Ventura Blvd. (Sherman Oaks)

Leslie's Leather, 21030 Devonshire St. #102 (Crescenta Valley)

Luggage Outlet, 21225 Hawthorne Blvd. (Torrance)

Luggage Outlet, 1658 E. Imperial Hwy (Jr. High)

Luggage Outlet, 17775 Main St. (Inglewood)

Michael's Luggage & Gifts, 2020 A-1 N. Sepulveda Blvd. (Marineland) (Inglewood)

Olympic Luggage, 210 W. 69th St.

Richard's Luggage, 205 Pico Hills Mall (Culver City)

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Bullock's

J.W. Robinson's

Macy's

Neiman Marcus

Neiman's

Christian Dior



Christian Dior



Polo Ralph Lauren

A musk cologne in the Polo tradition.



Esquire  
JUNE 1990

# THE AMERICAN WIFE...

*T*

the little woman  
reassurance for living  
sweet potato pie  
old lady  
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significant other  
honey  
sweetheart  
cute pie  
foots  
Darth Vader  
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the weaker vessel  
the mother of my children  
suspense  
sweetface  
twitface  
mela squeeze  
pudding  
the gadget  
smockume  
my beautiful lauderette  
my little pribone fish  
the spandex monster  
the mouse queen  
Eve  
life partner  
the hug  
the ass  
the ring  
the bird  
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spouse

bitch  
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best friend  
the collectorator  
the terminotor  
the queen  
the princess  
Her Majesty  
Rocky  
the missee  
the less  
better half  
worse half  
other half  
exsox-u-wif  
the old battle-ax  
the fishwife  
the housewife  
the shrew  
lamb chop  
the mouth  
the ballbuster  
Bethelohn  
pumpkin  
pet  
Mommy  
rib  
squeew  
the creature  
muskmelon  
my little missandet  
the powers that be  
Eve  
the ball and chain  
love of my life  
light of my life  
flea of my bone

# THE LAST HOUSEWIFE IN AMERICA

A profile of the endangered species



**T**O FIND WHERE THE Stewart family lives, start from Cincinnati and work south down the interstate. Even when the sky is featureless, it's easy to find the way. First comes the sign welcoming you to Kentucky. Next comes the city of Covington. Soon comes the town of Flórmore, which has two exits and a mall. • The road at the second exit is wide and glossy until a certain curve, when the bright street signs fade and the suburbs come to an end. There are lights ahead, but they are different—no longer fluorescent and concentrated, but scattered yellow pinpoints on the far rim of a field. They are the porch lights of some houses on a street called Red Clover Court, which is about to come awake. • The street is a cul-de-sac. The houses are new. The first exterior light, a bedroom lamp, is switched on before 6:00 A.M., followed by lights in the bathroom, the hallway, the kitchen. Before long, up and down the street, more lights come on as people hurry to shower, dress, adorable children, feed babies, pack diaper bags, load cars, get on their way. By sunrise, the migration has begun. Lights go off, doors are locked,

As Alan Stewart knows, being a housewife is an occupation, but that is exactly what she wants to be.

BY DAVID FINKEL  
*Photographs by D. Gaster*



Photo illustration by Alan Gaster

garage doors close, cars pull away. The rush is toward the highway and downtown Cincinnati, and as the last car turns out of sight, Red Clover Court seems suddenly abandoned.

At one end of the driveway, a woman still stands by the front door. Her name is Judith Stewart, and she is waiting for her husband, Scott, who is coming down the hill now in a charcoal suit, his shirt unbuttoned, his red tie knotted negligibly, but brilliant in hand.

"Bea, honey," she says, rubbing him on the back. Next comes her son Ben, bound and fresh, who will take the school bus in first grade.

"One year minimum," he says, kissing her on the cheek.

Then comes her other son, Bryan, a big, happy boy, who will spend the morning in preschool.

"You have a good morning, after?"

The door closes, and Judith is alone, and with determination, she sets out to do what she does every day: what her mother used to do, and her grandmother before that. She sets out to be a housewife.

She clears the breakfast dishes. She reaches for the vacuum. She reaches for the dishwasher. She reaches for the laundry. There is a smile on her face, and soon she begins to whistle.

**IN EVERY HOME,** days unfold on particular maps. Most likely they are steered by a watch, a succession of precise minutes and seconds, of deadlines and appointments, of calculations and cross-offs, in which a long morning lull can mean a ten-minute wait for the next train.

For Judith Stewart, days follow a different path, one that is an anomaly. They are guided not by dollars but by more intriguing measures—the length of a work cycle, as the time it takes to boil spaghetti, or the type of light coming in through the kitchen windows. There are clocks in Judith's home, but when she is alone, they are unnecessary. When it's bright out, she knows, it's time to think about lunch. When the light begins to fade, it's time to think about dinner. There is an impersonal life with no precise steps. Even though she knows being a housewife is an abstraction, that is exactly what she wants to be.

Judith is thirty-four years old, a year younger than Scott, who works in public relations for Procter & Gamble. She has a relaxed grace and an effortless smile, and she talks in a way that makes Scott and the boys want to wake up and see why she is so happy. Her voice is the thing. There is a melody to it, a lift—not suddenly, exactly, which is so oftenentious and tight—but exalted and uplifting. "Look," Bryan will say, handing her an old feather he has brought in from outside. "Where did you find that?" she will ask, as if the feather were the most precious thing in the world.

She is like this all the time. Most nights, she is the last one to fall asleep. She will get into bed, turn out the lights, and listen in the dark to the final sounds of a winding day. She will hear Scott's quiet breathing and the boys' drawn bell, ringing under their covers.

**David Pfeiffer** writes for the St. Petersburg Times. His last piece for Esquire, "One Frost of Light," appeared in the October 1986 issue.



**Mother knows best:** "There are women who work their whole life, who teach teach and realize the world goes on."



on. Sometimes she stands tall but so sleepy, other times she remains awake, sitting through her life. She thinks of growing up, how she used to come home from school, sit herself a bowl of cereal, reach for her mother, who always waited up for her. She thinks of what little is left now. Just at the papers today there was a story about a woman who gave birth, put the baby in a plastic bag, and threw the bag in the trash. Just throw it away!

Occasionally, one of the boys comes with a bad dream. "Stop it," Ben will holler sharply, as, simultaneously, at one night, "Purple." She gets up to check on him. He is sprawled across the sheets, eyes closed, one leg bent at the knee, the other hanging down in the space between the bed and the wall. The nightmare, whatever it was, is gone.

She gets back into bed. She thinks of the house. She can visualize every inch of it, every corner, every blouse, every stripe.

It's no ordinary day; she sometimes thinks of her life. It's a struggle that carries no hint of regret.

**SUNDAY CLEANING DAY** She always starts with the beds. Hospital corners are adjusted. Sheets are tucked tight. Bedspreads are smoothed. Pillows are fluffed. The beds always go quickly, but from then on, the morning gets harder.

After breakfast and dishes, she is vacuuming Ben's room. A matress laid, she is on to Ben's, then the upstairs hallway, then her bedroom.

From vacuuming, she sorts through the laundry, empties the trash, rearranges the closet. In her closet, she finds a smoky ball and tosses it toward Brian's room. "Whoops," she says as it scatters off a wall, but she doesn't pause.

She dons yellow gloves, picks up a sponge, and sprays Comet on the bathroom sink. "I've used some other ones. It's one of those things. My mom used Comet," she says.

She pours Pine Sol onto the counter. "There's a big difference. I've tried the cheaper ones, the no-nonsense ones. You don't have to use as much of that, and the smell is better."

She tackles the mirrors with Windex and a paper towel, although frequently she uses a color filter instead. "I was at Hardee's, and I saw someone using one on the windows. I went up. What are you doing?" He said. "What do you mean?" Washing the windows? "No, I mean with the coffee filters." They have as many as ten lost. "I've used them ever since. They do work. On car windows too."

From there, it's on to the first floor, the vacuum humping down the stairs, she dustballs flying over the bookshelves, mixer, Comet, more Pine Sol, more Windex. By late morning, she is done with the house work, at least until Friday, when the will do it all again. In the interim, she will straighten up, silence, strong, cold meals, run errands, wipe counters, do laundry, work in the garden, and begin every day by sweeping the dog's beds.

She makes money—one hour a week. She washes and folds half a hundred pounds of laundry and posts route the grocery store at least twice. She serves twenty-eight households, fifteen houses, and twenty-three drivers. Plus drivers. Plus tasks. Plus, the snows

she loves and shovels the sidewalks and has taken charge of the landscaping and is thinking of painting the house.

"I don't know. I think it's my mom," Johnson says one afternoon, trying to explain why she has chosen to live such a life. Brian is on the floor watching. Ben is on the couch. She is making them listen again. "Thank goodness I'm happy. I never let anyone who accomplished the major goal she had. I don't think she's regretful."

"Moms," Ben calls.

"I think I'm a reflection of her thinking," Johnson goes on. "What Scott and I are doing, what's important to us..."

"Moms?"

"I think of her as a stable force..."

"Moms?"

"A kind of..."

"Moms, look at my mismatched!"

"How can I get this?"

"Mom, I'm a slacker!"

"You know, there are some women who work their whole life, who look back and realize the world goes on, and think, 'What good am I?'"

The oven pops up in the toaster. She puts it on a plate, smooths on some butter, spreads on the same bacon.

"I don't know. We're not as important as we think we are," says Johnson. "I can think of people we know, and they work and work, and that's all they do."

Later, when Scott comes home, he walks into a house that seems new. The floors have been stripped, the dark furniture sold, the fireplace mantel dismantled. There is nothing dark or rustic in the air; rather, the smell is of lightness, of laundry and clean water. Scott goes upstairs to change, where the bedroom carpet is still lined with the brook of the morning's vacuum. Johnson starts to assemble dinner and allows herself to wonder whether Scott knows how much she has done. "Probably not," she says. "But I don't know everything he does, either."

**WHAT THE BOSS IS** down Ben Treynor Gandy, that budget version with the track suit, the one he had at his new money from his in-laws far out of the neighborhood. He drives past the spot on the highway where someone had paid a child to let by a car and the chalk outline of the body took three months to fade. He turns onto the interstate, drives across the Ohio River and into downtown Cincinnati, where he parks under an overpass and heads on foot toward the address that is Prebles on Gandy.

Especially in the morning, the sensation is of thousands of people hurrying to leave every point of the compass. Scott is six feet five, and his stride is long. He climbs a steep hill and walks past the dilapidated Prebles on Gandy department, past Market House City Center, past Corporate, past a more named hill, whose F.W. Woolworth is broken across the corner. "Hi, Bob," says Scott. "Morning, Scott," says Bob Scott with a nod to the oldest building in the complex, shows his badge to security, takes the elevator for the fifth floor, turns the first corner, and ducks into a small office with a marketplace by the date that reads T.L. STEWART.



Gone without  
A round with gloves,  
a sponge, and  
her preferred prod-  
ucts, Johnson  
takes on the laun-  
dryroom, a twice-  
weekly obligation.



# J

It kind of sounds shallow," JoAnn acknowledged edges of her life. "It sounds boring. But it's not."

about the environment. "It's exciting work," he says. "I don't think of myself as a hero. I'd rather be."

He tries to call home as often as he can. Last year, when he was in New York, he text messaging along when he realized he was outside Macy's. Macy's of New York, Macy's of Memphis or Thirty-fourth Street, one of John's favorite stores. He couldn't get to a pay phone fast enough.

"Grazz where I am?" he said.

"Where?" she said, trying to hear him over the honking in the background.

"Someone you'd like to be?"

"Give me a hint."

"It has to do with shopping and Christmas."

"Merry?"

Larry he called again, when he had been made. "Do you believe they have wooden escalators?"

He is on the phone a lot, once or twice a day so home and much of the rest of the time to an reporter who wants to know Proctor & Gamble's position on diapers and recycling. A call comes in from Canada. Long distance, a new member of the Public Relations division puts a place to issue. She shows the details and talks to the Canadian reporter about the benefits behind a disposable diaper, of the lack of leakage, of the recycling experiments P&G is conducting.

He hangs up. The new employee, a woman, warns at home in an association:

"It just blows me out of my mind!" she says on June 16, "so close." I know just what was being asked by your answers. Your bridges to the larger issues?" She slides her hand in his pocket. "I'm so impressed."

"Well," Steve says, a little embarrassed. "Thanks."

She leaves. He looks at his watch and tries to imagine what JoAnn is up to.

"Probably doing homework," it has gone.

ACTUALLY, AT THE moment, she is running errands. She goes her way, stops gas law, and at night they sit in the woods, her legs in his lap, as he loves her, and talk about what the day was like.

She asks, "How was work?"

He asks, "How were the lady?" They both answer, in detail. Reprod such talk, however, their words rarely collide. His job doesn't take them to a lot of parties, and besides, she only comes couple of times, which are surrounded in her closet by shelves covered in blue jeans. That's the way they both prefer it. Sometimes, though, some function comes along that they need to go to, and before they even arrive, they know what's bound to happen. Like at a Christmas party last year. They were the last to leave, with three or four other people when one of them, a woman, turned to John and said, "What do you do?"

"I stay home," John said. "I have two sons."

The woman cleared off the floor for a moment, in a tearing old cabbage, "Well, you do work then," she finally said.

The realization was to walk away, go to form a bit over such confessions, or at the very least to stop smoking, but JoAnn didn't. Maybe it was because she had heard those things enough times over the years in them pain without a ripple. Or maybe she had come to realize that other people, especially women who were rows of diapers and colic appointment books, didn't know what to make of her.

"It kind of sounds shallow," the acknowledging of her life. "It sounds Wisconsin. It sounds boring. But it's not. Not to me."

Not to JoAnn. It was when she started from her bare diary book in November of 1998. Both had just graduated from college. He took her to the revolving bar at top of the Louisville, Kentucky, bridge. He ordered a cigar, and she ordered a gin and tonic, and at some point, when deep left comfortably enough with each other to share some dreams, she mentioned that if she married and had children, she would want to trap horses. That's nice to say, that's great. The bar kept opening, plus it's on the past midnight, and every so often, when the tables faced toward the aisle, there could see across the room to Indiana, where they had built grown up in families much like the kind they were talking about now.

He was raised in New Albany, in a brick split-level, also in a nearby town called Floyd Knob, in a brick and glass house surrounded by woods. After college, he took a job running New Albany's job-training program, and she became director of the city's Parks department. Which is why they met. She employed most of the people he interviewed. One day, he went to see her. Twelve years later, he can still remember what she looked like that day, and what she said about marriage, and men, everything now.

"You remember the date of our first kiss?" he asks JoAnn now.

She looks at her hands.

"November 4, 1998. 8:03 AM."

She thinks about that, and then she thinks about how long ago that was. In the same sense, she has grown up. She went from being a daughter to a wife to a mother, leaving behind an empty room in a house

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that her parents eventually moved out of and sold. That house, the one she had lived in from childhood to college, had meant everything to her. Her parents had made it a wonderful place for a child to grow up, at least as far as trying to do now.

She should have stayed away from that house. But one time she went back. It was last year, a hot day in September. She drove out with her parents and her brother Jon. They were as much for sunbathing as anything, and when the house appeared, so did all kinds of memories. Then they walked in the front door. Jon, sensing immediately that the house had changed, took John inside down a hallway before attacking the same thing. She turned around and noticed herself. She walked back toward Jon, who whispered to her, "I'm going to be sick."

John ate some pizza, and the friends went back to her room to wait, and when John began to get her a few minutes later, she was sitting on her bed with one weird shirt open, casually watching the flow of blood to it over various, poor muscles.

Later, after college, when John worked at the Park department, the acts of disease weren't as methodical, but the results were the same. There are housing projects in New Albany—just like a large city's, but poorer nonetheless—and a lot of the young girls who lived there got pregnant. That was one girl, John remembers, barely fifteen, who tested positive, as a financial equivalent—one by about as much money a month, not babies meant that much more. Another girl she remembers would talk about how the boys were screaming her off being a bitch, because she wouldn't sleep with them. The girl was determined to hold out, though. She had plans to finish high school and go on to college. But then went home sick that she had given birth, that she had given up, that she was several weeks along, and John was overcome by a suffocating feeling, a realization that some lives are carved living a lack of choice and pushed aside by circumstance.

Hell-awful, she decided right then, is what's causing in a lot of children. Which is why, on the night when she got a little downey with Sam, she said that when she became a wife and mother, she would very much like to stay home.

**WEDNESDAY: JOANN DRIVES ERIC** to preschool and stays for a while. She knows Brian better than anyone does, and yet when he stands next to the other children, she is struck by how far he has grown. "Look at his feet and hands," she marvels. "Like paws on dogs."

Next she goes to Ben's school to eat lunch. He is glad to have her there, just as she used to like it when she would climb onto a school bus for a field trip, and there, among the visitors, would be her mother. She and Ben walk to the cafeteria, past the school lobby where a just say no banner is hanging, past the office of the school counselor who counsels a weekly class for children whose parents are divorcing, past the office of the school psychologist who created two elementary-school children last year after they'd threatened to kill themselves. The day's lunch selection is pizza. John sits across from Ben and chose his friends. Everyone is yelling, and it's hard to listen, but at one point John catches the girl slouching. She turns on the little girl when a strong arm to her, and the girl leans forward, presses her face close, and laughs, "I'm dying."

"Oh," John says. She smiles at the girl, and the girl smiles back, and they both return to their pizza, and John thinks to himself, Well, why not?

She heads home. It isn't far. Nothing is, actually. It's two miles from the house to the school, three to the grocery, three to the toy store, three to the mall. Dinner that night is peanut butter, pretzels, grapes,

and John's favorite: a bottle of Jim Beam.

## JoAnn was overcome by a suffocating feeling that some lives are carved from a lack of choice.

"I know," she whispered back.  
"I can't believe it."  
"I know."

They were outside, walking around a nearby pond, never back to the house. Their mother was not front, pacing aimlessly.

"Where'd you go?" she asked them.

"Couldn't take it," was all Jon could manage to say.

"I know," she said. "It makes you kind of sick." Their father came out. They got in the car and drove off. "Time goes on," he said, laughing. Then he stopped laughing, and a long stretch of silence descended.

**ONE TIME:** WHEN John was sixteen, a boy she knew died in the course of a day.

He was slightly younger than she, the son of her parents' best friends. He was playing baseball, and as he stood at the plate, the catcher somehow grabbed the ball. Maybe he was holding the ball too tightly, or maybe he was off balance. In any event, the ball didn't arch back toward the pitcher as it should have, but went fast and straight into the back of the boy's head. He was wearing a helmet, but it didn't matter. He went home a little dazed, developed a fever in the evening, and died soon after from a blood clot. It was six a.m. John remembers, when the phone in her house rang.

"I remember the moon was real bright I couldn't make out any of the conversation, but you could tell by the voices. I can remember seeing the headlights pulling out of the driveway, and I ran up and saw the noise they left, and I went back to my room and just lay there."

That was when John, who had grown up with no real milestones in her life, learned that people can die before they're ready. After that, she learned that they can die suddenly, in ways both indifferent and imagined.

There was a friend in college. One night, they or-



You always come back to the basics.



beans, salad, and rolls made from scratch.

"These are good rolls, Mama," Ben says, reaching for more.

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET at the Coopers' residence, dinner hasn't even been started. In fact, Casey Cooper and his wife, Terri, are still unwinding from work. He has been up since 4:30 a.m. She has been up since 5:00. They both have full-time jobs, and their children, two three-and-a-half-year-olds, go to daycare.

"We had a choice between not working or having a small house in a neighborhood we didn't like," says Terri. "For me, it was more important to have this. I grew up in a neighborhood like this, and I want my kids to have it, too."

## *E*ven as she was packing, JoAnn knew it was for show, that she could never leave for good.

"We're exhausted a lot of the time," Casey says. "We come home, we've both already worked eight hours, and we have everything to do. The house is where the kids are sick."

"It's hard. I miss the kids. I miss seeing the little things they do," Terri says. "I miss a break at work and think, I wonder what they're doing?"

Down the street, at Diane and Joyce Clark's house, it's a much calmer scene. They rip up floor, give a lecture to their baby, Andrew, climb while he drinks milk, pack his diaper bag, leave by noon, drop Andrew off at daycare, go to downtown Cincinnati by metro, and grab breakfast from a nearby sandwich shop. Diane usually has socks and sneakers; Joyce mostly has soles and Chuck Doodles. They always need ones. Once, when Andrew wakes up early, Joyce went to comfort him, lay down on the floor, then her eyes open for a moment, and she suddenly realize she's late.

"There's always when I wish I could stay home," Joyce says. "But then, we wouldn't have this house. But then, I think material things shouldn't be the compromise...." She lets out a sigh. "It's pretty resolved," she says.

"No qualms," Diane says to her. "You quit, we move."

Next door at Tom and Judy McNamee's, the talk is of the time that Judy did stay home.

Tom: "When Judy didn't work, I got 'the going over.' The kids are driving me crazy. I need to talk to an adult."

Judy: "I was very angry because..."  
Tom: "...I was used to having it."  
Judy: "I can't imagine what John's life is like."

JOANN, ON THE OTHER HAND, can hardly imagine them. She serves the rolls of bacon the morning and the remaining side at night. She hears their voices and knows how hard it must be. She knows also that as much as she believes in what she's doing, they believe now they're doing, as well. And who's to say who's right?

There are no guarantees, not about anything. Scott won't be the only one who passed by the chalk outline of the dead child. She did, too. And the children who do make it through childhood, and through ordinary games of baseball, and the pressures of adolescence, and the first days of college...she knows they can end up bleeding skin on a bed.

Who can say what will happen to Ben? Or JoAnn? Or her? She has known other women who survived breast cancer, and she saw how they worked, grew left eye, watched TV, were their brothers' rock of the ship. She thinks that in a few years she will probably want to do something else to keep her life interesting, maybe some volunteer work, maybe something like an easel, but who knows?

Who, for that matter, can say what will happen to her and Scott?

In these six years of marriage, they've had their share of fights. A few times she fled the house and was far long, long drives, and once she packed a suitcase and began to pack again, she knew it was for show, that she could never leave for good.

But marriages, even good ones, can fall apart. She knows that now. One afternoon a few months ago, she and Scott found a message on their answering machine from an old friend who, like John, had chosen to remain home for his husband and children, and had done just that for five blissful years. The message was that her husband was gone. The friend began to cry. The message ended.

John called back, of course, and asked what in the world had happened, and the friend said her husband had suddenly announced he'd had enough. "I don't know why," he'd said, like he had looked or been, incomprehending. "I don't like you," he'd gone on. "I haven't loved you for a long time."

"And?" John said, trying to imagine how such words could feel.

And, the friend said, she'd tried to reason with him, was saying as nothing more than silence. He was probably mad. He'd probably had a bad day. "I'll never return," she had said to him. "You're finished."

And?

So it is on a Saturday that John goes for a walk.

The friend is inside her home, writing. Her husband, she says, came back, but only for a few minutes. That night, she got angry and cleaned house, and he grabbed her around the neck, and the children, who had been watching, came at him, hitting him until he ran off. Now he was in an apartment, and she had no idea what to do. Fifteen years without working is a long time, she reminds John.

There is nothing John can really do except listen, and she says that through the silence and across the evening, when he leaves, she does, "It will be okay," she tells her friend. Then she gets into her car, heads toward the highway, and begins to cry, not only for her friend but also for every general reason, for the way to many lives work out. The miles go by. She drives with the car radio on, turns it loud, there is



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all. She is not really paying attention to the highway signs, but at one point she realizes she is more than halfway home. And with that, a feeling of apprehension comes over her, an ache to get back. She begins to go faster. She is absolutely panicky. She pulls into the driveway and barrels inside, where Scott is waiting, waiting. "Tell me about it," he says. She does, but first she throws her arms around him.

#### "BEN FRANKLIN COMES ON"

It is the following Saturday, twenty-one beds and one hundred pounds of laundry later. JoAnn, Scott thinks, could use a day to herself, so he loads the laundry into the car and heads toward Indiana. The morning is foggy, but in the swing-over the Ohio River, the fog has lifted enough for a glimpse of snow-capped

dry, shriveling up the next day with the laundry cleaned, in time to feed his lunch again.

Scott imagines that his mother has some regrets about how her life has gone, but he has never asked. The closest he came was a day last winter. "When Dad dies, where do you want to go?" he said. "What do you want to do?"

At first she didn't answer, but then, sounding suddenly tired, she did. "I don't care to go anywhere," she said. "I just want us to be able to go to the mall."

That was the end of it. Now, on a Saturday afternoon, she reaches for a box of tissues that she had kept all the corners of her husband's mouth. She takes out several and places them on the edge of the bed, within her husband's reach. "Now dad has trouble pulling Kleenex out of these boxes," she says.

Scott looks at the box and waits. There's no one else in the room at all, but Falls, a Procter & Gamble product, set. "There's a toll-free number you can call and complain," he says.

He looks at his father.

"Well, what do you think?" he says. He isn't alone. This time, the words do come out. "Nothing different," his father says.

THEIR IS A RECURRING vision JoAnn has, not a dream exactly, but something the likes of us imagine. It is of her in her early years down the road, and her sons are running around. Scott is there, of course, since it is over, and she is next to him, a kind sister and proud that everything worked out. Or is it relived?

Regardless, the boys say their voices no women she can't quite make out, like words of late, leave the church, turn the corner, and are gone.

That's what she sees. What she can't see is what comes next. But she has seen some ideas.

The boys, and their wives, and their children, live and play and always sleep by the road.

She and Scott grow old together, without sickness or whatevers or regrets.

Her days wear down, as gray as they built up, so that when her last moments are at hand, she is able to look back with contentment, or the kind of life it has been.

She leaves behind a wonderful home, a house important to the people that lived in, so much so that if ever they came back to visit, they would be startled by my change.

For now, though, it is late Saturday afternoon at Red Clover Court, where a woman who is time is waiting for her husband and children to arrive.

Her home is quiet. Quiet and clean. Quiet and clean and smelling like winter air. Everything is in place. Shiny like a jewel. The only thing missing is a family.

Five o'clock comes and goes. So does six. It gets dark. She waits.

Finally, she hears a car. A moment later, the front door bursts open.

"Hey, Mom!"

She smiles. She smiles.

"Hey, Ben!" □

# Twenty-one beds and one hundred pounds of laundry later, JoAnn could use a day to herself.

Buildings on the far bank. "New Albany," Scott announces, "and Fifth Avenue is somewhere over there in the clouds."

He drives through downtown, past a furniture store with a sign in the window that reads CLEARANCE. "That sign has been there since I was growing up," he says. He goes past the place where he and JoAnn had their wedding reception ("It's bankruptcy," the owner had a wryed beginning), a few feet of the houses where he grew up ("The woman next door has cancer now"), to the Green Valley Carecenter Center, where his father, sick with Parkinson's disease, is being fed liquids.

"How's Dad?" Scott asks his mother, who wins the naming game every afternoon.

"He had a bad night three nights ago," she says. "Hallucinations."

"They had to give him a shot."

Scott puts his arm around his father's shoulder and says, "Everyone's going fine," slow and loud. His father looks at him and starts to say something, and Scott moves closer, so his ear is next to his father's mouth. He waits, not at all impatient. Sometimes the words come out, sometimes they don't. The time, they don't, so Scott moves away, smiles, and says, "Everything's going well."

He looks at his mother. She is a woman who has been taking care of somebody or something since she became an adult. First she took care of her children, then, eighteen years ago, her husband got sick and she began taking care of him. Sometimes, as he grew older or friends would ask her out, she would say no, she had to be home with her husband, her dependent cat has. Every morning the world would wake him, because every morning she would wake her husband, and every night she would put him to bed and say goodnight to the day when he would be so sick he would no longer be able to stand. Eventually the day came. His legs gave out, and he fell, crashing onto his head. So she put him in the nursing home and has been caring every day since, feeding him meals, leaving with his deep bear-



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# BETRAYED

## A story of two wives and many lies

SAT DOWN I WAS THERE FIRST I had the sole seat, and I was doing some reading for work, and I glanced up, and he was coming to the exit, and I thought, *Hmm*. He sat down and nodded hello, and I just nodded and were back to reading, but I guess I immediately became aware that he was attractive. He was my kind of man. He was a man of substance, and I don't necessarily mean material substance. But you could put book right away and know there was something there. "Anyways, we started talking around the time the flight attendants began serving drinks. We talked very easily. I'll call him Tim. He told me he lived in L.A., and I told him that I was just going for work. He's in the business of booking, and we spent time talking about that. He's recently divorced, and I let him know right away I was married. Anyway, it was really a very easy, very pleasant conversation. There weren't awkward moments of silence. It flowed. And of course my thoughts turned to fantasy. And when it was time to fasten our seat belts, he offered to drive me to my

I turned into a  
zealot, sitting  
in my dark  
office, asking  
several ques-  
tions in a con-  
tinual flow.

Otherwise, as always, you would

BY LISA GRUNWALD  
*Photographs by Jeffery Newbury*



base, and I accepted. And lo and behold, he had me and a divorce.

"On the way to the hotel, he said that he'd like to see me again, and how did I feel about it? And I said, 'Well, I am married.' I never give anybody the impression that this is something I do. It's just not good business. So I was somewhat evasive and reticent. And I gave him the opportunity to be somewhat persistent, and of course I told him that I wasn't sure what my schedule would be, or how much free time I was really going to have. He seemed legit and got a bit right there, and I said that was one of the questions because I really had no idea what I really did, and also it's not my style, I was sound damage—honest! the person having all these affairs—this I don't pump into these things; it doesn't, as a rule, have one-night stands. I really do have to be convinced to do the guy. So we made some tentative plans for the following night, but of course I knew that I was going to keep that.

"Part of the excitement for me is being pursued, being seduced. Because I think no matter how great a marriage is, that's not of the elements that sort of fades away. Your husband doesn't really pursue you and seduce you. I mean, maybe some do, but I would think that as time goes by, it's more like, Oh boy, I'll never see you in the bed! or memory storage. Sex becomes the thing you do before you go to sleep."

**THIS IS A STORY ABOUT RETRIBUTION.** I didn't know it would be about betrayal when I started. When I started, I thought it would be about adultery, which is in some ways a far less complicated idea. Adultery is the product of fire, desire, and conscious choice; betrayal is its ash. "When I started, I didn't understand the unavoidable nature of that distinction."

Some of my best friends are adulteresses. Last summer, my girlfriends, they all started running around. Over the telephone phone from her and nothing and nothing, I heard about neglect, indifference, meanness, sleeplessness, passing, lost, self-anger, newness, first kisses, long kisses, compensation, and consummation. It didn't sound so bad.

I decided that the myth of female fidelity was probably a male myth.

"Look at thy wife, observe her well!" That was how Linda said (Orville) to think twice about Deirdre. I wanted to write an article that would argue her critics.

My friend's stories were perfect—except that they were my friends—and so I set about trying to find a woman whose indiscretions I could protect. I looked for about a month, but I found no one willing to risk it. Finally I did what millions of people have done when the heat of meeting the right person through chance or through friends dies up: I placed an ad in the personals. The ad said:

Well, m'other? I am interviewing women who have for an article about adultery. Use a fake name if you like and call Lois Greenfield at *Esquire* magazine.

The ad ran only one time, for one week. More than seventy women responded to it. At a certain point, my assistant and I simply stopped answering the calls.

Most of the women were guilty, embarrassed, apologetic, or had had many, many affairs. They seemed to be anguished by something that they could neither understand nor control. Others were brash and brazen. The first one, in fact, was honest, all her rage and her pieces of wisdom like having not seen me. "I have the bravest friends ever," she said when I asked her whom her husband. I could picture her sitting in her bath, looking fit and trim and ravishing.

"I was a virgin when I got married," another one said, "and I just didn't want to die without having fucked someone else."

## Adultery is the product of fire, deceit, and conscious choice. Betrayal is its ash. When I started the story, I didn't know that.

Their voices foamed a warning chorus:

"I didn't because I was lonely."  
"I didn't because I was bored."  
"I didn't to make myself feel more attractive."  
"All my girlfriends have had affairs."  
"Everyone needs someone, and I didn't get that two others."

"When the realities of marriage come into play, the fantasies come into play."

"I wore men's regular clothes, but I had painted my toenails the night before. My husband said he liked how he looked. God, I let go," she said.

"It was hot. It was permissive. It was great. I've never once traversed it."

"I didn't really look up to him, but boy, he was great in bed."

"I'm calling you from a pay phone. You're the first person I've ever called to sleep with."

One woman was a lesbian. "We were married to my mom. Several had found out our husbands were gay. Some were married to homosexuals, one had been bisexual, one was divorced. Most of them were in their twenties or thirties. None of them sounded like my friends. They were either too glib or too possessive, and I thought that their signs and backgrounds would make them seem too safely distant from our readers' lives."

**SUSAN WAS THE** twenty-five editor, and she was neither gay nor angry. She was articulate and sophisticated. When I asked her difficult questions, she gave me simple answers. Her voice was clipped and efficient, and she chose her words deliberately.

She said she was an amateur and had gone to an Ivy League college. She worked, but would only describe her profession as doctor, lawyer, or banker. She had been married for ten years, she said, and lived with her husband and daughter on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. She told me that for the last eight years, she had had what she called serial affairs. What

"To be honest,"  
Susan said,  
"I did have a fair  
bit of my  
husband reading  
about my  
exploits in the  
magazine.  
You know, he'd  
know, but he  
wouldn't know."



Lois Greenfield is features editor of *Esquire*.



and that to ask Stacey about her husband would be like asking the girl at the drive-in what her parents thought about sex.

She didn't seem to flinch.

"My husband's very bright," she said. "I think he's very attractive. I find him attractive, and I think women do, even if my female friends do. He drives well, he's well read, he has a very dry sense of humor. One of the things that I love about him is that he's the voice no one else has with her."

I asked her if she'd ever been in danger of falling in love with another man.

"There have been guys I thought I could fall in love with," she said. "But there's never been danger. I absolutely adore my husband."

I looked her in the eye and began to falter.

"He's never had an affair," she said. "He's not the type. Of course, well, he thinks I'm not the type. We've become sort of an expert, and I'd pick up on that earlier than him. And the reason isn't true. He's always been honest, always where he's supposed to be. Which is kind of nice. I'd tell him if he had an affair. I guess I do feel the way men say they feel. I know there's nothing more common when I have an affair, and it doesn't mean I love my husband any less, and if he were to have an affair, I wouldn't know what that means."

I asked her if he was bad in bed.

She said that their sex life was wonderful.

**WHAT EMERGED**, even in that first week, was the sense of an absolutely fascinating woman, what the word comprised. She didn't seem to be looking for love, or looking for Mr. Goodbar. She wasn't the ventriloquist type either; it seemed the type with the painted nails and the brittle hair, and the need, common off her along with the perfume. Nor was she the neighbor's wife, the only one who wouldn't reach for a cover-up when she clambered out of a pool. If the was like anyone I'd heard or read about, then she was probably like Madame Bovary, with the same cold deliberations, and the same need for excitement, and the same secret consciousness for men.

"I HAD MADE PLANS with Tim for my second night in L.A., and he picked me up at my hotel. It's unnerving when you go out with a man and it's his city, he will always—well, very often—he'll go somewhere where they fine over here. Well, Tim was known in Spago, and we were properly seated, and I of course made it if I was properly impressed with the fact that he was properly seated.

"He asked me in the course of dinner if I had ever had an affair. And of course I

looked down and said no. And he said, 'Tim deserved.' I said, 'Why? We're not in bed. We're at a table in Spago. You're a very interesting man, but I love my husband very much.' And he said, 'Well, you're having dinner with me. Your husband certainly wouldn't be happy about that.' I said, 'Well, I think he'd be a little bit unhappy if we were in bed. After all, maybe we're having dinner because I think you're a great person.' That brought a little furrow in his brow, and then I realized that I had absolutely no business in front of him at all.

"He started to know if we could get together Tuesday night, and I told him I didn't think it was possible, but I'd probably be going back and forth over the next month, and that I wasn't supposed to leave again.

"He drove me back to the hotel and asked me if it would be all right if he kissed me goodnight. And I said, 'Well, that seems fairly harmless.' And so we kissed—over a wonderful wet sloppy kiss, but a sort of lip-pursed sort of kiss, and I left.

"I didn't see him next weekend. I did myself very attracted to him. It's weird, and the nervousness is still very exciting to me. He's in really good shape. He's slim. I know he's a very slow lover, and the reason I imagine that is because of the way he is in his distance, the way he distances with, the way

he moved—very graceful long legs. He's really tall. He's got very long fingers. Probably a good man. I've always wondered the other women, when they're doing cocaine, do they worry about that? Do you?"

**I HAD BEEN MARSHED** about a year and a half when Stacey and I began our conversations. She asked me about myself and my marriage many times in the course of our talks. Sometimes I didn't answer her, and sometimes I answered her honestly, and sometimes I answered her in ways that were designed to elicit more and more questions. I would tell her that no, I hadn't had an affair and didn't think I ever would, but then I'd say something like, "But of course! I've only been married a year!"—as if I believed that my ramification was a passing phase and not, as actually the case, a prove of my personality as unchangeable as my fears and my curiosity about people.

I finally cannot remember everything I said to her, because I was opening her world, and my own, and when I look at the transcript now, I see some of her questions—How often do you and your husband make love? How many hours can you sleep with? Is your husband the best lover you've ever had? Do you like wearing

tanay lingerie? Do you fantasize about other men?—and I shudder a little at the memory of believing that I was the one doing the marshaling.

At the time she asked those questions, I believed that she was looking for reassurance and, in fact, for a soft friend. I hoped

that she would be my confidante, in the way that people who tell lies sometimes are. "It's wonderful to talk about this sort," she said once. "For know, and from the men I've slept with, there's really only one other person who knows. That's you."

Often she asked me, softly, how I felt about what she was doing. Generally I told her that I didn't know what I felt, which was rarely true, or that what I felt was uncertain, which was—and had to be—true. I told her she article I planned to write would not be a judgment of her, but a history. I believed that if there was any judgment involved, it would be a total judgment of men like Stacey's husband, men who lacked the imagination to see what was possible.

**THE GROUND RULES** developed as we went along. I was not to have her phone number, and not to e-mail or talk to her.

She was not to harbor second thoughts, or change her mind without warning me. "I'll never

stop disapproving," she said once. "If I want to stop, I'll tell you."

Fairly early on, I told her that if she was going to be the sole focus of the article I then intended to write, I would have to meet her at some point, have us have her out name, let you, know to see her journals and any kind of proof she could offer that she wasn't lying to me. "Your worst nightmare is that I'll print all this without giving you privacy," I said. "My worst nightmare is that you're going to pull some elaborate hoax, and when the article is published, I'll have to say that you work for some other magazine, or you'll come forward to say how nice it is to manipulate the press."

She laughed but used the understanding. She said she would tell all her real estate clients at last. "I won't," she said. "I'm very good about people. But I'll tell you to look you in the eye before I tell you."

I tried an unusual difficult way to push her for this question. She had said we knew

that she'd had a fling with a model she'd learned had posed in an issue of Playboy.

She never saw the issue, she'd said, and when I'd asked her just why the bimbo's past

called for a look issue, she'd said, "Right,

and where would I have them send it?" So I'd gotten a copy of the magazine, and I kept saying I would give it to her whatever had not writing.

She never took the issue. She was happy

(continued on page 212)

# So is this motion picture.



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Sarah  
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John Child



#### POETRY IN MOTION

Gene Kelly  
Teri Gallagher  
Nancy Lopez  
Dawn Menges Fowley  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning



#### BETTER HALVES

Don Peters  
Lucy Records  
Lady Bird Johnson  
Julie London  
Jane Ace  
Ella Ewing  
Barbara Mandrell  
Marcia Clark



**THE ABSOLUTE BEST WIFE OF OUR TIME**  
*Alice Krueger—Baby, You're the Greatest!*



Laura Fyfe  
Lois Nettell  
Vivian Ledner  
Mary Livingston Briscoe  
Betty White  
Jerry Farnier  
Mrs. Minter  
Jacqueline Tandy



*Saturday Night Live's*  
Nora Dunn as...

# THE FOUR WIVES OF THE APOCALYPSE

Photographs by Pat Harbron

If you persist  
in clinging  
to these rotten  
stereotypes,  
you probably  
deserve to  
live out your life  
with one



## THE BONBON WIFE

*S*he has her plastic surgeon as the person to call as an osteopath... She may have children, but when asked their ages, she'll say, "Oh, not very old..." She is a perfectionist, and will keep a table of eight setting at their dinner while her husband goes back for flavor-tasting for the fourth time.... She used to be a beautician, she used to be a waitress... If you divorce her, she will complain to everyone that she now has to travel on commercial airlines.... When her Seven Seven alarm starts her up for a constitutional, she sends a Grainger Klinger gift certificate.... She is only responsible for her own regimen.



## THE ORGANIC WIFE

*S*he lives in an ecologically correct town. Somewhere, or perhaps Time... When she wakes, the glow... When she is not baking, she spends her time designing clothing made of natural fibers, as illustrating politically challenging children's books... She makes her own chocolate from green tomatoes grown in her garden, and when she doesn't eat, she writes... She nurtures and coaxes your growth as if you were a withered苗子, helping upon you encouragement as if it were fertilizer... When she grasps, the glow is good... You feel it in her shadow, but the feeling is good.



#### ATTILA THE WIFE

*T*his is her house, run by her rules, which you need, if you say you'll be home for dinner by 6:00, you are, or it's classic roast for you... Dust, germs, and disorder run screaming from her presence, as do you whenever you can... Now that you don't love her, even though when you smoke, you do so secretly... The kitchen is her bunker and everything in it is organized by height and expiration date... Come Armageddon, you could live your last and final reservoir for a solid month... Her cat has no other master but her, because it's been kept in the freezer for the past four years.



#### ROBOWIFE

*T*he highest form of human life yet evolved... She earns more money than you do, because, honestly, she's worth more than you are. This actress lets you make all the decisions, including the kids' names, the message on your answering machine, and when you must sleep on the couch... She buys her Amazon through a personal shopper, but works with dust... She runs your household very efficiently, from whatever cellular phone is closest... She visits you well, but only between 10:00 AM and 10:07 AM every second Thursday, when she will enjoy her pancreatic cigarettes, whether you've been there or not.



## It will change the way you think about Gallardo.

It's not very easy to find a 1982 Cabernet Sauvignon today. Most wineries are unwilling to wait this long for their wine to reach its peak.

But we believe a fine wine should be allowed to mature before it's released. So our 1982 Cabernet Sauvignon, which comes from 100% Northern Sonoma Cabernet grapes, has been aged in oak casks and then carefully cellared for years. Only now is it truly ready to be enjoyed.

We invite you to discover how we and our wines have come of age.





# Those Gilded Moments

ONE LAST LOOK BACK AT  
THAT GLORIOUS TIME WHEN A WIFE COULD BE  
A TROPHY AS WELL AS A WIFE...

The Time Georgette Mosbacher  
Got Some Feedback

*J*T WAS GETTING LATE, and the doors at Le Cirque were starting to buckle out. Many of them stopped at Georgette Mosbacher's able to pay their respects before leaving, their silver-coated handkerchiefs flailing like gondola cloths above their heads. ■ Georgette held her breath when she saw Diane Sawyer from a nearby table and wave toward her, surrounded by her entourage. Louder passed to say hello, then waved off again, a venerable hostess flushed by exertion.

■ "There goes the woman I admire most in the world," said George, tweed and delighted. ■ Finally, Barbara Walters was standing in front of her, all smiles. "I'm writing your biography," she said, passing her hollow check. "I've had it on since this morning, and I've got to tell you, it's fabulous. Consider me in one of your endocuments." ■ As Walters walked out, Georgette's eyes filled with tears. ■ "That's why I work," she said proudly.

Photographs by MARY ELLEN MARK

## The Day Gayfryd Steinberg Begged Off

**G**HE WOMAN HAD COME as a supplicant, to ask Gayfryd Steinberg to help her organization, to lend the glamour of her name and her presence or, failing that, simply to write a check. They strolled into the library, one of thirty-four rooms in the Park Avenue duplex that once belonged to John D. Rockefeller Jr. It was a home filled with old masters, peacock sculptures, rare canoes, exquisite porcelains, peacock feathers, piles of sumptuously bound art books. ■ Gayfryd, curt and efficient as an IRS attorney, interrupted the woman's description of the wonderful poems her ghetto children had written to soap. "What's your funding? Who's on your board? You've received no grants? How long have you been around?" ■ When the woman began to ramble, Gayfryd impatiently finished her sentence. Finally she asked, "What is it, exactly, that you want?" ■ The woman waved Gayfryd off. Gayfryd sat back in her chair, folded her hands, and smiled kindly. "My place is pretty full already," she said. "I get requests from hundreds of people each year, and you just can't do everything. I know there children who will be homeless if I don't work down a bit."





The Afternoon Carolyne Roehm  
Reflected on Fate

**W**HILE SHE WORKED, Carolyne Roehm absently fussed her luscious hair and checked herself in the floor-to-ceiling mirror covering one wall of her studio. She spent much of the day trying on one design of hats after another. "I love this dress because it's pretty without being gooey," she said at one point. "You know me, I hate goo!" ■ Working straight through lunch, Carolyne solved an accompaniment problem brilliantly. But the shadows were visible under her eyes. Between her days of work and her nights of charity events—and her persistence in waking up at 6 AM to practice piano—her life could be pretty exhausting. ■ She could have no more fun. The weekend before, she and Henry Kravis had attended Gayfryd Steinberg's party for *Salon*. "We danced and danced and danced," she rhapsodized. "Look," she said, laughing and daintily lifting off one expensive strap-back to show the *SteinSalon* on her toe. "I still have blisters!" ■ "There we were at Gayfryd's table," she said. "Nancy and Frank Richardson, Susan and Carter Burden, Georgina and Bob Mackie, Gayfryd and myself, I mean it was..." She was momentarily overcome with emotion. "Anyway, here we all were, and I looked around, and all the women were very attractive, and they all had successful husbands, and I was looking to the wonderful broad manac and looking at that incredible environment that Gayfryd and her decorance had created, and I thought"—her voice sank to prayer level—"We are truly lucky. We are truly lucky." ■



If it's not one thing, it's another.

Which is precisely why you should get yourself a pair of CXI Plus Cross Trainers. They're equally at home on the court, on the track or in the gym. Just like you. As soon as you get yourself a pair of CXI Plus Cross Trainers, Reebok

L.A. DIVISION

# THE TWELVE VIRTUES OF THE *Perfect Wife*



...And why she'd  
make a damned good Boy Scout

BY STANLEY BING

1. She's trustworthy. Can be depended upon never to betray you with all the treachery preachers claim, if they ever come around, would compel you to jump in front of a milk truck. Perhaps you suck your teeth while reading. Maybe you simply must have warm Jell-O with cold toes before retiring. Then there's that other happenstance right, where you kid when you later described to the master as "a map accident," at the bottom of course. Imagine if the couldn't be helped upon to keep that kind of thing in herself.
2. She's honest. Used to the thermometers you tried to create. Even when you need the point where you need to raise your pants somewhere before you pass from simple to allow room for your privy, in her pants are beautiful.
3. She's helpful. Happy to cook something when you come home from the office with a man-size hunger. Doesn't mind working a few dishes, or even a great many, while you regard the interesting news about happenings from Harry and David. Oliver, while you are dining before the television, you make no bid but to find him crowded in her favorite chair, unable to sleep until she has seen that minute lesson on your favorite pastime power sheet. Every Saturday morning, she takes the children to gymnastics, picks up drops off all day swimming-related objects (shampoo, washcloth, shampoo) for alabaster beverages and personal hygiene solutions, what you stay at home underlined? holes in a blouse.
4. She's thrifty. Willing to drop everything and leave you with you, even when you have just come to all fresh and come to from the garden. Used socks and leaves.
5. She's courteous. Wouldn't dream of causing surprises on your movie competency when the movie director goes off in the middle of the night and you sit in somebody's all the well and choose a sleeping spot the window, while a simple change of bottoms would have done the trick.
6. She's patient. Allows you to sit alone but floor egg counts after you get back has you cholesterol counts, spreads rumors and every day something ends with the question, "How can I make my Stanley's life easier?"
7. She's sensitive. Knows that when you're right you're right. Also knows that when you're wrong you're right, when she's wrong you're right, and when she's right it's time to sit in your seat.
8. She's cheerful. Goes about her many duties whistling, Esteemous that you went ahead and treated The Goss of Houseous for the fifth time when you specifically indicated, before leaving home, that you would look for something you both could enjoy. Use An Obsessive Woman, Women on the Wings of a Novice, Breakdown, A Woman Under the Influence, Women on Long, The Women, Two Women, 3 Women, Women in the Dance, and Diary of a Mad Housewife. If it puts popcorn in the microwave, however, how, she says, giving you hand a little squeeze.
9. She's thrifty. Now don't you are making better money, she's stopped buying low, but she's always looking to save that extra piece of string just might need-to-dash her cloth clack, which she got at Lockheed's after a fierce struggle. And even though roundly faced by the demands of good taste to spend \$1,000 on a new area rug for the living, the woman knows how to turn out a light when she leaves a room.
10. She's thrifty. Doesn't care about nature's belongings, used to the fine-fine cleaned contents of anything backwoods. Not that she doesn't give a damn about rear physical well being. Being better means making the big things, sometimes even doing so big to you.
11. She's clean. Always ready to clean things, that is. Laundry, light fixtures, windows, walls, diaper pads, dishes, stains, cups and cutlery, glass covered with mustard stains, couches reupholstered with help from, carpets sporting bright and blooms of cranberry juice, and, moreover, yes, the look of great rock, the smell of your back, your hair. You name it—and the case is, she wants to leave a sparkling, squeaky, shining till to the saddle.
12. She's resourceful. When you come home a nose-to-mouth for the first time or eighteen months and fall asleep with your cheek against the cool backwash she, she'll never ask you to suddenly shrug the legs and backwards, screaming, "Get up and go to sleep." With a certain awe and disdain, and some compassion, she brings you a pillow and blanket to make sure you are comfortable with your head in the toilet. Then, finally, in the night of the switchbacks that you yourself have taught, she comes to lie down in worship of your jolts, driving God. ■

AKIRIO EOTH

141

JUNE 1992 *Esquire*

TO MAKE AND TO HOLE

# ENTER THE MUSE

In praise  
of the literary wife

**W**E WERE IN LOVE with each other for a long time before we were in love. Friends for six years but always listening to other voices in other rooms. Being in the gym just through the bad patches when love is strained. Not of course we didn't know that then. We met after a drinks party one night when I brought another woman to the one-room basement apartment

she was staring, more or less, with a voice of her own, a close friend until we stopped

speaking for whatever reason twenty years later. We had red beans and rice, the woman I was with passed out, and then passed out of my life too, marriage, divorce, adultery, and divorce in Switzerland. It was years before I opened the night, by then she had graduated to a two-month walk up on the edge of Spindrift Hollow. The bed caged in the corners. It was like falling into a cage.

We got together after I left the galleries of her first novel. We had a conference lunch at a place on South West. Her editor would not let me pass on South West. Her editor would not let me pass. It happened. In the afternoons of the day, I told her we wouldn't go to Fox Island that we would get married if she got just now. She didn't, we decided to go forward anyway. Did I ask her or the sea? There are moments when we such blase the other. Our engagement was a moment on the conversational page of the *New York Review*, where we both free-lanced. The day she bought her wedding dress, at Kresseloff's in San Francisco, was the day John Kennedy's motorcade drove into Dealey Plaza in Dallas, past the Texas School Book Depository. The dress had no back, it was incredibly tiny. A few years later, Roman Polanski

accidentally spilled a decanter of red wine on it, in a party to let off for St. Lucia. The wine stain stayed throughout the summer, the day we got married, at the little-mass church in San Juan Bautista, California, she swam through the entire ceremony. My younger brother was my best man. We have a common name. My favorite one-old name from the theater girls she was later interested in. As we walked down the aisle, we promised each other that we could never let this new wife feel not what real death did to pain. That promise was the bedrock of the marriage. I can still imagine her without her, the reverent look on her face, the quick glances when nothing is said, and volumes are implied. I wrote this on our twenty-first wedding anniversary, the thanks is reasonably deserved. In keeping with our bedrock principle, I don't know if we will make it another year, or twenty-seven, but whatever, it's been a great trip. I remember a day in Paris, high in the Pas des Baumes Chalet. We are trying to think of an epithet for our relationship, and come up with *THIRTYHAPPYGOOLY* time. We've had a hell of a good one. ■

BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE  
*Photographs by Michael Tighe*

**John Gregory Dunne**  
is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. His latest book, *Happ*, was recently published by Simon & Schuster.





## KRISTINA FORD

J

HAD I STOPPED to be about Kristina, I knew that, but I just went to say this about me in a way of getting closer to the subject. I'm one of those guys to whom other men—puckish little New York tailors' dummy types with bow ties, and lots of lead-taking, pin-breaks, heavy-armed Delta boys, too—are always saying, "How in the world did a guy like you ever get a woman like this to agree to marry you?" ■ To this question I have put forth a lot of answers—tricky things like: "What did you think, that she'd marry you?" Or, "There was be something about me that you're gonna see." Still, if you want to do some prancing, you just have to abandon all hope and prance away.

Much that's worth singling out about Kristina will be immediately apparent from the accompanying picture. She's extraordinarily beautiful. (That's not sexual praise, I know, but who wouldn't be happy to be married to an extraordinarily beautiful woman if they had the chosen, and preferred, women to marry with?) Beauty is Kristina's claim more, however, than something weaker but that this photograph doesn't measure, even if it's not smiling. She's an operator, a person who's used to riding the high line of right all her life, in do good in the world and hope for good and do no harm. She's a woman who consistently disarms you and the have a look in someone else who means to hit you, when he laughs at your joke (even nonsexually like credit for it), go wells in the ball game and give and take advice in the middle of the night. She's a Diorama, a quick nod, good at math, scores high on all standard tests, and remains undivided by fears of dependence. She doesn't compete with friends or, and knows when to keep her own counsel. And when she walks into any room your heart leaps, whether you know her or not. In a moment like full of unoriginality, she seems absolute.

I, of course, have been accused of not being original. Almost all men get accused of that recently—by somebody who doesn't like us, or by somebody we've been men and crass no, or by somebody (men or women) who doesn't like anybody and just decides to say that. You always have to be careful not to change the fact that Kristina wouldn't have me around the house if I stalked women. She's nobody's fool. And in spite of having an advanced degree in an obscure and difficult science from a major institution or research institution, she doesn't willingly let people condescend to her. Anybody who knows her knows that, including me. So I think I've got safe ground piping. I don't dislike women qua women.

BY RICHARD FORD

**Richard Ford**  
has written  
fiction for *Esquire*,  
film screenplays,  
stage plays,  
and he published  
this month by  
the Atlantic  
Monthly Press.

# JANICE STONE

**E**VERYONE WANTED TO go out with the girls who worked at the Figaro. But the girls who worked at the Figaro, who wore black leotards, berberi-rrit sandals, and Egyptian jewelry, had no time for us. We were hardly older than they were. Like them, we were Americans from Poland and Germany. The girls who worked at the Figaro wanted to go out with hooded poets from Massaches or Alabama abstract expressionists. They were afraid of being bored.

"One day we were in the Figaro and my friend said, 'Do you see that waitress?'" "And I turned around very quickly, because in those days that was all, and I looked. What a great-looking young woman, I thought.

"'I know her,'" said my friend. "'She's in my writing class.'

"'Great,'" I said. "She's really looking."

"'Yes,'" said my friend. "I think she's part Indian. Or part Eskimo."

Later, she and I were in the same writing class. We both worked nights, and she had two jobs. On one she was a gat-formed gardener in the RCA building. When she got off, she would go and wait tables at the Seven Arts Cafeteria on Ninth Avenue. Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Amiri Baraka all read there while she was a waitress. I had a job at the opposition end of Forty-second Street, as a copyboy on the Daily News. When I got off at 1:30 in the morning, I would walk over to Ninth and hang out in the Seven Arts and listen to the readings. I read there myself once, on amateur night, or whatever it was called.

Sometimes musicians came in and played. Sometimes we went to Birdland, a few blocks away. One night we caught John Coltrane at a bar set at Birdland. Miles Davis played with Coltrane then. We did all manner of drugs. The city was, as the song goes, a wild, wild toy.

The young waitress, whom I marveled over, to be sure an Indian or an Eskimo but a Finn by descent, was drawn to her because her way of living had some quality of the Forest, a sense of great strength and vanity underneath a covering of meekness. It was in her walk, and in everything about her. She seemed to have great wisdom and great endurance. As I got to know her better, I found that this was so.

Now it's thirty years, and we know ever-

thing about each other. Her wisdom and her lovely intelligence are still beside me, at hand, lucky for me.

Once, long ago, the proprietor of the Seven Arts Cafeteria, a curiously genial beastie, taunted me. He didn't like me because I worked for the Daily News. Dick Tracy's newspaper, and I had to wear a suit and tie. It was unmanly to wear a suit and tie. He was also jealous about Janice, who third and afraid of him. He was a big, bulking fellow.

"Winger?" he said. "You know who I mean! You don't get this girl, man!"

He meant that as a jibe, particularly his movie. I would not get the girl. But he was wrong about that. **B**

**Robert Stone:**  
Novels include  
*Children of Light,*  
*A Flag for  
Surprise, and Dog  
Soldiers.* His  
most recent work,  
*Quarantine*, will be  
published in 1992.

BY ROBERT STONE



*Fashion Tips*  
**FOR THE REPEAT OFFENDER**

What to wear to your second  
 (or third) wedding

Photography by George Holt



*The May December*

To keep from  
 looking like the father  
 of the bride, go  
 with something sleek.  
 Here this blouse  
 features shantung-waist  
 and belt by  
 Henry Rosenfeld. Corset  
 skirt and blue top  
 by Elizabeth, with  
 pencil-sleeve by  
 Imperial. French-knot  
 and ruffles by  
 Signature Fashions.

Matte dress  
 by Bobbi Brown Couture,  
 New York. Jewel  
 by Deanna Kostic  
 for Fragments.  
 Gloves by La Ciecle,  
 and shoes by  
 Lanvin. Metals: Swarovski  
 Crystal.

*The December-May*

Sister's arrival  
 the big day and first  
 trip to the altar,  
 we she went out and  
 bought jeans like  
 three-piece grey wool  
 suit and leather  
 skirt by Valentino  
 Couture. The  
 gold lace-coller ple  
 is by Pierre  
 Cardin for Brooks. She  
 carries marbled  
 paper to Imperial  
 Headbands & More.  
 Fur-trimmed dress  
 by Michael Dovidesca at  
 Showroom Soave,  
 veilage by Jennifer Hagan  
 of Adorever.





The Revenge of  
the Novel

To wipe out the memory  
of the revolted  
child-soldiers and their  
fathers, you  
simply choose a single  
isolated black  
isolated communities such  
as Derryaghbeg.  
Angry at the actions  
of the IRA and Ulster  
U.D.A. by Charlie, that  
is John Hume, you  
choose his  
Caher or his son, and  
choose to  
support them.  
You do, however,  
choose to support the  
Ulster Defence  
Army, which is  
the Ulster国民党.





At last,  
perfection in a vodka.  
**Tanqueray Sterling**

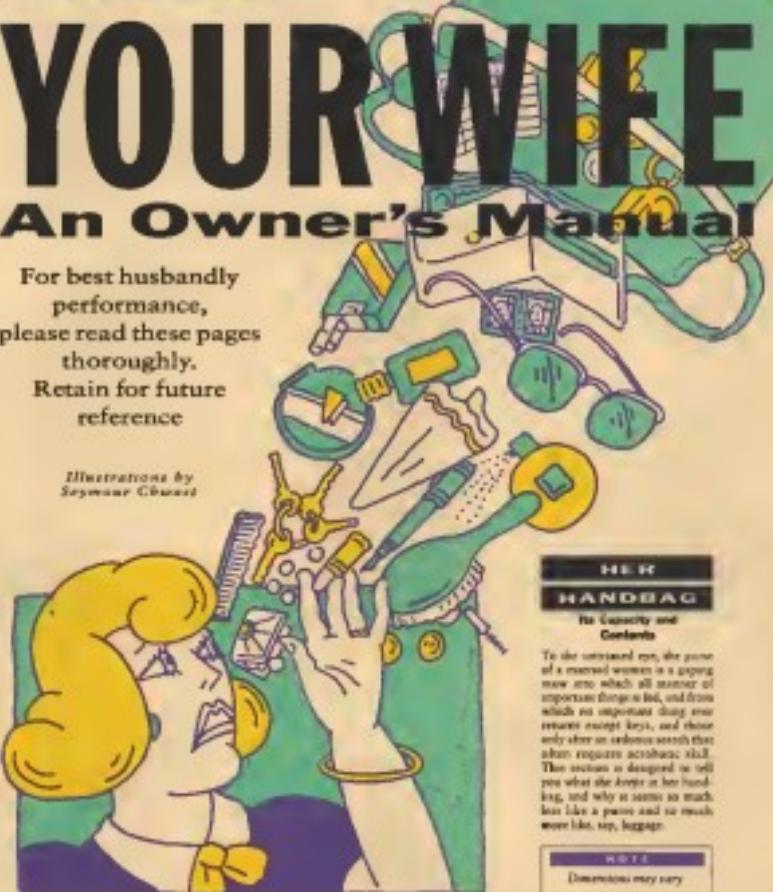
LARGE AND MAINTAINABLE

# YOUR WIFE

## An Owner's Manual

For best husbandly performance,  
please read these pages thoroughly.  
Retain for future reference

Illustrations by  
Seymour Chwast



**HER  
HANDBAG**

Its Capacity and  
Contents

To the untrained eye, the purse of a married woman is a gaping maw into which all manner of important things are fed, and from which no important thing ever returns except keys, and those only after an arduous search that often requires acrobatic skill. This section is designed to tell you what the keeps in her handbag, and why it seems so much less like a purse and so much more like, say, luggage.

**NOTE**  
Dimensions may vary

After that I need a panic button when I'm The New Yorker). Men manage to walk around with the three essentials (crotch, wallet, keys) tucked snuggly into their back and biceps pockets. In contrast, most ladies find just spaces with tiny things in them.

#### STANDARD HANDBAG FEATURES

##### *Mirrored Model*

- Hunter's Wallet
- House key
- Lipstick
- Compact

In real life, you might reasonably think a woman should add a few other useful items:

#### SPECIAL FEATURES (Real-Life Model)

- Wallet
- Checkbook
- Pen
- Address book

For over five typical real-life models I didn't allow the real-life model doesn't allow the real-life model.

Courtesy research has shown us that degree of a man and a woman's health is a weapon and a shield. We lack the means for urban and suburban survival and defense, as well as the means for riding the world by horse.

"We won't, we won't, we got one and we have."

There are among the objects we found in a random sampling of seven houses (yes, we added their permission first, and no, we didn't take anything):

#### ADDITIONAL QUALITY FEATURES

- Wallet (large enough for coins, tokens, bills, and credit cards)
- Checkbook/address book
- Fetaline-type thing
- Moisturizer
- Pillbox
- Band-Aids
- Ziploc bag (for food/dog's and other emergencies)
- Scissors
- Hand lotion
- Perfume
- Glasses
- Caseless/less case and solvents
- Tuna and pencils

- Notepad
- Rubber bands
- Paper clips
- Candy/candy breakers
- Glue
- Garage door opener
- Motor thermometer
- Mac, whole
- Swiss army knife
- Tape measure
- Blowing kit
- Schedules
- Thermometer
- Photographs
- Charms and talismans
- Continuous "dingley"
- Mirror
- Maps

"In handling items, a dingley is a smaller bag that can be deployed with sufficient room for hand luggage (that is, to the distance between the shoulder straps) while the mother ship (the large purse) is, due to heavy transport, anchored in deeper waters (read: packed under a desk).

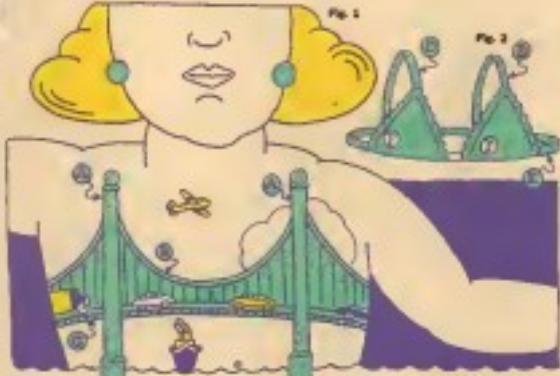
#### HER BRA

##### *Bugged Elasticity*

Woman, she is like a bear. Well, at least in this regard she, too, needs to be crossed with a seriously strong man that can harness the forces of nature. Just how this works in the case of the bra is a question that few men venture to ask until marriage has advanced past the privilege of leisurely observation.

##### *Nipples*

All adjustments and uses of the bra should be undertaken only after a full understanding of its structure has been attained.



According to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's professor of structural engineering, Oral Boudreault, and the Faculty of Mechanics of Technology's professor of foundation design, Georges Boulé, the bra works much the same way that a suspension bridge does.

In the case of the bridge (Fig. 2), the towers (Fig. 2), the shoulder straps (Fig. 2), and the load, or "weight" (Fig. 2), combine to fight the effects of gravity and carry on the "load," that is, the

breasts, which are held more or less in place by the cups (Fig. 2). But do not be fooled, they are not identical structures, both aspects work. Unlike a railroad, FIT's Boudreault points out, "breasts need to go up and down, and then stay down. And they want to go right and left." Concerning the bra, MIT's Bouskila-Dark notes, "How much vibration do you need? You want to have little vibration, for aesthetic reasons."

#### HER ABLUTIONS

##### *Why Do They Take So Long?*

It is Saturday night. You have a dinner party to go to and you've known about it for those weeks. Tonight indicates before you're supposed to leave, you shave, shower, and dress. Meanwhile, your wife becomes the Tsarina of hell, whirling around in a

cloud of perfume, mascara, and cosmetics, and screaming and laughing.

What is happening to her? What takes her so long? Here is what we found. On an average evening, when preparing to go out on a reasonably brief

##### *EVERYTHING SAFETY*

The main idea: ensure the wife is looking nice to either a photographer or a fool.

—SHANNON THE RAJAH

she soon will probably perform most of the following tasks in a hurry to make herself look like you. Times are opposite since her not exaggerated. If you will take longer on individual tasks, feel free to familiarize her with this ritual.

Task	Time It Takes
Shave and lay out towel	2.13
Towel dry hair	1.04
Apply body lotion	.57
Apply body powder	.48
Put makeup on forever	1.32
File nails	.57
Apply false nail or soak	2.04
Wait for hair color to dry	3.00
Apply polish to each	2.08
Wait for polish to dry	3.00
Apply under coat to each	1.06
Wait for under coat to dry 4 hr	4.00
Paint eyebrows	0.11
Put on panty hose	.48
Massage or get hair	.64
Blow dry and/or hair 30-60	
Get spicy	.17
Moisturizer	.05
Base	0.05
Concealer	.50
Eye shadow	2.13
Eyeliner	1.29
Moisture	.42
Powder	.41
Blush	.35
Lip liner	.38
Lipstick	.12
Blot lipstick	.09
Perfume	.42
Put on jewelry	.32
Dress	4.62
Hair traffic	.62
Try other clothes	2.62
Get back to dress clothes	4.62
Pack purse	3.29
Last breath (talc and one)	.58
Put keys	7.92
<b>TOTAL TIME:</b>	1158.03



## HER MEDICINE CHEST

### Identifying the Components

Most of the objects shown on these pages are often overlooked with great merit of which will be found in just about every home. In the sanctum sanctorum that is your wife's part of the medicine chest. For the promotion of better understanding, and to assist in instructing her in the use of cosmetics with safety, it is essential that you familiarize yourself with these components. Please attempt to identify each of the following objects, and circle the letter of the appropriate answer.

#### NOTE

"The true value of a man's education is the breadth of his wife."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

- L.  
 1st Tweezer clippers  
 2nd Earl's separator  
 3rd Eye-liner shape  
 4th Dental floss holder

3.  
 1st Mole-and-freckle spot remover  
 2nd Hydrolyzed-collagen beauty supplement  
 3rd Under-eye moisturizing balm  
 4th Styro-guard gel

2.  
 1st Facial hair separator  
 2nd Fingernail  
 3rd Eczema comb  
 4th False-teeth applicator

18.  
 1st Comb and-cutter trimmer  
 2nd Eyebrow curler  
 3rd Black-head eraser  
 4th False-teeth applicator

25.  
 1st Beard massager  
 2nd Pier perfume  
 3rd Eye moisturizer  
 4th Antiperspirant

4.  
 1st Firm comb  
 2nd Ring holder  
 3rd TLD  
 4th Toe separator

10.  
 1st Lip-liner  
 2nd Nail pencil  
 3rd Diamond comb  
 4th Eyeliner

19.  
 1st Makeup prod  
 2nd Lip-gard  
 3rd Cosmetic sponge  
 4th Industrial nail-polish remover

17.  
 1st Tampon  
 2nd Cellulite remover  
 3rd Hair-tying stick  
 4th Prosecco stick

BRUNELLA LAROCHE

7.  
 1st Dress-should holder  
 2nd Lipstick holder  
 3rd Laundry-collapse tool  
 4th Fire extinguisher

6.  
 1st Vibrator  
 2nd Menstrual and bladder  
 3rd Electric plaque remover  
 4th Curling iron

9.  
 1st Swimsuit and sock depilier  
 2nd Chester comb  
 3rd Germ holder  
 4th None of the above

12.  
 1st High-crown dispenser  
 2nd Hand roller  
 3rd Cosmetic-crown applicator  
 4th Envelope syringe

13.  
 1st Penicade applicator  
 2nd Liquid-dye dispenser  
 3rd Disposable douche  
 4th Camisole

12.  
 1st Tampon  
 2nd Cigarette filter  
 3rd Dental floss  
 4th Camisole

13.  
 1st Morning-endorse water  
 2nd Prosecco applicator  
 3rd Facial roll  
 4th Dress-should

16.  
 1st La Vache Qui Rit  
 2nd Portable eye pack  
 3rd Dress-should  
 4th Makeup wedge

14.  
 1st Coffe smoother  
 2nd Enviro board  
 3rd Facial exfoliator  
 4th Egg brush

18.  
 1st Fingernail enhancer  
 2nd Sunscreen  
 3rd Highlighter marker  
 4th Perfume spray  
 5th Nail pull

**EXTRA CREDIT**  
 Bonus question. When is it never OK to use the method of hair removal known as "waxing"?  
 Please include in your discussion your understanding of the term "kicked wif."

### ANSWERS

1. a, c, d, e, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 2. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 3. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 4. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 5. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 6. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 7. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 8. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 9. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 10. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 11. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 12. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 13. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 14. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 15. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 16. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 17. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 18. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 19. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 20. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 21. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 22. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 23. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 24. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z  
 25. a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z

## HER TIME AND MONEY

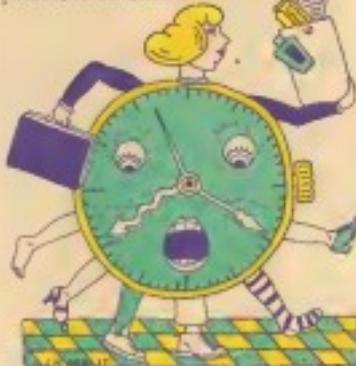
### Important Categories

She might be at home during the day (off her "overworking" or "just a housewife" of your part), or she may lead around a briefcase that's heavier than yours, but the latest statistics indicate that selling and business are definitely not a part of the current American wife's daily routine. Sure, she might be doing a little less housework than your mother did, but yes, old sports, are only kicking in eleven hours a week up from seven in 1970, while time in socializing has doubled to forty-four. There are only 188 hours in a week. Here's how she spends them:

	Hours/Week	Hours in her Workweek
Family work	12.2	22.1 hours
Housework, cleaning, cooking, shopping	44.6	29.4
Sleep	55.4	34
Personal care items, grooming	21.7	28.9
Social activities, entertainment, hobbies	40.2	44.6
Health maintenance (doctor visits)	0.0	2.6
Total	226.7	188
Time spent with family	44.6	188

Source: John P. Robinson, Survey Research Center, University of Michigan, and the American Institute of The Phoenix Company, Inc.

The traditional view is that your wife spends a lot more money than you do. Not the case. According to a 1978 Marriage Mandate, Survey of adults in households with incomes of \$40,000 and more, wives spend less than husbands on home furnishings, entertainment appliances, ornamentals and collectibles, and books (an average, \$5,470 a year for those five categories, compared with \$6,470 for husbands). And although single-parent mothers aside, wives spend, on average, only \$387 more per year on clothing than their spouses do.



## HER PLUMBING

### General Diagrams

Study this diagram very carefully. It is a schematic representation of your wife's internal mechanisms.

#### • Ovary

There are two of them, each about the size of a large almond. The ovaries produce the female sex hormones (estrogen and progesterone) that are responsible for maintaining your wife's monthly cycle and, occasionally, for making her feel anxious. Women are born with approximately 400,000 eggs in each ovary. Once a month, an egg matures, is released from a follicle, and is sent via one of the fallopian tubes.

#### • Fallopian tube, aka eyelash or输卵管

Two of them also, each about four inches long. They extend from each side of the top part of the uterus in the ovaries. When women talk about "having their tubes tied," these are the tubes they mean. It's better than an eye-toothpick.

#### • Uterus, aka womb

This is where the fetus develops during pregnancy. It is irregular in shape, it's only about the size of a woman's fist.

#### • Cervix

The top of the uterus. It is around the needlelike structure that a diaphragm is placed.

#### • Vagina

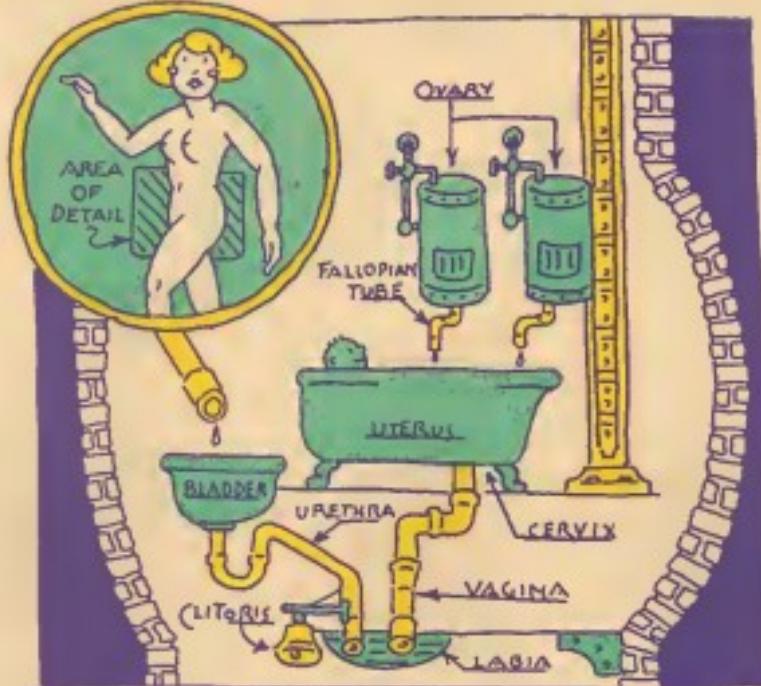
Just a passageway, it's usually about four inches long, but it's made to fit the needs of sex and childbirth.

#### • Clitoris

The main area of sexual enjoyment. It's exactly like a boy, very, very small penis and is made with blood during sexual excitement. It, too, has a shaft and a glans and is made of erectile tissue, but it's usually by far the right height and one half of which long.

#### • Bladder

This is the opening to the urinary passage that leads to the bladder.



or birth-control pills, pregnancy, lack of hygiene. Thread involves a pretty-calling discharge, smegma, and itching. T. Trichomoniasis, aka "trich," is not to be confused with what you get when you eat pickles. It is caused by a parasite that is not to be carried by half of all women, though only about 15 percent of them develop symptoms, which include vaginal discharge, itching and soreness, red spots on the cervix and

vaginal walls, and a nasty odor. If it spreads to the urinary tract, it can cause cystitis, and if it spreads to the fallopian tubes, it can cause infertility. B. Bystonia is a bacteria infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes urine appear pink or purple. It is caused by a parasite that is not to be carried by half of all women, though only about 15 percent of them develop symptoms, which include vaginal discharge, itching and soreness, red spots on the cervix and

green, foamy discharge, foamy coitus, allergies, diarrhea, child-birth, surgery, or frequent intercourse, among other causes.

**HOT SPOTS**

"The ignorance of women's physiology which prevails among most men is boundless and incredible."

—CAMILLE MACCLAIN

B. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with symptoms like those of cystitis, accompanied by back pains, cramps, swollen glands, and vaginal discharge and blood. M. Fibroids are benign growths that appear inside the uterus. Generally, they cause no pain and don't require treatment, but large ones (which may need to be surgically removed) can cause heavier-than-usual periods, be painful, and affect fertility.

## HER EXPECTATIONS

### A Troubleshooting Guide

Men have giving gifts for two basic reasons:

1. Gift giving may result in psychological rewarding, because it furthers the needs of success; and
2. Gift giving requires gift purchasing, and gift purchasing requires shopping, and one of the main reasons men get involved in the first place is so they won't have to shop anymore.

But women love to gift presents, and if your wife says she doesn't, it's either lying, kidding herself, or simply covering up for you. If the idea of making her happy is not appealing enough in its own right, consider the practicality of making yourself feel good as a healthy and useful citizen. Hereafter, a few pointers:

#### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

##### 1. Master the personal touch.

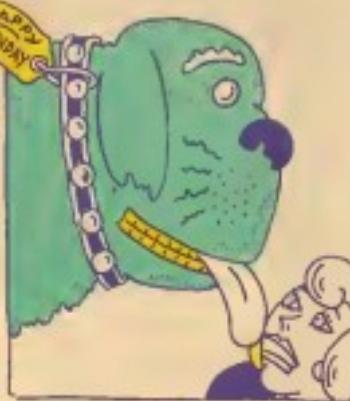
All good gifts share one good thing: They show your wife that you've thought about her and have bought something you think she'll like. Repeat the phrase in quotes. It is deceptively simple. Everything you choose she'll like is not the same as something you'd like to see her use. Something you think she'll like is not the same as something you could already have. But all the same: flowers, a kitchen clock, a toaster oven, new wear, no clutter, improvements, a smile, a stroking, and a facial are not something you think she'll like—that is, if you're really thinking. Don't just give her anything to suggest that you feel she needs improvement. And making that's as much for you as it is for her.

##### 2. Plan ahead.

No one likes a last-minute gift. You can beat her the Happy Birthday, but if you're going to buy a gift the day it's due, a night at well be a pain of regret. Advance purchasing solves some of the problem: desperation—and the need for a quickie—will keep.

##### 3. Do research.

Best in mind that per person we like to pop into your head, it isn't necessarily a good idea. Look for clues. Call her friends. Ask them



##### 7. Remember that he who

buys his wife art appreciates his wife. Her birthday will last month, and your anniversary isn't until October. What's a thoughtful, loving husband to do? Figure out a way to buy her a gift without her knowing. n.

##### 8. Think her with poe.

Not on the day the present's due, need we tell you. But if you know she'll enjoy picking out, say, a

leather jacket or a pair of boots, then issue her on a little expedition. Summer reserves of patience and money and general shopping support that you would never otherwise show. Then send her off for coffee while the money changes hands.

##### 9. Use the mail.

If you haven't discovered the joy of catalogs, do so. Despite the shipping-and-handling charges, mail-order merchants make buying the next big thing a pleasure. Know, however, where those bottomless Watson's invents lie: lingerie, Trends for less red clothing, Gump's and Tiffey's for jewelry, Neiman Marcus for top-of-the-line miscellany. And don't forget Catalogs for the obvious.

10. Prepare for emergencies. Just about anywhere you go today there are same-day delivery services for candy, laundries, flowers, air-borne massages, et cetera. Keep these phone numbers handy so that if you wake up one morning to a woman who's shouting "Happy Birthday" to herself, you can recover, secure in the knowledge that even a boring, thoughtless gift is better than no gift at all. ■

#### Emergency Survival Tips

##### What Do Women Want?

- Laundry goods
- Sale receipts
- Printed photographs
- Like famous movie or cassette tapes
- Flowers
- A weekend away
- A beautician
- Peals
- Psycho
- A night in a hotel
- A break from the kids

##### What Don't Women Want?

- Shoes
- Office supplies
- Household appliances
- A season subscription to something you figure she'll go in with the girls
- Alcohol
- Surprise party
- Cooking classes
- Superstitious telegram
- Gift certificates

## Enter the State of Häagen-Dazs



**Häagen-Dazs**

THE STUNNING RENAISSANCE  
OF THE  
ORANGE AND CREAM BAR

**FEAR LAND**

A man who grew up in the plains of old Texas Jim Russell was a good guy. But a man who can buy his wife an evening dinner—that, should be a man. Now, there's nothing easier than walking into a store and coming out with a six-pack. But try walking into a store and coming out with this statement: "Well, ladies, I'm not much of a drinker." Jim says he's been given a second chance at life. He's been given a new lease on life by a woman named Mary Russell, who has come through like lightning.

—  
—  
—

CLOTHING

Wise says we could  
see their wives alone,  
up a small little grass  
staircase. Fingers  
of old age. Then he said  
he had seen them  
all together. Small steps in dimness  
and pain. Both after passing  
each other he ran home again.  
"We're going to get you,"  
persuaded his brother.

However, just don't expect me to say  
I like it for you. But you might like  
it if you're a fan of the show.

Forget a name or forget  
that memory you established with him.  
That's all perhaps this lesson  
teaches because the memory brings,  
however, so something you'd  
forget, and you come with something else.

The beautiful, slender, graceful figure of the woman appears in the picture. Her recognition is mutual, and she is the friend of both. She is a woman of great beauty, and her features are very delicate and refined.

**Remain Calm**



## Stay in Control

"Punk...there's a little more to it. It's easier to say it's not for you, who than for yourself. After all, you don't have to worry about a tattoo staying with your lifetime. You really can't go wrong with Debbie Klein, Chicago. And, Diana Ross, Tina Turner. Chant. Chant anything. And when there's a blower, there's panic. We seem to have been long-blown, short-blown, freshwater, saltwater—if you want to give her parents just bring a wheelchair and start saying 'Take a walk.' Chant will blow away the best of her worries, with the rhythmic pearl applied to the pockets."

"Feeling a little more relaxed? Who needs other necessities, like glasses by Prada. And for those who are getting downright exotic, consider having a fit. "Always buy the hat too big," says Russell. "It's an old Diane von Furstenberg rule." Hand-made pictures don't mean

original art by Victoria Di Marco.

"How do they keep going for four hours, you're wondering yourself. What would you like to see happen, passed by the hand of your stylist? What kind of strange or wonderful would you like to get your hands off the 2000 Runway designer or a straight outfit? "It's your designer's decision," says Russell.

"Our last word of advice: Don't be afraid to mix with silk or satin, an秆ent polyesters or linens. But you already knew that, right?

"With beauty and style take by Samantha Jones Design. Please to their website.

For more information see page 238.



Never Mind

Thandy Night Line...

9:30 pm.

"I saw only him last night."

"You did? Why didn't you tell me? So... how does he look?"

"I have to admit it... but he looked great."

"What? I doesn't sound you say anything now about how he looks."

"I know. It just that he really did look great. He had a glow about him."

"Maybe he just came back from a week in the tropics."

"Are you crazy? He hasn't been there since the war. Or... maybe he just comes home on his days off."



# HERE LIES MY HEART

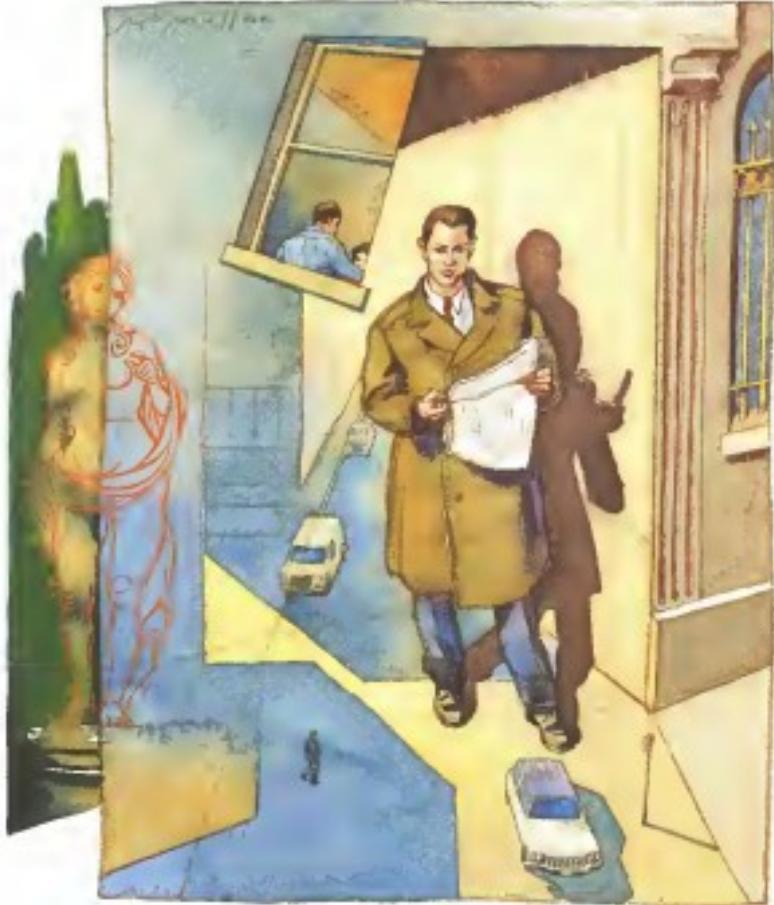
Sometimes  
the ghost of an ex-wife  
just won't let go

*T*HIS IS A SHRIKING AND MISERABLE MANHATTAN DESK:

Autumn 1969. A waspish of dying sunlight catches the windows of the skyscrapers. I am standing furtively at a street corner. Soon my wife emerges from a door across the way. No—my ex-wife. We have been divorced a fortnight, though I have yet to acknowledge the reality. I have been writing her for her, I know she is the psychiatrist's last client of the afternoon, and that he himself will sooner or later come out, too. I watch in the drift away into the New York漫漫夜, receding from me like a pell-mell pond, my collage sweetheart. My heart literally pulsates with rage and fear and guilt, all of it so horrendously clangorous, yet it is the man I have come to see, as if merely knowing what he looks like might ease some grievous seeing. ■ For weeks I have harbored the vengeful suspicion that he and he alone has ruined my marriage. That even had she been an ox-manderess he would have countoured her, as surely they all did in that harmonic and delecting American era: "Do what you must to be happy. If it feels good, do it." The presumption of him! He is my faceless best mate, recognized as the great city

In my imagination I search for him. I consider confronting him myself, to confront, demanding what scarce knowledge he has appropriated from my wife of our life together.

BY WILLIE MORRIS



right, and he has selected my most treasured Confederate contrasts. Regrettably have I been inspired to compose for him episodes of nearly Hellenic sweep, have even seriously contemplated what I imagined upon crushed-shielded shafts in my small-town Mississippi childhood: gilt-wrapped dash cars surmounting dead men in patterned-deep-set on their front porches in the palest.

The man has turned now into a grim, embittered man. Everywhere in the anguished solitude of the Mississippi States, the plantations, the juntas, the crowds to whom they appear to be standing in queues just to walk down the sidewalks, the interior chambers of the juntas, the same poison applied from the arsenals at the world underneath was

perry off a blue and sparkling violet. I gazed across at the celebrities, some fifty couples I must or least have from the city. With only four or three exceptions, I was drawn in my instant to note, everyone there had been divorced at least once. Among my contemporaries in those days there seemed a profound desperation about sibling relationships. I consulted my friends who had dwelt in the cradle of them for answers, but I found that they knew nothing I did not know. So, as with me, since self-sacrifice is surely the mightiest kind of survival, the blame fell on the partner. Everyone was too highly levied, sending with boldness imperfections and aggressiveness. Nothing lived it off, seemed of a piece with the American States.

She and I were very young when we married, and a very long way from the East. The Almagnac has always been southern in plot and Geron early with the protest charter of procreation. One of the clauses of the day held that young marriage was singularly desirable, you would "grow up together," the issue being

that growing up can also mean growing apart. Nevertheless, it survived eleven years, seven more tempestuous, Amazons and otherwise, in good times and bad, and the documentation was terrible, and more than one could ever have imagined hot, and the trauma of the above break lasted longer than its duration. The anger, belligerence, jealousy, and even threatened severance to go away... and their scars remain probably on my heart forever. Yet where finds one in life impellable, hundreds of miles and a whole generation removed. And what did I say about memories? And what on earth did it mean? As with many strong and faraway things in our life, one reaches, did it ever mean anything at all?

I am revering her now as the pages of a steamerboat on the Gothic ritual of buying the afternoon's Post, then The Village Voice. I dip into an antique near a Clock Full Of Notes and observe her. He is of medium height and wears a gray cocoon coat. He is young! He looks innocent! He looks old! But that is my final subterfuge. I really want her to look like Bessie Madeline. As he walks away I wonder moving on or here at the Park, the manner of Beauvoir at Chartres, confectioning her scroll to record, in Lynden Johnson did in this day and special antagonism, demanding what precise knowledge he has appropriated out of our joys and sufferings and the things we shared especially the linguistic spring readings at our university those years ago, the golden Lophophore, shaping the Southern Agnes, the confab and love on the Park, the famous KKK, the midwinter chapter at Oxford, the birth of our child, the old love and pleasure and hope. Then helplessly I watch as he descends onto the sandy embankment of the asphalt, south to New Yorkers do, down deep to the starting line, disappearing forever toward whatever stamped Bronx domestic brash horn suggests fit for cosmic participation.

**ALL THAT WAS MORE** than twenty years ago, an other lifetime really, and during my tenure in the Bass, mostly those marriages at least were trading in desert. Our summer vacation in the Hamptons, at a lawn

she came from a row and sprawling metropolis on the rise, I remember the shuddered and countertenors of dragon Dixie. I remember in particular the first time I ever saw her. I was playing in a haranguing instrumental baseball game, and I sighted her on the audience sitting with some friends, a stunningly beautiful, dark-complected beauty, and she was caught by me as a frost of plentiful laughter, and to this day I could show you the perfect spot near the university where we first kissed. The rise of an issue important on the campus of those languid Southern years. I was editor of the student daily, she was a Phi Beta Kappa and was even elected "Sweetheart of the University," five thousand students sang "The Eyes of Texas" either in the school gymnasium. On my twenty-first birthday she gave me a book of English verse, and she wrote in the autograph:

Given cold with me,  
The heat to set the  
The last for which the fire is made.

We were married in a chapel in her city, nor far from where she grew up. My father died while we were on our honeymoon, and I remember the passion and the grief.



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\$14,995

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Avalanche Chrysler Plymouth Corp.



**Advantage: Chrysler.**

No man American套餐 begins in that House of Lost Causes, that City of Desiring Spree-Oakland. I had a scholarship, and so I do say I never believe we were actually there. There were the impermeable logs, the chains at midnight in the High, always too many hawks ranging to the rain. Asia as sun we crawled through the gardens and bushes places of the magical towns, residing in its bleak gray treasures. A wing of an old house was ours, surrounded by half-gardens, the last resting upon itself to the mineral darkness. The Baldwin Yorks were silently there, all of them a little in love with her.

On a cold and frosty Christmas Eve, the two of us sat in the high mass in the cathedral of King's College, Cambridge. There was a thin sheet of snow on the

skyline was shot.

The fields of home and ambition grew heavy with penitit, though I doubt either of us would have acknowledged that then. Imperceptibly at first, our loss became more and more—call it of celebrity's opportunities. I was editor of a general magazine, she a young scholar, and our lives converged periodically with the great writers, the critics, the publishers, the millionaires, the Hollywood beauties, the avatars of the moment's culture: doctors of Clare Booth Luce's or Barbara Cartland's or French Subberger's literary collections, our photographs in the newspapers and magazines. It happened all too easily. In our youthful years out loosely thought we should last forever, or because we were so similar, mostly, I suspect, because we read books, yet about against our mutual will we were destined to become so different—had we always been. I wonder, but I lacked the experience to see it—out of an introspective, academic, and disciplined, the other incident, remarkable, uncompromisingly

I took me a long time to acknowledge she was truly gone. It was like death, but worse: She was not dead. I tried to consign her to oblivion. But I still loved her.

imperious sweeping quadrangle outside, and the wonderful stained glass and the silvery flickering candlelight and the cascading organ and the grand processional in Henry VIII's vaulted chamber, the little English boys in their red ceremonial robes coming ever so slowly down the aisle with their flags and voices, their voices rising, and this was one of the most beautiful days we would ever see, as far as love, and we were happy. And then a train爆破 in Paris, and I am walking up Rue de la Croix, which skirts the Seine, and with the acrobatic apes and sounds I connect Gordian, and now that there's a kiss, clashing indelibly against the upper balcony of our penthouse, five months pregnant and in a red dress, looking melancholyly down at me as I approach, and her name words come down through time. "My distinguished friend."

AFTER THAT, our heads New York days were suffused with happiness, and then slowly advancing pain. Did the city still implore the souls of our own growing recklessness? We were Upper West people, back when the Upper West Side was an austere neighborhood, and at some time in the Vietnam years came the others of us and myself from Columbia up the way. On the very day they received her Ph.D. in Myslak Park, Bobby Kaine



Willie Morris and wife of Harper's Magazine during the 1960s. He is the author of *North Toward Home*, and the recently completed novel *Taps*, set during the Korean War.

278

said. "When happens? What to take? I had to escape the city, a weekend weekend at Connecticut with friends. "Goddam, you look awful!" The winter brought a complexion sallow as parchment, rings under the eyes like obsidian bloom, and I was developing a wicked idea much about the work, what we once called men's in Mississippi. Now we were in the deepest maw of divorce, a desolate suburban all in own. The freeway, of course, took over—make a heavy man,

1960-1961



*Am I really at the height  
of my powers?*



*Is my masculinity  
in full swing?*



*Is it all downhill from here?*



Pete

MAN IS NOT SO SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.



claire THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



## NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMPORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



COGNAC FROM MONCADA



AMÉRICA POCO FROM SAMBAYON



JÄGERMEISTER FROM GERMANY



CASSIS FROM FRANCE



FRUCTUS FROM RICCIONE



LEMONCELLO FROM ITALY



DISTILLED POCO FROM ITALY



JÄGERMEISTER FROM GERMANY

cynical and unfeeling, less hard and more cerebral and unemotional. Neither she nor I write poems or haikus, and the sexual and deliciousness of "The Lovers' Poem," as poems of intense self disclosure call it, were as mere and uninteresting as anything I had ever known. Still I would beets up. I learned I was losing not only my beloved son, but my people and culture, most of my money, my dog, and all the books I had taken the three years to accumulate Blackwelly's lie. The radio came one stormy night in a dark, cold basement apartment I had just rented downtown. The moans that day had brought a few tears of my favorite three, and the sadness were now worsening, and by candlelight. I remembered through an answer, hours after his recent heart attack yesterday, that he must have my great grandfather, and I found there a few faint remembrances of a marriage letter from her, even then shriveling in the edges, partly written, a mere trace of the de France, some of our little boy's toys from Christmas past, a photograph of the two of us holding him for his first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty.

I became a weekend father. Two new batches of these miserable fellow creatures with their offspring on Sundays at the Central Park Zoo, or P. A. O. followers, or the movie houses along Broadway or Third Avenue, or the old Paladium on Jersey, all trying to be solutions, as it to make up for something. Many were the Sunday days he and I would spend all day, brainless, too, undrunk, in Madison Square Garden, never having in splendid turnover enough for so much as a moment. First the howling ality, then lunch in the Bowery, then the Knock in the afternoon for Bratley, Braxton, Reed, and DeLuceyous, then a boozing march in the Pops Procession, followed by a comedy set, then dinner all over again in the Boweryland. And when I staggered home the next day no one calls on those pretentious Soho bachelies and left me a last abominable gaudy and break and alone.

One day he was to meet me in my office as an appointed lawyer. I paid him a small stipend, but arranged to take him over the field in Shea Stadium an hour before a big game and introduce him to all the Mets and Cardinals. I waited and waited but he did not come. When I telephoned, it was she who answered. Had not I deserved the arrangement with her, she said? She was reaching me a lesson. But to the Mets and Cardinal I played reverberant all over again on my little screen, the shrill. After that did not talk to or communicate with her for years.

With devils one gives up a whole way of life—friends, resources, hobbies, one mistress. You can sit your own again, in a shapeliness memory, and for a while your most fetching habits may worsen. Then I could afford I could not afford to be damaged. I had a bawling job, after all, and some chores had to function. The problems of real day-to-day life were easier to deal with than the loss of love.

In those inevitable moments of despairing longing, we damage what we cherish. All the time we must somehow grow from the sum of our ones experience, learn to comfort ourselves in a little more compassion—for what is sufficient if not the ability to cope with the summum of one's existence?

The remains the ineradicable burden of loss and damaged love. After all these years we never communicated, nor these are random passes of congratulation and remembrance. Recently I saw a charming letter she wrote a dear comrade of mine here in the room where I live, and the familiar handwriting leaped out at me in a simple rush, and reminded me of the very best the year was. Finally, I have learned how difficult loss is, how hard it achieves and sustains, no matter who the person or how lifelike the circumstances.

In that instant I find myself daydreaming a Mississippi Delta night, toward a warm new love, not this matters to me. All around me the landmarks of my own beginning, the cypress trees in the swamp ponds, the longleaf woods, the belly-bleeding blossoms in my porch, the immemorial flames in the brittle orange glow. The years are passing, and rows in the cane resembling of serenity and happiness and fulfillment I think of Cuba, and remember her. I think of Cuba, and remember her.

IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME to acknowledge the woman truly gone. She was like death, but worse. She was not dead. I used desperately to courage her to oblivion, but it did not work. It left terrible. There descended

dear with than the imaginary ones, I called my own adoration.

"For the longest time I thought I could never love again. I was wary and afraid and remembered too much. Yet as the days slowly pass, on into the years, you discover you can love again, and this, of course, is a whole other story. But I shoulder now to think what my girlfriend of that time had to live with—and not merely the considerable eccentricities and splinters she was forced to share—down to the number of our all-inclusive scurvy compare our later loves with the first, no matter the wreckage and flame."

How could I have known that the people held she would have on me for the rest of my life? The pages of memory, the dreams, the reader long-age assessors. Her place would exist till I died.

ALL THAT WALLAH long time ago, and I see now that, in each episode of life, there is really a little long-term rule of mass passing and of vanished grief. So many of our friends of these days are dead now, and others have gone their own ways. In the course of an existence, people move in and out of one's life. Often we do not know the whereabouts of those dear to us, much less what they are doing or experiencing. Close relationships outside between tranquillity and desolation,

between fire and ice. Old soldiers within, and love dies as the lesson go on living. There are a few small clouds of search and belonging to continue on if we are lucky. This is how I wish to think of her now, in the days of our happiness.

She became a respected historian and writer. She subsequently married again, to a distinguished man and old friend. There, too, are now descendants. As far as reported, a son-in-law, I have remained, although I came close over on three times. Was it fate—or of love lost, if I have remained?

Six further I grew from those painful summers, the more the bitterness faded, one is left with a kind of underlying sadness, and reminiscence of the beginning of love when one was young, the he phased peasant and town. I also comprehended now that in many ways I grew and developed into the adult I am today, for better or worse, because of her, and of her values. Our son is now older than we were when we married, and I see her as him, as his courage and commitment.

Those summer people the poor I am have caused me, the softness and doubts for

the side of the master. Of course it was not the backbreaker I compelled myself to practice that faraway Manhattan duck, for he was only considerate and symbolic. I hope he writes friend and makes a million.

# THE PRINT SHIRT

**Dressed to kill**

This will be the summer of the groovy shirt—jungle prints and floral prints and what the rag trade is calling "memento" prints, everything wild and seduced and draped. Timothy Dalton, seen most recently in the movie *Q & A* and the Broadway play *Private in a Blue*, is seen here in a tart-and-print number. But is Dalton the top button? Only the truly cool.



EXCLUSIVE BY CHRISTOPHER

KATHRYN SOLTON

# The Ultimate Guide to Managing Your Life

(With and without a wife)

BY PETER NELSON

I BELIEVE A BATHROOM wall-hanger should be placed where I can peg a dull Eaton catalogue directly into it—wherever it can be used. Or at least I thought this, until, at the age six, I got married. My wife took a bathroom wall-hanger and put it where it cannot be used, under the sink. As a result, whenever I sit on it, I slide the water-hanger out inches on the left, and whenever she sits on it, the slides it back ten inches to the right. Luckily, the way out of this bind-up would be to leave it in the middle. I would feel it's right if it were two inches, or more for more than halfway, and if it didn't break, naturally, in my way, to impress herself (in a small way, but it adds up). For now, we still knock in the full ten inches. It's the principle of the thing. We have to live here and now, but we're mostly learning that marriage requires compromise, mainly of your principles, old habits, and assumptions. Life changes when you marry. Here's how:

## MALE FRIENDS

### Single

- You hang with them for their companionship, indulging, and sharing.
- You compete for women.
- You play poker to win money, softball for the Zen of sport.
- You are part of a wolf pack.

### Married

- You hang with them to keep from going solo.
- You don't compete for women alone, so you enjoy being on your team's egoistic team though they put you in some pits. You live with them in a party, throwing dinner parties and eating up your single friends.
- When you play poker, you have to remember that you're playing for two now. You play sports because at home, under your management, there are clear rules, with no down or backs.
- You are the League of Husbandos, a more intimate group than any wolf pack.

### Female Friends

### Single

- You've seen all the best women are married, mostly because happily married women have no reason to be leery of you and are consequently friendlier and more approachable.
- Single women assume you're on the make, and trust you accordingly, which is only fair.
- You wonder, as a green-to-be, whether other women will become unimpressed when you marry, which is kind of like thinking you won't be hungry after you die.

### Married

- Mature women form a Conspiracy of Wives with your spouse.
- Single women are friendlier and more approachable because they think married men are safe.
- Ron Livingston still looks like Kim Basinger, but you

rather you hasn't gone on a diet at all, and in fact, you feel sort of full

### Single

- Personal sex is exciting because it's forbidden.
- It takes a train wreck to upgrade personal sex.
- You make time for sex when you don't have the time, because you think about sex constantly.

### Married

- You can't have personal sex anymore, but you can have marital sex, etc., in some cases, extramarital, or "pedestrian," sex.
- Noticing you forget to rip a day off the Gary Larson calendar on the dresser is enough to interrupt you.
- When you don't have the time for sex, you make appointments, because now you think mostly about work.

### Single

- You spend what you earn, at a rate of your own choosing, paying your own way through life.
- You believe two can live more cheaply than one.
- Once or twice a year the balance in your checking account comes within \$500 of what you think it should be.
- You believe winning the lottery could solve everything.

### Married

- You spend more than you earn, faster than you don't earn it.
- You know two can live more cheaply than one, but only half as long.
- You discover two people can mess up a checkbook ten times faster than one person can. Forget credit cards.
- You believe winning the lottery could solve everything. Enough to actually play it.

## WOMEN

### Single

- It takes five meetings before your girlfriend's father learns your name—he's seen "You come and go."
- Your girlfriend's mom is overly friendly and affectionate because she wants her daughter to be married.
- The cost of the Christmas present you give your girlfriend indicates, in her family, how serious you are about the relationship.
- You buy expensive presents for your loved one in order to impress you.

### Married

- Rather than welcome you into the League of Husbandos.
- Mother-in-law remembers your flaws more closely, in case you're a blemish.
- At Christmas, your new nephews-in-law and nieces-in-law eye you suspiciously and won't let you play with their toys, even if they're fine ones.
- You buy expensive presents for yourself, to make sure you get your share of the family budget. ("You bought that? Oh yeah? Well I'm buying that!")

### Single

- Whom you live is both a bachelor pad and a fortress of solitude.
- You put whatever you want wherever you want and change the furniture around when you're home.
- You do household chores only when there's a good football or baseball game to listen to.

### Married

- The non-building instant stain the blood, so you put whatever you want wherever you want in part and then claim you're doing it for her.
- You rearrange furniture to start fights.
- You do chores when your wife sends you to, usually when there's a good football or baseball game you'd rather watching.

### Single

- You do chores when you're alone, though you can postpone it by having your mother do it.
- You throw the clothes in, cold soap, set everything on max, push the clothes in, close the lid, and leave.
- Your laundry is full of clothes that you try to hide from people in the Laundrymat.
- When you accidentally pick up a woman's underwear from the dryer or folding table, you keep it and pretend some hot dog left it behind.

### Married

- You do laundry twice as often, or takes three times as long, and it costs four times as much.
- You have to eat separate meals for whites, late arrivals, or shorts with odd numbers of buttons on them.
- Your laundry is now full of old clothes, your wife's bras, and T-shirts to try and soak up every stain you see.
- If you accidentally pick up another woman's underwear, you keep it for five minutes, then deposit it below your wife's table where you got it.

### Single

- You wear your rent belt when your mother is in the car.
- You speed for the thrill of it.
- You change your own car because it's cheaper.

### Married

- You buckle up because you have four children to consider.
- You speed because married people are always late, greasing over the doot.
- You drive your own minivan because car engines, unlike women, make perfect sense, & fitting, & connected to C.

### Single

- You mostly heat and cool, consuming Hamburger Helper, grilled-cheese sandwiches, or complicated dishes like chili or spaghetti.
- You get to eat anything you buy, when you want to, the way you like it, even if it's not good for you, and keep leftovers until they resemble the surface of Venus.

### Married

- You have a refrigerator full of ketchup and bear, never measure anything, and think a balanced diet means balancing salad with sweet, salad with dessert, or dessert with trimmings.
- You cook a pound of pasta until it's soft, and serve your dinner garnish food grams in sequence, one dinner at never all ready at the same time.
- Your girlfriend has one tiny fancy dish the can make to impress a man, usually chicken Marsala.

### Married

- You cook fancy meals together, which are still very ready on time, due to calendar disasters, shared attendants, and people standing in front of the sink.
- You have to worry about someone polishing off the last of the Cheesecake, and making sure that person is you. Draining the milk while you wait is still taking Cheesecake seriously for dinner, or illness has California.
- Your refrigerator is full of soups, bottled water from France, and leftovers resembling the surface of Venus that your wife thinks are going to teach you a lesson when you find them.
- You have to accommodate your spouse's dietary idiosyncrasies, when, for instance, she claims she's a picky eater, but can't eat fish when it's cooking.
- Your wife has no need to make chicken Marsala anymore, and is happy to eat cold pizza for breakfast, skip lunch, and have a bowl of kale beans for dinner.

### Single

- You have a history of childhood mud fights, high-school-football locker rooms, and combative college dorm rooms, and have acquired a tolerance for filth.
- You might wash your hair with bar soap when there's no shampoo, with the dishes when there's no soap or liquid soap, or wash the floors only once a year, to avoid pollen buildup.



...Part of a wolf pack...



...as the League of Husbandos!



Make time for sex...



...or make apprentices?



They can live cheaper  
than one...



...we half as long.



...you might assume you're  
less attractive...



...and have you found you  
share common-sense?

## CAR

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Go Ahead, Hold Out Your Hand.



SECTOR



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See Reader Service Section page 184

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2. You may walk out your door well groomed and presentable, but what you have behind the door is another story. If someone learns you're a slob, who cares?

### MARIED

1. You have to clean up your act, and it involves power-washing, whitening, and things like "Windex" and "Lysol".
2. You have to buy the newest hair products, which women know that mixing shampoos for oily hair with conditioners for dry hair is like mixing water with ammonia and can make your hair brittle.
3. You care what you leave behind closed doors—you don't mind people thinking you're a slob, but you don't want them thinking you married one.

### VERY PERSONAL

#### RE TIRE RE

#### SINGLES

1. Your bodily functions are nobody's business.
2. On a date, you pretend you don't have them, or try to suppress them, when Boyfriend Franklin refers to it as the "Whoo-whoos of the Room."
3. You don't want to know what women keep in those little dog-lot kits they have.

#### MARRIED

1. You learn that you analyze wife, as you expand, her tame bodily functions in cameras, and have to decide how she wants to be about marriage.
2. You have to get used to the fact that sex drives or loses your wife is going to (no pun intended) put her on the shelf, a golden moment in any marriage, signifying a new level of intimacy, before her arranged except occasionally as camping trips.
3. When she keeps at her floral dog for now answers you, because you have to realize how much you depend on her health.

**MY WIFE AND I REALIZE,** of course, that this is only the beginning. We happen one day to a seismic old married couple for whom "the principle of the thing" is only a distant memory. My grandmother used to say, "The secret to being happily married is to have the man make all the big decisions, and the woman make all the little decisions." "Held posse, looking digly around the room, before continuing," he'd say, chuckling. "So far, there haven't been any big decisions." And that, I believe, is the secret. Not what he said. The chuckle. □

Peter Max is currently writing a book on marriage. His last piece for *Esquire*, "This Ain't for Me," appeared in October 1993.

# Cocaine lies.

risk is higher the younger you are, and may be as high as 30% for those who smoke cocaine. (Some crack users say they fell addicted from the first time they smoked.)

When you're addicted, all you think about is getting and using cocaine. Family, friends, job, home, possessions, and health become unimportant.

Because cocaine is expensive, you end up doing what all addicts do: You steal, cheat, lie, deal, sell anything and everything, including yourself. All the while you risk imprisonment. Because, never forget, cocaine is illegal.

There's no way to tell who'll become addicted. But one thing is certain:

No one who is an addict, set out to become one.

### C'mon, just once can't hurt you.

Cocaine has your heart before it hits your head. Your pulse rate rockets and your blood pressure soars. Even if you're only 15, you become a prime candidate for a heart attack, a stroke, or an epileptic-type fit.

In the brain, cocaine mainly affects a primitive part where the emotions are sealed. Unfortunately this part of the brain also controls your heart and lungs.

A big hit or a cumulative overdose may interrupt the electrical signal to your heart and lungs. They simply stop.

That's how basketball player Len Bias died.

If you're unlucky the first time you do coke, your body will lack a chemical that breaks down the drug. In which case, you'll be a first-time O.D. Two lines will kill you.

### Sex with coke is amazing.

Cocaine powers as a sexual stimulant has never been proved or disproved. However, the evidence seems to suggest that the drug's reputation alone serves to heighten sexual feelings. (The same thing happens in Africa, where natives swear by powdered rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac.)

What is certain is that continued use of cocaine leads to impotence and finally complete loss of interest in sex.

### It'll make you feel great.

Cocaine makes you feel like a new man, the job goes. The only trouble is, the first thing the new man wants is more cocaine.

It's true. After the high wears off, you may feel a little anxious, irritable, or depressed. You've got the coke blues. But fortunately they're easy to fix, with a few more lines or another hit on the pipe.

Of course, sooner or later you have to stop. Then—for days at a time—you may feel lethargic, depressed, even suicidal.

Says Dr. Arnold Washburn, one of the country's leading cocaine experts: "It's impossible for the nonuser to imagine the deep, vicious depression that a cocaine addict suffers from."

# When Peter Met Elysa

**HE WAS A LIFELONG BACHELOR. SHE WAS READY TO COMMIT.  
HE WAS PUNCTUAL. SHE WAS FOREVER LATE.  
HIS BODY WAS A TEMPLE. HERS WAS A CHIMNEY. HAS THERE  
EVER BEEN A MARRIAGE BUILT ON LESS?**

I'M THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD and I've never been married. I've written two novels, a book of nonfiction, a TV movie or two, accumulated six 1/2" seasons, and several dozen films. I co-created *Roxanne's Big Gay Wedding* and I run a reasonably large and successful publishing company. I've got a nice little life in New York City and a shockingly comfortable house in the country. I've got plenty of friends and my own cocaine cards. I finally learned how to eat a decent meal, though not well. I've got a good dog, am reasonably well grounded, have traveled all over the world, and now that self-love, and honest self-knowledge, is basically perfect. But "I'm never alone," you say? Well, I once lived with a woman for nine years (sicker, you poor me), we actually lived around the corner from each other. So was she—it was just like living nextdoor? Yes, less romantically, I should do my cocaine, go to bed, have dinner, play sex, invent a better word than performed, for more than two years now. We live together on weekends. Still, "I'm never alone," you say? I'm never alone? I know who's not a complete socialist myself has tried. Almost everyone. Howlow has tried it at least once. It's made almost everyone I know miserable, at least temporarily. Yet, all of those same people I know—and we're talking reasonably sane, normal people, except for possibly two—have deposits up to \$10,000, so this is, um, marriage. "Am I missing something?" I blurted. But what? In fact, this might mean, "I'm destined to be alone." I decided I should play "house" for two weeks, to try to figure out what makes a marriage work for our world. You remember playing house, don't you? You were nine years old. Little Tammie Sturkild was waiting at a sports-wear counter with her mom and a pair of her mother's high-heels. She was putting said heel into some plastic cups, pretending she was serving room coffee. You wanted to play at some thing much less psychologically demanding—like basketball—or was—but in the end you put on your dad's fedora, wriggled a bit that hung down to your knees around your

[Advertisement by Elysa  
INTRODUCED  
1987 HOURS AGO  
THEMSEENED  
TOGETHER]

BY PETER GETHERS  
Photographs by Larry Fink





neck, and did poor best to get round posse and carried the process of dismemberment.

I had a feeling that playing chess as an adult was

**Building the Nest**  
UPDOWN  
ON DOWN, WHAT  
DOES IT  
MATTER, AS LONG  
AS THERE'S  
A NURSEY FOR  
ELSA AND  
A PODIUM FOR  
PETER?

**Extending the Family  
BUSHWICKING  
VIETNAM  
WITH ELYSIAN  
FATHER**

**DAV & DE MARCHI S.p.A.**  
Our Best Food Hygiene Dealer

THIS SEEKS SIMPLE, but so far it was sending. There's a scene from the movie *The Heartbreak Kid* in which the young, innocent hero comes across, "Isn't it

giant—now we know we're going to be together every day for the next forty or fifty years." That's what I felt like—one of the best blessings.

The evening did not go well. I'd made an appointment in one of my favorite restaurants downtown, earlier that afternoon, I'd called Elsie at her office—"Tell her it's...uh...her birthday...uh...it's...just tell her it's *Pat's*"—and given her the time, the name of the place, and the address.

At 8:30 the kids'd shown up yet I called home no answer. As you see she still hadn't appeared anywhere. I was slowly trying to adjust to life as it is. I ordered dinner. At 9:30 I began eating all by myself, knowing that every person in the basement knew my marriage was over before I had even really begun. At 10:30 I started house to find Elysia horizon because I'd about had it up. Finally satisfied, I explained that I been ready when I was supposed to be. She'd gone to the wrong restaurant, one with a similar name.

"But I give you the address," I whined.

Going to bed late again, I thought about looking up the word *closed* in the dictionary—but I was too tired I'd see a diagram of my food expenses.

由馬丁博士 著名植物學家毛澤東題寫

I WAS FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY that I'd been so annoyed about what was, let's face it, an innocent review, something that could have happened to anyone, so I made an E-mail reservation at a different restaurant and wrote them down the name and address.

At 8:30, sitting at the bar, I was ready to call Mauro Machado. At 8:35, Duda came in. She was break-

"You're a little late, dear," I said, doing my best to conceal my barely-awake eyes.

Her only response: "You made the reservation in  
writing?"

#### I resulted

"I changed it to smoking when I came in."  
"What?"  
"I really need a cigarette tonight."

Being around cigarette gives me a headache. It makes me sick. How could I have married a smoker? Because I thought she'd stop once we got married. No, I didn't care about it, I know. I could change her.

"Honey," I said through gritted teeth, "why don't you just quit?"

"I can't."  
"Why don't you try?"  
"We can't have time to see me no more, mother."

I carry her on my shoulders and, "She can run  
she told me

"I need a cigarette tonight," she said.

**Peter Gellers** is the editorial director of *Filmmaker* and the author of the forthcoming *The Cat Who Went to Rome*.



**Peter Gethers** is the author of *Discovering Kilard* and the author of the forthcoming *The Cat Who Went to Paris*.



Because she'd changed our cabin, we weren't able to go down until those rooms. At about 5 or 6 I thought about unpacking all the toccoch room to spray out paint on her walls. I wasn't allowed to think of that woman, just some date that I'd never have to see again. This was forty or fifty years.

#### DAY 5 OF MARRIED LIFE Meeting My Friends

THIS WAS, BY FAR, THE MOST important test of our relationship. These were my closest friends in the world. If they didn't like my wife, we left would be seriously strained. If they wife didn't like them...then what? The only option was that I'd have to end this relationship. I'd spent years building up these friendships and I trusted them. I realized I didn't trust myself to decide the same degree.

The cast of characters:

**Kathleen.** The house. We spoke to each other on the telephone every morning at 5 a.m. She probably knew more about me and the way I think than anyone I know. Very tough on women (and women are very tough on her). The only male, but it's just that the Kathleen-Elysa relationship was the most likely to implode in my face.

**Diane.** The host. Broad, moral, dignified, judgmental. Probably the most uncompromising person at the dinner party. On the way up, in the elevator, I told Diane that his middle name was actually English. I thought that might help if he started to make too many accusations.

**Nancy and Zippy.** They'd been married since they were seven but were very good spouses when I were through a phase of picking them by cleavage just lat-

er than a more mature system. They were the most likely to tell me Elysa was nice and then go home, shaking their heads slowly, wondering what had happened to their old friend Paul.

**Morris and Andy.** Don't worry—Andy's a girl. Morris and I had shared a summer house for a few years. We knew way too much about each other's weaknesses when it came to women. He was far more likely to run through the whole thing and tell me I'd gotten married simply because I was a sucker for Elysa's sexy throat voice. Morris would definitely be the one to tell me that the marriage was doomed if Elysa ever got leverage.

**Glen and Sharon.** The fewest problems here. Sharon's a grown-up. I knew she'd be police. I was counting on her. Glen would act the role of concerned uncle, making quizzical, nodding that she was good enough for me. Then, the next morning, he'd call, we'd say up and ask for as many intimate details of our sex life as I'd reveal.

I gave Elysa the rundown on everyone who'd had a crush before the disease, partly. We'd been getting along great the past few days. I'd had grave doubts after my morning ofander induction—it'd during Days 4, 5, and 6. I remembered why I loved her.

We had the same taste in movies—it was movie night—a video with her than with any woman I'd ever known. I'd never seen a movie like it before. My last movie girlfriend and I rarely came to movies in video stores. I always waited to see Elysa's movie one more time, the reviews stopped trying to get me to see *Die Hard*.

Elysa and I also both loved Indian food, watching Terri White cushioning on the couch, jazz going on the pleasure of listening, after the swishing that was so like an Ella Fitzgerald classic, and giving each other massages. We introduced ourselves who used to sell you those mimosas, the time of picking a rose in Montana, and anyone who worked in the science of business. Our only real disagreement came when we discussed having kids. I knew before the wedding ceremony that she wanted three sons. She knew that I might want them one day, why didn't we wait and see what happens? She figured she could change my mind. I figured she could, too. But as we talked about raising kids, she mentioned Hebrew school. My warning lights started to flash. Sex, politics, and money—not really on my level. We were ten percent on the same side. But now, of all things, religion? I knew she wasn't deeply religious, but it nuzzled out the bad deep colonial attachment to my land. That would be a big problem—but I was satisfied we would work it out somehow. Even though I had very deep beliefs on this topic, I decided I'd deal with it when the time came. Love is grand, isn't it?

In general, on the ride out the Upper West Side, I was reasonably calm about dinner. My wife was a nervous wreck, however. I liked her more than being nervous—the how now important that was to me.

We had nothing to worry about. She was a Jewish Everything went perfectly.

Nancy moved onto my father the moment he entered the room. "Come," he said to Elysa, holding out his arm. "Cheesecake." And when he gave her a ring,

gabbed. "Is this a face? Will you look at this face?" Kathleen and Donaldson scurried up to her immediately, found her charming and gay. Elysa was fascinated by her entrepreneurial side and grilled her about her business for women entrepreneurs. I was, trying to figure out a way to look up her dad. Nancy recognized her from a movie that ran on *People* six months earlier. It was all about what a seriously offbeat businesswoman she was and how cleverly she'd turned her own passions into a lucrative scheme. I was shocked because Elysa had never mentioned to me she'd been on *People*. I feel modesty must become in a wife.

We ate, drank, and laughed until well after midnight.

At the evening's end there was hugging and kissing and good feelings.

I had high hopes for the survival of my marriage.

#### DAY 6 OF MARRIED LIFE Dealing with Her Job

**ELYSA PUTS OUT NEWSLETTER.** People pay handsomely for them so they can live just exactly where they can get the best ingredients on escape route short and simple-cooked meals (in gold or brown) and a running selection of permanent day intra-meeting dessert. One of her newsletters is an impressive guide to wholesale and discount shopping by mail. Another one is a comprehensive report on insurance, shows, and fun in the tri-state area. It's remarkable that she built this business. Unfortunately for me, and as I also found it remarkably housing.

The night, she invited me to a musical party someone was hosting in a new magazine all about empowerment of women. I sure couldn't wait to read it.

The party was at the Port Seasons, a big room. It was filled with copper beavers whose main goal in life was to be successful enough to be attacked in *Spy*. We were at the party because Elysa was featured in the premier issue.

As the highlight of one of the stars of the evening, it was given my very own first copy of the magazine. On page 61, there was a big picture of my lower half. The most interesting news in the article:

1. Elysa is a confirmed thalidomide
2. She grows more than *Spacelace* a year from her pocket-size plants (it missed well).
3. She'd worked at Citibank as a vice-president (she never mentioned that).
4. Sample sales happen when dragons open their claws to the public and let them buy a wholesale gross. They do that to close out extra inventory.

After the party, I told Elysa that I hated parties. She told me she loved parties. We seemed to be at a stand impasse. I didn't tell her I hated her job. I didn't think we were ready for that yet.

#### DAY 7 OF MARRIED LIFE Meeting His Friends

I HAD TO WORK ALL DAY on Saturday, so the dinner was in Elysa's hands. I felt a little guilty, but my wife—it gets easier to say in nine passes—did a spectacular job. Our dining table was basically set, the

# The Former Mrs. Gethers Replies

BY ELTSIA LAZAR

I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT that some had to accept that my husband affairs were definitely over. I accepted, I mourned, I believed, I tried to forgive, but nothing I could do or say sparked a feeling sufficient to shut this bothersome love he had for himself.

There is one woman Peter loves. He loves his mother. She is thin, he enjoys petting her, and a great cook. I witnessed this petting and I'm glad those others especially around her essential around 1970, which seems to be the year in which Peter remains forever.

Peter likes old-fashioned girl because he is an old-fashioned boy. Modern men, or as I have heard, conveniently help out around the house, understanding that modern women tend to work. But when we had a dinner party, Peter was constantly absent over the course of the several days that it stopped and started, and, unless, when it was time to clean up, he was suddenly there. I didn't complain. As Peter also enjoys petting her, he was raised in Beverly Hills, where he apparently learned that young, princesses are placed on the planet to be served.

Consequently, in Beverly Hills, as one taught him manners. His mother outside of the party was a considerable embarrassment to me. My friends were already set up to the level of him, who she often mentioned. Michael and Kristen were their first names. It was up to me to figure out that their last names were Douglas and Polanski. Another thing Peter seems to have learned in Beverly Hills was how to be just a tad pretentious.

I suppose it is wrong to hope that a man on a date has basic with such important people could be interested in a sensible working girl like me. And as far as I could tell, he won't—an opinion I derived from several small details. He never watched me on television, never asked about my work, and showed entrance, absent palate, horrendous whenever I mentioned it. But then, after all, he had bigger things on his mind, like the need to be writing his relationship with his cat, the one relationship that he values and maintains, aside, of course, from those with Michael and Kristen.

You may wonder why I bothered at all, I wonder, too. I suppose the answer is that there is something intriguing about two people who barely know each other proceeding to be married, but I began thinking the title of a novella that we would, in fact, never have.

Whether Peter learned about silence, it seems to have been from his cat. But no animal could ever master Peter's astonishing gait, which manifested itself on the many days he remained from the scene and remained unaccountable through any of his several uninviting machinations. When he would reappear, usually about a week later, it was with an explanation. Maybe that's how they things in Beverly Hills, but I wasn't raised there. To me, the only logical explanation was that he was a sociopath, an animal, or the kind of man who would kill ahead of getting married to one woman while actually living with another.

Our evenings were always spent of my apartment. Once, we were a block away from his, and I suggested we go there. I've always thought apartments reveal the character and psyche of their owners. But Peter, open and spontaneous as ever, wouldn't let me out.

The cleaning lady had quit, he said.



**Familiarity Breeds Contentment**  
THE QUESTION IS:  
THE—HOW  
DO YOU KEEP A  
MARRIED  
WIFE FRESH  
FRESH AFTER THE  
FIRST FIVE  
OR SIX DAYS?

reality—yes, she really and truly can make a room, Heretofore—was perfectly cooked, the wine selection could not have been better. O lucky guy! Except for two things. Had a miserable time, and I’m finally sure her friends hated me.

Elysa and I probably had chosen different paths somewhere down the line. She was warm and open and welcomed all sorts of people to her house in a caring and loving way. I was aloof and closed and welcomed people getting close to me about the same way the eighteenth-century welcomed lepers.

But I’m not that I’m alone? Well, I am. I’m especially lonely about comedy. I hang around with a lot of professional funny people. My friends are funny. Bryan’s friends though they were funny. One of them told a joke about George Jones—I swear!—in which the apartment punch line was “But next I heard your ecology, Mr. Jones, I didn’t know how much my cat had done for Israel.” As if this wasn’t bad enough, when another friend told a wittily green—and pale—feminist number one and, “Sorry, that’s funny. But that Judd story—that’s classic.”

About halfway through the evening—at the point where Elysa put on a CD of Bulgarian chimes—I started to panic. The conversations were almost as terrible as the music. It was either obnoxious media people they knew, wasted talkative, or pretentious talkative, recent sessions with their dentists, or endocrinologists. I’ve never been in a room full of people who weren’t my uncles and heard the word nuclear used so often. Those were the best friends in the world!

The more I panicked, the more silent I became. The more silent I became, the more these people were looking at me and thinking, “Our wonderful Elysa

married this horse’s mother!” I was starting to think the same thing.

#### DAY 14 OF MARRIED LIFE *Getting an Apartment*

WE COMPARED BANK ACCOUNTS, and suddenly I had visions of a penthouse, perhaps something in more every block long, with a chill gymnasium and pool tables in every room. Then I remembered we lived in Manhattan and started thinking about an attractive studio with a shower in the hall.

The morning of our apartment-shopping expedition, I had a slightly traumatic experience. I was in my apartment when the phone rang. It was an old girlfriend who didn’t know I’d left the single life behind me. She wanted me to come over and have sex. This was the perfect test. It wasn’t “nope.” I called about ten times again. So all I had to do was tell her the secret—she that I was married. But to my honor, I couldn’t bring myself to do it. It sounded so... permanent. I simply put her off and said I’d call her sometime. I realized that if one keeps a separate apartment, there would be too many opportunities to be unfaithful. The last thing I needed on my marriage was temptation.

One other problem with our housing situation: I like old, charming, and rustic. My apartment is filled with Early American lanterns and lighting fixtures. Elysa thinks my house is too “cute.” Her apartment is filled with all the gleaming chrome and black leather. Who won her decoration? Darth Vader!

But before we could argue about furnishing a place, we had to find one. She wanted to live in Gramercy Park. I wanted to live in Tribeca. I wasn’t sold about Gramercy Park. She insisted. Tribeca. She possessed a look he looked particularly sexy. She rubbed a fragment along my thigh. I agreed to look in Gramercy Park.

The places we saw in her favorite neighborhood were about as appealing as Radium State Prison. The cast iron on these houses wasn’t perfect, but there was potential. Elysa saw that. But just as I started getting excited about downsize living, she dropped the bombshell: “There are no good schools in Tribeca.”

Don’t worry. I didn’t screech up. “But we’re not in school,” although it did take me a good few seconds to realize what she meant.

I decided we could live in Darth Vader’s spaceship a little while longer. I also decided I’d diligently keep my place and submit it. Just in case.

#### DAY 14 OF MARRIED LIFE *Moving Her Folks*

ELYSA WAS A LITTLE CONCERNED about my moving her parents. Her mother was a warm, wonderful woman—the perfect mother—but her father, although also wonderful, she said, was “spicy” a character.

On the drive out to her brother-in-law’s Long Island residence, I envisioned a Youman Sam kind of guy. A little hairy, on the loud side, perhaps a bit gaudy. I was partially right. He had the energy of Ye-



May the road rise to meet you,  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
May the wind be always at your back,  
  
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From *It's Late!*  
IT'S NEVER  
FEELS GOOD TO  
BE SINGLE  
AGAIN

senior firm. He also had the hip sense of humor of Joey Adams, the polished lemmings of Arnold the Hitman, the supportive nature of Elton, and the compassion of the Lee Strasberg character in *The Godfather, Part II*.

I started my physician enough. Mrs.—Amen—was medical, pleased for her daughter's happiness. Dad—Abe—asked me what I did for a living. I told him, and it seemed acceptable. He made the obliging gay family remark because everyone imagined it all here, being such a character (I have a feeling Abe and the George Jetson guy would have loved each other). We had some snits. The food was delicious. There, somehow, God only knows why, my father-in-law brought up the subject of police. How we were sort of the policeman type (I learned about that)—he didn't mind (I called him Pop)—view of life.

He hasn't quite gotten over World War II. He seemed unhappy this same time of year he had suggested to escape the experience of someone taller. He had a character habit of rolling his eyes when someone disagreed with him and acting as if that person was retarded. He hasn't quite gotten over the *Yankee War* either. He thinks that anyone who doesn't have American basically deserves to share the fate of the Clinton family. He finds divorce repugnant, although not as repulsive as abortion. He's never wrong. When Eliza tried to order her steak medium rare, he pointed the order to medium. She stuck up for her own taste and enjoyed her meal. When it came, she said it was delicious, and he told her it wasn't because it was actually medium. She told him it wasn't. Arnie told her it wasn't. The brother-in-law—the guy who owned the restaurant!—told him it wasn't. But Abe

said that it was, and that was that.

I gave up early on. Conversation was useless (also nearly impossible—the guy likes to talk!). At one point I considered breaking my glass on the table and using the jagged edge so that he might cut. I didn't think that would be a plus in the marriage, however.

In his defense, he sure loved his family. Except for, possibly, the son who'd moved to Alaska to get away from him, and now his son-in-law! Any one of them could ask for the rest of the menu and would get it. Unfortunately, I got the distinct impression that if anyone outside his family bothered him, Abe was about as compassionate as the shark in *Jaws*.

On the ride home, Eliza noted that I'd been a really quiet dinner guest. I wondered when it would be appropriate to tell her we couldn't have children. If my father-in-law's genes were passed along, I'd have to kill myself.

AS ALL THINGS MUST, our marriage ended on the article's deadline day, June 1st. The divorce was amicably positive. I think we remained friends. Eliza and I, although a week after we parted ways, did go to see an only an ex wife could, by leaving a message on my phone machine that I was the "quiet asshole," shied off ever just because I hadn't sent a note to her parents thinking about letting me have dinner with them.

That was the first lesson I learned from this whole experience. Some people shouldn't play house—they take it too personally. And, honey, sorry I wasn't a more consummate husband—but now you know why I didn't wear a nose. It would have been a last bomb.

What she did I learn? That if I ever met the right woman, I could live in Germany. That if I'd really had a manhood in Eliza, I probably could have gotten to like her friends, if I gave them half a chance (although I could have to be one hundred and never approach either Belgian chanteuse or George Jetson again). I think she had insurance, was uncanny. Eliza's biological clock is running, and it biological clock.

It seems weird somehow that I'm single (which we had) and passing (which we really could have had if she hadn't been so afraid). I've written all about it now; enough to make a marriage work. But the unattractables not only add up, they tend to dominate. Marriage is as much about bringing the same warmth that's intrinsic to the coffee table as it is about commitment to the same ideals; and, for the record, the given states that my "wife-like" colleagues are the ugliest things I've ever seen.

Can one really play at being married? Of course not. Can one retrain in new words and be prepared to take over the role for a lifetime? Not a chance. But can we learn about selflessness? Yes, I'm certain—I ran out on the dirty dishes after Eliza's perfect dinner. Can we learn about mutual claustrophobia? Most certainly. Can we play, I vaguely feel as if I had a civics class on me for two weeks, and it made me cringe, short-tempered, and sometimes domineering? Can we find any tenderness, less of things to come, compassion for having or being lost? Definitely.

Would I get married now, after caring my mouth and, hopefully, tasting reasonably? Probably.

But not until I see her parents first. ■



## QUORUM

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between art and reality.

See Reader Services Chart after page 164

# The Esquire Express Traveler

A GUIDE TO JOURNEYS THAT ARE MEASURED IN DAYS, NOT WEEKS

# MEMPHIS

## How It Got Like This

Memphis may be the one town in America where Elvis is never seen anymore. The very last of a possibility that he might be alive must terribly worry citizens. For if he were, what would happen? In the \$50,000-or-so hotel to number approximately equal to the city's population who visit his home each year?

In recent years Memphis has been濡pted by the Three Kings—and their deaths. Although the cotton factors still operate in their century-old buildings along Front Street, King Cotton, ebbing for years, was the first to go. His decline might be marked by the day the King Cotton Hotel was "imploded" by the demolition crews to make way for a mud-colored brick tower.

In the wake of the King assassination, the thing that most upset Memphians was not being called violent or racist, but their city being called "a backwater." In a city where luxury liner owners brought the yellow fever that nearly killed it in the 1870s, in a city that always seemed somehow amorphous, this hurt. (Witnessed a rash in four days everything more than ten years old and to moll Main Street.)

And, of course, the King of rock 'n' roll. "Good come more," the cynics said when we lost Elvis. Good, certainly, for Memphis. Elvis is why you are Japanese, Belgian, and German in Memphis. Long-haired Brits release the innuendos of Keith Richards; Italians find the city as exotic as Memphis, Egypt.



**The Hotel**  
PALMERLEEP HOTEL

Slow down, the shadows at the *Palmerleep Hotel* emerge from an otherwise peaceful scene in the darkness in the lobby to the accompaniment of John Philip Sousa's "King Cotton" march and the flaring of several candles.

A peculiarity from the late 1940s shows the *Frederick* lobby a night view of the grand Renaissance room Mediterranean building bathed in golden floodlight so it resembles a huge

pile of Indian, topped by the moon sign, its base surrounded with the black denim of sitting and passing customers. In 1973 the old place closed, to be replaced by six suites and \$12 million later as a posse symbol of the newest of downswings.

The lobby is a great place, with a bar at one end, a massive round-top piano for gawking, and a cocaine coming-and-going around the fountain. The lobby shop sell every possible kind of dandied-out souven-

ir, from duck pillows to duck-head-handled umbrellas. The restaurants are called *Mallards* and *Duck*. They used to duck.

Address: 149 Union Avenue; telephone: 500-PEA-BODY; Cost: \$50-\$750.

**Texture of the Town**  
WHERE TO CATCH THE  
URBAN RHYTHM

**Discotheques:** The surrounding neighborhood runs to fast-food and fast-like places—

BY PHIL PATTON

## GOOD FOOD GUARANTEED

THE LAST TIME YOU WANT  
TO DO ON A SHORT TRIP IT'S WAITA MEAL.

**CHARLIE VENDOGGI'S RENDEZVOUS.** A few steps from the Panhandle, this is up many eaters' best barbecue restaurant in Memphis. The blues and frost bear testimony to the aftertaste of this Mississippi-style "dry" ribs (or a gooseberry condiment of choice is applied to the meat) in place of the sticky liquidity of the traditional "wet" treatment). General Whithorn Alley, one block South Second Street.

**LEONARD'S.** Opened in 1932 by Leonard Hendrickson, Leonard's claims to be the first drive-in, a claim substantiated chiefly by the fact that the place is kept exactly as it appeared to be, say, 1932. Inside, it would appear, the very same waitresses. Today, these ladies hand over their little order pads to tell you precisely just what the corn bread is left over from, yesterday; they'll just microwave it, as maybe you want to think about something else. In front, the sign with the painted pig is pristine. Off back, the Muskies wear trich ph and chomps are just as solid as Mac Murray's. This doesn't let the down-at-heel ambience faze you. This is the home of the original pork-tenderloin sandwich, topped with relishes (although one must apply a bit of the hot sauce for heat-effect). The original is at 1109 South Belhaven Road.

**CORBY'S PAR-F-Q.** Don't let the allusion to Corby's, not east at 8205 Poplar Avenue, fool you either, or the fact that it was a Memphis magazine regular's "just" as the local in town. The house barbecue ribs are superior, and pretty fair barbecue—Mississippi Old to variety, rare here—are on the menu. For overnight delivery of ribs call Pacific 500-284-9395.

There is no reason you cannot eat barbecue all day, every day. But for your change-up, try the chicken of the FEUER-WAT GRILL (909 Mississippi), and for your last mealie, the hambie grills with fried lettuce, and other solid midsize house cooking at THE LITTLE TSB SHARP, downtown at 581 Monroe Avenue. There's a heat meter system whereby you check off the vegetables you want the greens, okra, macaroni, or whatever. The specials change with the day of the week, but there are always some sticks and major league rotisserie.

**HUMMING B.** In Saddle Creek Mall, the ideal of shopping center, but because Romeo Republic, Beaumont, and Rockdale. Superbly mercantile merging of upscale, L.A., and midwestern brands, with any hint of resulting whimsies reinforced by assortments, e.g., dishes combining vintage and mild-moder Reserve. 2415 West Farmington Boulevard, Beaumont. Phone: 901-757-4328.



**General Foods.** Across the street, in General Plaza, you find the planes and the carts. At the best cost, for grades are helpful, offering their reserving accounts with American—<sup>1</sup> Their piano was originally white, but as a birthday present for Elvis, Fratelli

had it painted in rainbow-hued karat gold.<sup>2</sup> Colonial Cecilia—You are here for the concert on the air. This is a California record.<sup>3</sup> Notes on Pennsylvania—All the funnies for the single room was bought right here in Memphis, in approximately thirty minutes.<sup>4</sup> On a

rainy night, Dolce Mac Regal Elvis's room, it is said to still smoke on the perimeter.

The big blues even, Elvis international Tribune Week, comes around the anniversary of his death, at August. Any time, reservations are advised. Home 810-5100. The house token is \$39.95, but go for Coach No. 1, which gets you the repast, the auto insurance, and so on.

**Kings Road.** These are organized times of other than ours, but you can take your own off—Elvis's Sun studio, Sun Studios, 766 Union Avenue. Of course.

Elvis's Memphis home, Lauderdale County, Public Schools announced where, now Mack, at city Washburn Street.

Elvis's State adult home—the nursing home at 3934 Audubon Drive.

Elvis's high school—Bluffton High School, 439 Main Street.

Elvis's known schools: King Oliver Institute of Self-Defense, 1911 Poplar Avenue.

An absolutely complete itinerary might include a glimpse at Baptist Memorial Hospital, the Midtown, where the King was pronounced dead, and the semi-regular annual Elvis Presley Memorial Treasury Concert at the Medical Center Hospital.

**Piggy Wiggles.** This is the city that invented the self-service grocery—credit, no checks—<sup>5</sup> the Piggy Wiggly. Located at 1934 Piedmont Avenue, this little remnant made the Piggy Folger meadow, the most unusual of Piggy Wiggly's sister and younger Clarendon and Pasadena. Founded just when the future hot horizon was, in 1945-1950 Central Avenue.

A Schenck Dry Goods Store, founded in 1974, 111 Incarnate

white, and like having Schenck's in an orchard to maintain as much as to remediate



### THIS IS SOUL FOOD

AT SUN STUDIOS,  
705 Union Avenue, you can

eat in memory where

Elvis and the Killers and

Johnny Cash did.

Or go to General Shale,

right across from

the massive. About \$10

per meal; bring

your own sides.

### Acquisitions

#### LOCATES FOR SIGNIFICANT ARTIFACTS

Across the river from the Frisco is a place called *Saintman's Antiques*, 575 & Collectibles, "extending to the Mississippi" and full of model boats and seafarers and toy cars. The Memphis side of a gentleman is regarded by some of the other non-memorabilia vendors Cal revalues, a great collection of bronze horses and bayonets, and an extensive display of intricately engraved silver fish, decorated and carved for candlesticks apparently come from 37 South Second Street.

A Schenck Dry Goods Store, founded in 1974, 111 Incarnate Word Street, in Woodlawn-style brick, white, and like having Schenck's in an orchard to maintain as much as to remediate

half of east-side, highly colored chips on new rolls of Laundette, \$4.49 a yard, retro-hegemony cloth, to big they

# Even if you can't get there from here, with Alamo, all the miles are free.



One day, the Army Corps of Engineers just decided to put a hole in the middle of Fowling Wells Reservoir, near Pottawatomie, Texas. A big hole.



In any given year, you won't get through Siskiyou Pass near Bear Valley, California until an average of 425 inches of snow melt away.



Trying to get down via Hawes's Creek of Creston Road could make you a little cranky. A few thousand yards of lawn got three feet



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The Pleasure Ships



## The Esquire Express Traveler

should come with care, the complete line of Dr. Pepper's rootbeer potions, including the "Born Re-pelling" and "Doo as I Say" formulas. While you're there, pick up a copy of *Steak Street Saturday Night*, a second album of old Steak Street music and narration, and *Beale Street*.



### Take Me to the River

The local music is loose, many days, is set on Beale Street, or on Saturday nights. It is at the FULL GOSPEL TABERNACLE, 7877 Kate Reed, not far from Graceland. Reverend Al Green, Pastor, Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

"Everybody is welcome," he says. "This is the church of love." It is also a stretch with an organist, a pianist, an acoustic guitar player, a drummer, and a choir that can sing. The congregation is referenced "the audience."

"Give Jesus a big hand," Rev. Green often says.

You will be welcome. There is even a little guide to your program that explains, with stick figures, such phenomena as right-angle corners as "presence of angles," "telling under the covers," "singing in the Spirit," and "dancing before the Lord."

Preaching is not ready for Rev. Green. He plays his way across the nearby rocks of the gospel as if he's lost, treating his way like a grand tour through his life song. The transition happens gradually, almost imperceptibly. He may well touch on the story of his conversion—wasn't a rock of a hell star, the next a man of God. He will certainly sing, as the Spirit moves him.

"Say 'Praise the Lord' somebody. Somebody does."

### A Nightrawler's Night Out

BEALE STREET BOOGIE

They've been trying to clean up Beale since the Tornado. All through Prohibition, jazz Ed Crump fought to keep Beale unsmothered by the law. Then, in 1940, in a fit of respectability, he closed down the whorehouses. It was the beginning of the end.

After the King assassination, they tried again. "We want to make it look just like Southern Saxes," one city luminary said without irony.

But yes, there's still music in the old streets. B. & B. King's club will open later this summer. At all's Deals are the two main spots of the *Beale Boogie Club*, where the house band is solid, and the *Belle Hall*, The Hall, is back, featuring Memphis Island and the Hardly Hall All-Stars on Fridays and Saturdays, with occasional guitars. The food, downstairs, comes to Green and barbecue.

For jazz check the King's Palace Cafe (1618 Beale). At the *Baron Club* (1818 Beale), you'll find live country blues of Lester Vandana school. The wonderful annual *Blues of the Delta* Theater, summers, and at the *Guitarfish* Diner, across the street, you might find new recordings like the Rev. Horton Heat, a prouder of rockabilly and *The Night of the Hunter*.

"Give Jesus a big hand," Rev. Green often says.

You will be welcome.

There is even a little guide to your program that explains, with stick figures, such phenomena as right-angle corners as "presence of angles," "telling under the covers," "singing in the Spirit," and "dancing before the Lord."

Preaching is not ready for Rev. Green. He plays his way across the nearby rocks of the gospel as if he's lost, treating his way like a grand tour through his life song. The transition happens gradually, almost imperceptibly. He may well touch on the story of his conversion—wasn't a rock of a hell star, the next a man of God. He will certainly sing, as the Spirit moves him.

"Say 'Praise the Lord' somebody. Somebody does."



## THE FIVE BEST ELVIS SOUVENIRS

- 1 **THE GUITAR-SHAPE HAIRBRUSH.** A perfect piece of pop art—in it is *Elvis* himself! \$2.55.
- 2 **ELVIS LIVE.** The two-night-long, singing Elvis show, driven by microphone. Disconcertingly, the figure has no feet, only reverential status hunched in the form. \$89.95 at *Souvenirs of Elvis*, 2727 Elvis Presley Boulevard.
- 3 **THE CRYSTAL BUS.** which looks like an ice sculpture and lights up from the inside. It doesn't look much like the *Elvis* bus, but *carat!* Everybody knows what *Elvis* looked like. \$49.95. *Lulu Mae's Gift Shop*, *Graceland Plaza*.
- 4 **ELVIS PLAYING CARDS.** The joker is E.P. a.k.a. guitar-guitar. \$3.95. *Elvisiana Emporium*.
- 5 **A PRESLEY SPEAKER.** The measure of *Vester Presley*, *Elvisland*. \$9.95.

The single women doing cross-word puzzles, South Main has been declared an "art district," and the old train station is in danger of being torn down. The soft, silken-textured head of the *Rebel* is hard, and the sense of unrecovered crimson is waiting its way toward the *Rebel* as the clouds drift across the moon.

They call Memphis "the Bluff City"—we assume that ought to make any visitor wary, since the heart isn't the pompadour of the *Mississippi River*, concentrated on an island deposited over the last century by the kindness of the Mississippi.

*The Mid-America Mall*, formerly North Main Street, now closed to traffic—and droves.

*The Lorraine Motel.*

There are plans to spend \$1.5 million to restore the site of Martin Luther King's assassination to its "exact original appearance—and a lot more."

A mile of cotton—*Cotton Row*.

Be wary of *The riverboats*, the flattop-mowers of the Mississippi.



*Mud Island*, a sort of theme park with mounted mugs, the *Dixie Memphis Belle*, a swimming pool, and a "swimming model" of the *Mississippi River*, concentrated on an island deposited over the last century by the kindness of the Mississippi.

*The Mid-America Mall*, formerly North Main Street, now closed to traffic—and droves.

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A mile of cotton—*Cotton Row*.

Be wary of *The riverboats*, the flattop-mowers of the Mississippi.

*Pell Pettit's* music, *Charlie Bob*, once lived in Memphis. That was after he lived in Johnson City.

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# A Case of WIFE MURDER

Charles Stuart's hunger for a new life meant doing something wicked to the one he had

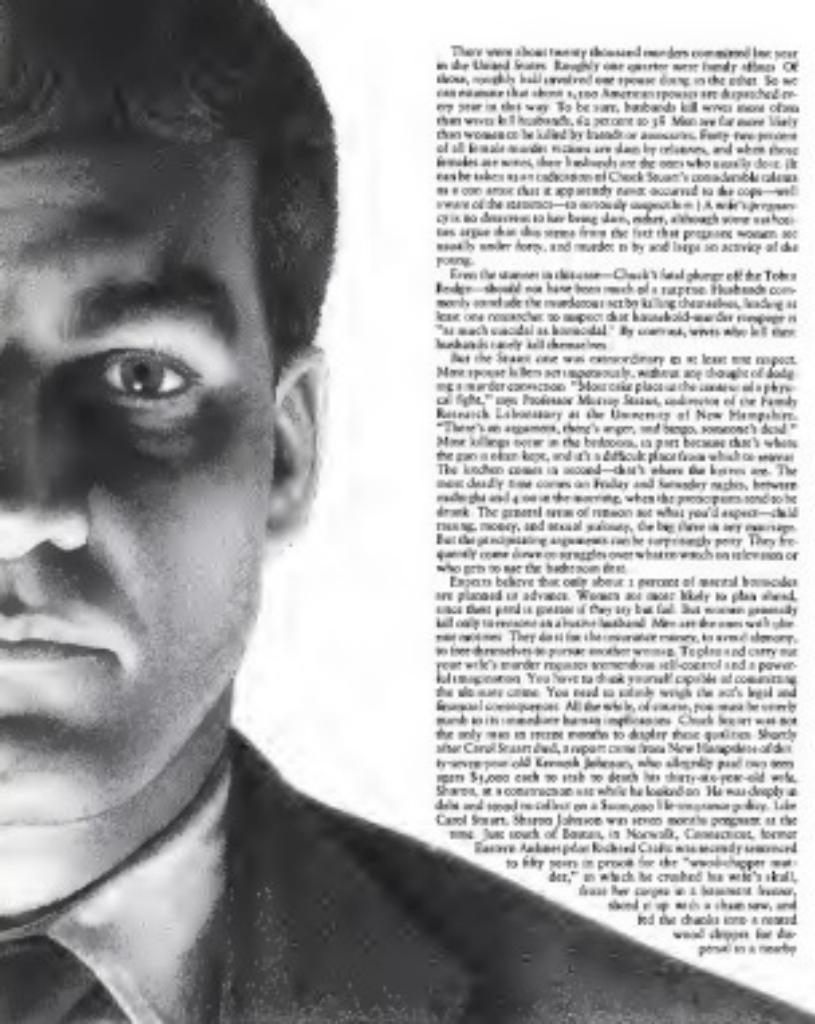
JROM A MARKETING PERSPECTIVE, this murder had just about everything. At its core, it had the white, attractive, middle-class couple so critical for mass appeal. It had the necessary measure of sordidness, namely violence, not only against a loving wife, but also, and even more disturbing, against an unborn child. And most important, it had a surprise ending. There were so many intriguing ways of examining the case too, so many intriguing lines of inquiry. It had the race angle, the class angle, the insurance-money angle, the psychopath angle, the family angle, the other-woman angle, the bungled-police-investigation angle, and, at its heart, most vivid of all, the gender-war angle. As a rule, women related instinctively to the murderer, identifying completely with the pregnant Carol Stuart. (Curiously, the two people I know who inspected Clark Stuart from the first were both women.)

Men, unable to identify with Clark, responded with a bemused fascination that quickly gave way to the kind of jokiness that women rarely laugh at. What's the difference between Clark Stuart and Lucy Bond? Had pangs first, then shivers. According to one Boston newspaper poll, while 70 percent of married respondents assumed they still trusted their spouses after the murder, 14 percent ended up to some staggering doilies.

The only dimension the tale lacked were a hero—a grizzled cop who doggedly cracked down the killer, say—and a heroine to reveal the inside story of what really happened and why. But it had so much else, most of us were willing to overlook such deficiencies. It was, as many of the children hardly written book proposals I later sawing them around, a combination of *Fatal Vision*, *Infatuation*, *Green River* who swapped and switched his hunting aid, *Common Ground* (about conflicts of race and class in Boston's boating crew)—two less sellers in one.

Strip away the elaborate hook and the global situation, however, and one is left with the most dreary and ordinary of homicides. Husband kills wife.

BY JOHN SEDGWICK



There were about twenty thousand murders committed last year in the United States. Roughly one quarter were family affairs. Of those, roughly half involved one spouse killing the other. So we can estimate that about 5,000 American wives are dispatched every year in that way. To be sure, husbands kill wives more often than women kill husbands, 64 percent to 35. Men are far more likely than women to be killed by friends or associates. Forty-five percent of all female murder victims are slain by relatives, and when these females are slain, their husbands are the ones who usually do it. It can be taken as an indication of Chuck Stover's considerable talents as a con artist that it apparently never occurred to the cops—well aware of the statistics—to actually investigate it. A wife's disappearance is no disservice to her living slay, either, although some who hot-toddy argue that this stems from the fact that pregnant women are usually under fire, and murder is by definition an act of that firing.

Even the statistics in this case—Chuck's latest ploy off the Tolka Bridge—should not have been much of a surprise. Husband commonly consider the murderers set by killing themselves, leading at least one researcher to suspect that household-suicide Simpson is "as much suicidal as homicidal." By contrast, wives who kill their husbands rarely kill themselves.

But the Stover case was extraordinary at, at least my respect, More spouse killers are impulsive, without any thought of doing a murder conscious. "Most take place in the context of a physical fight," says Professor Murray Straus, codirector of the Family Research Laboratory at the University of New Hampshire. "There's an argument, there's anger, and bangs, someone's dead." More killings occur in the bedrooms, in part because that's where the two are often kept, and it's a difficult place from which to escape. The loudest cause in second—that's above the kitchen, over. The most deadly time comes on Friday and Saturday nights, between midnight and 4 a.m. in the morning, when the proconsuls tend to be drunk. The general reason for what paid it respect—child tax money, and sexual satiation, the big three in any marriage. But the justifying arguments can be surprisingly petty. They frequently come down to apples over which which on television or who gets to use the bathroom at.

Experts believe that only about 1 percent of marital homicides are planned in advance. Women and men kill by plan also, and then the plan is usually that they try but fail. But they usually kill only to rescue themselves from a abusive husband. Men are far more often the victims. They do it for the insurance money, to avoid charges to fee-dependents to provide another woman. They plan and carry out their wife's murder, because she's old and fat and a potential liability to others. You have to think yourself capable of committing the ultimate crime. You need to kill with the tool's legal and feasible consequences. All the tools, of course, you must be physically sound so to maximize human implications. Chuck Stover was not the only man in recent months to display such qualities. Shortly after Carol Stover died, a report came from New Hampshire of the thirty-year-old Kenneth Johnson, who allegedly paid over ten grand \$1,000 cash to state to death his forty-six-year-old wife, Sharon, at a construction site while he looked on. He was deeply in debt and hoped to collect on a \$100,000 life insurance policy. Like Carol Stover, Sharon Johnson was seven months pregnant at the time, just south of Boston, in Norwalk, Connecticut, former Eastern Airlines pilot Richard Crisafulli was recently sentenced to fifty years in prison for the "widow-keeper谋杀," in which he crushed his wife's skull, drew her corpse in a basement locker, skinned it up with a chain saw, and fed the charred meat a round wood chips for disposal in a nearby

over. Unfortunately for him, stowaway succeeded a firecracker, two rods, and several rounds of hair-trigger so obviously the victim. Crisafulli apparently was too scared to discover that his wife had had a private escort service photograph her naked bodyplay of his mistress, Carol Bettie. Jeffrey MacDonald disgraced his wife and children and then claimed they'd been done in by mysterious happenings. New Jersey insurance salesman Rob Marshall lied and lied more to dispatch his wife and then even assumed a role of a crazed gunman.

It is typical to claim innocence for the killer to emerge with some bally story about a drug-hazed stranger. But Chuck Stover went more further and offered a meticulous description of his wife and date—describing her as "tall, slender, blonde," wearing "sparkly" clothing like "black button-down top, black jeggings pocket with 'two or three' rings, and black driving gloves with exposed fingers. He called such convincing details as the assailant's use of the expression "hell-O," assuming a police interviewer from the old TV show *Hazzard*. Hell-O, it's a term that Boston police tap on commonly to the Manson 1969 years, when the murder occurred. Chuck had obviously also read the recent, well-publicized shootings in the neighborhood, and the reports of a \$1,000 bounty supposedly being offered by giving leaders for violent acts, thereby leading credence to Chuck's claim that the "stranger" opened fire after seeing that the Stovers might be police. In the age of *Willie Nelson*, Chuck seriously drew on the popular mythology as a readily true tale. He knew how readily Americans would accept the notion that a black man could come bursting out of the night in a robe and shoot a white couple retreating from the robbery. Finally, to staff of reporters, Chuck gave himself an inquiry in session that no one could think he did it himself. Indeed, the surgeon who removed Stover at Boston City Hospital and later it never crossed his mind that the wound might have been self-inflicted. At press time a grand jury was convened to have been investigating the possibility that Stover had an accomplice pull the trigger. Alarmed, Chuck played the role of the grieving widower with some masterful touches—writing out, in scrawly script, a legend for his wife that brought odds from the right trusted sources at Carol Stover's funeral, and asking, in the hospital, to be wheeled alongside his dying sister-in-law. Stover's lawyer reports that he has sat well up in Chuck's eyes whenever he spoke of his dead wife. It was as if Chuck had studied all the true crime books and learned from his predecessor's mistakes. When they pulled back, he charged forward—warily confident of the power of his fiction. Indeed, Robert Weide, a Yale history professor and regular reviewer of mystery books, said that Stover had composed a "plot" that held up brilliantly as both the literary and the criminal sense of the term. "What he was doing was writing one a novel," said Weide. "He was being his own author."

OF COURSE, ANY MAN capable of wiping out a horrendous but suddenly attractive character might be said simply to possess an excessive desire to write his own story. Chuck Stover evidently possessed a powerful drive to create a more glamorous, prosperous persona for himself, something to keep with the tools of his trade. But he took the American Dream into the realm of dreams; in clinical terms, he was probably a psychopath, incapable of feeling either guilt or empathy. He imagined scenarios because he did not feel them. And so it may be seen in proof of the attraction of opponents that the woman Chuck Stover married will be remembered fondly as part of her usually good-natured apprehension life. Where he was pale-faced, she was rosy-faces, where he was phobic, she was not. More than one of her friends had noticed what they warmly named "Carol ticks," in which she giddily but firmly sat them straight about their woman's assertive behavior. It's yet another measure of Ophelia's talents for creating believable fiction that he was able to take such a woman in

complained—so completely that, when it finally came time to rise the back of a narrow granite Mission Hill housing project, Carol stood along at their nadir, blue Terrier Crissula without using the death ride for what it was.

They had just come from their annual herping class at Brigham and Women's Hospital on the cusp of Boston's medical district that Monday night, October 13. The mortal road home followed a quick left past the hospital, north onto Huntington Avenue in Inman, Chuck drove up a single state street Huntington, past sleek storefronts, framed out buildings, vacant lots, and desolate mass transit. Those blocks down he turned left on Garrison Street and plunged into the projects. Maybe he could beat a man there? Or maybe he said nothing.

He pulled up by some empty parkingslots at the corner of Stanton and Moulard, a spot so unassuming and blank that even the drug dealers stay away. The isolation is broken only by the children who drive past him there for afternoon sex. At this point, Chuck might well have abandoned, finally, that he was lost. Perhaps under some pretense—looking for a map—he may have reached into his suitcase in the boudoir, where he could have hidden the atlas, placed, southbound. If he had driven from the side at the far store where he worked. With Carol, no doubt passing automatically out her window, save it was from there that any danger would

lie, he'd driven west to his dead son, and he cradled her in. But there are other ways of getting messy, any number of scenes are available to a man of Chuck's considerable skill as a deejay. Besides, memories rock. And this scenario assumes that Carol was powerless to him, that the marriage was empty. That seems not to have been the case at all. After weeks of recuperation, aggravated bouts of the simple still followed, but the tumors had, if not the ideal magnitude projected in the initial newspaper reports of the "Chuckie cancer," one that seemed normal, even survivable, uncertain as always.

At the time of the murder, they had been married just over four years. The Soopers had celebrated their anniversary only ten days before, and they did it in a manner that was typical for them—driving to Connecticut to visit friends for the weekend. The Soopers were often taking off like that around New England, to see friends or to take sweep-around country trips. They often ate out together after work, and they went to all the big Celtics, Bruins, and Red Sox games. During the visits, they frequently mentioned animals they kept behind their house. If they argued at night, he could be counted on to send a dozen roses to her office the next morning. During the weekday they often spoke on the phone, and the rarely excluded confessions in it, not saying, "I love you."

He drove up eight miles away, on a small Cape-style house at the end of a dead-end road, a few blocks from Reservoir, Reverend's drug-free boulevard. It's one more stretch of the meadows Leah Peet and Mr. Adams, a pal to Myles Lomsky, the only person of great achievement to holl from Reverend was Harriet Alpig—and he left town with his family for real. Marlborough, Massachusetts, where he was twelve. Today, Reverend is a shabby, impoverished city of forty-two thousand that is bounded by the sea on one side and positioned on another border by an aggressive and pride. Now that the amusement park has closed and the Fall River Downs race track is out of business, Reverend offers few attractions beyond the dog track at Woodland and the strip shows at Square. The beach is no longer safe for swimmers, and the marshland is sometimes used as a graveyard for junk cars. When a concerned citizen recently called attention to the environmental problems, her house was pulled down with eggs.

There were lots of allogeneic in the St. An family. Chuck was the older of four sons. It must have been arranged in due time, since both Soopers were already married due to the pregnancy.

Since his career was worth \$100,000 in insurance money (with plus his will never to be discovered), it seems easiest in exploring his motives as essentially mercenary, a sim-

ple—located halfway between Boston and North Andover—once have one too many auto supply stores so-quality the town positively pleasant, but it does boast a pleasant village green, dominated by a handsome Methodist church with a soaring steeple, and its various signs are woodsy. Hermon Road, on the outerfringe of town, is not a great location, and that may have factored in some way by. There house stands on a small development of four nearly identical split-level homes. A dark iron along one side of the property, driveway swiveled from a nearby lake. Jim says that swimming, Marlin Road itself runs into a private lane that leads to a collection of aging bungalows, with parking for the backyards and many dogs pursuing the stream. The main road around Boston, runs close by, and out on both the connector roads of east Soal, running around the backyard pool, which was fully equipped with waterfalls and skimmers, or mostly going down on it from a narrow chair in the enclosed porch off the second room, Chuck could easily imagine he was doing pretty well.

He grew up eight miles away, on a small Cape-style house at the end of a dead-end road, a few blocks from Reservoir, Reverend's drug-free boulevard. It's one more stretch of the meadows Leah Peet and Mr. Adams, a pal to Myles Lomsky, the only person of great achievement to holl from Reverend was Harriet Alpig—and he left town with his family for real. Marlborough, Massachusetts, where he was twelve. Today, Reverend is a shabby, impoverished city of forty-two thousand that is bounded by the sea on one side and positioned on another border by an aggressive and pride. Now that the amusement park has closed and the Fall River Downs race track is out of business, Reverend offers few attractions beyond the dog track at Woodland and the strip shows at Square. The beach is no longer safe for swimmers, and the marshland is sometimes used as a graveyard for junk cars. When a concerned citizen recently called attention to the environmental problems, her house was pulled down with eggs.

By then she also had time for a little romance. She had pretty much lost interest in her longtime boyfriend, Jeff Carillo, who had been the star tailback for Medford High. Carol herself had been a pin-up girl, cheering the boys on. Chuck had never had a serious girlfriend as far as anyone knows, and he went full tilt at Carol in an oddly old-fashioned way, sweeping her off her feet with flowers and valentines and lingerie. She must have been flattered by the attention. She was attractive, a thin, tan-

skinned woman, with long brown eyes and a mischievous smile, but she was nervous about her weight. Chuck empathized. He was the "the kind of person who would send her cards for no reason," the plain Carillo said, "and few things give love. It goes in the pants where the mud. Mayhe's for me."

Gianni DiMasi focused on the relationships, believing that his daughter could do better than a short-order cook, he wanted her back with Jeff Carillo. And some of Chuck's friends thought his affair with Carol was just a flag. Nevertheless, the relationship saved Carol's entry into law school in Suffolk University a year later. By then, perhaps she was intent to keep up with his accomplished professor, Chuck had abandoned his extra-matric job for more pleasant work in a management issues at Kain's Furs on Newbury Street, Boston's version of Fifth Avenue.

The relationship was two dazzling blond brothers, Ed and Jerry Kukas, who adopted a look like their father. The brothers take a pride being tall and slender, and, in a reflex break, the brothers have positioned a large sofa behind us on the ceiling, and, in a reflex break, the brothers have positioned a large sofa behind us on the ceiling, and, in a reflex break,

Carol was married a month later, on October 13, at St. James Church in Bedford, just down the street from where Carol had lived with her family. The reception was held in Lombardi's, an East Boston restaurant that adjusted J.L.'s

Lounge, where Chuck's father, Charles senior, once tended bar to supplement his income as an insurance salesman. The last song the deepplay played for them, the "going-away" song, was Carol's favorite, "Dancing in the Dark," by Bruce Springsteen. One measure of the event was the friends who attended the friendliest work-related个别 who loves he's going nowhere, and is desperate for action and ready to "change my clothes, my hair, my face."

Can't start a fire, can't start a fire without a spark.

This party for here, even if we're just dancing in the dark.

## CHUCKIE'S GOURMET

"My resolution of him is, he was just kinda there." Only Carol's old friend Robert Borgognone cracked up, something. "I sensed a little bit of a man in his voice, a little lack of confidence. He was smooth, but in my heart wasn't quite normal." Carol's accent was not afraid to use that word of strong, however. Even if they had been, she would not have reported him for her several encounters. More likely, she would have found them endearing.

On Christmas Eve, 1981, Chuck took Carol out to dinner and proposed. He gave her a wallet with the initials C.R. (Carol Ann Stace) on the outside, and a \$100 diamond engagement ring inside—the same one he polished from her finger the night of the murder. Carol couldn't wait to tell her friends. "She called me and asked me to their bar. When we sat, she was just going like this," he found himself talking, and, smiling, her hands in such sweep that one could miss her ring.

Right as she was to get married, Carol wanted to wait and she had graduated and settled down into her first job. That came with the welcoming firm Askin Young in downtown Boston the September after graduation, in 1982.

The Soopers were married a month later, on October 13, at St. James Church in Bedford, just down the street from where Carol had lived with her family. The reception was held in Lombardi's, an East Boston restaurant that adjusted J.L.'s

**C**huck subscribed to restaurant magazines—along with Playboy and weight-lifter publications—to fuel his fantasies. He worked at St. John's Basement. And he began giving his hair styled at a place called the Spa at the Heritage.

Carol may have had some insecurities about Chuck's maturing role, but she was proud to have him as her boy. "Weh Carol, you always knew she had a boyfriend," says Cindy Chappell, who works at St. John's. "That was very clear. She'd always say, 'Chuck, who is my boyfriend,' —' She told that to everybody."

She brought Chuck around to know big paunches, even though he didn't feel entirely comfortable around so many fat, fratty law students. Almost none of the law students came away with a client impression of her, and looking back on a lawyer, they all thought that she was odd. "I didn't get a good sense of Chuck," Chappell says, raising up the general reaction.

103

**H**er friend recalls, "If Carol had a theme, it was a family theme. She wanted to be Harriet, from *Ozzie and Harriet*."

comes, Chuck could have quickly swung back into her seat, poised the gun at her head, pull above and behind her left ear, and pulled the trigger.

The explosive mate had been devastating. Carol's head had jerked forward and slumped sideways on her chair, her torso held in place by her son's belt. Blood streamed down her neck. Inside her womb, the fetus started to withdraw. Chuck cut the lights and sugar and flipped down the interior of Carol's side to hide what he had done. Then he removed his diamond engagement ring. It couldn't have come easier, since her fingers were already swollen due to the pregnancy.

Since his career was worth \$100,000 in insurance money (with plus his will never to be discovered), it seems easiest in exploring his motives as essentially mercenary, a sim-

ple product of the working stiff culture of Boston (Chuck) and Medford (Carol). Both obviously taken into, and, by 1981, were living quite comfortably for a couple still in their twenties. The issue of Readiness, the anchor of *The Princely Kingdom: A Year in the Life of America's Oldest Zoo*, published by William Morrow & Co.

103

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recently for the last few years, said that he had no idea that Chuck was even married until last May. And even though his marital status came up only when, in the course of a conversation about the misadventure that the Zeovos had just suffered, Carol had casually mentioned that her wife was pregnant.

In 1987 the couple moved to Reading, taking a \$475,000 mortgage to buy a 2,400-square-foot house with a den and a pool. Carol shifted to a less demanding job in the department at Colliers Publishing, in Newton, made of the long hours and the narrow focus of the accounting firm. She took a cut in salary, too. It was about \$10,000 a year, but Chuck had recently been promoted to office manager, and in two years he would ultimately take it. So, they could easily make the mortgage, as well as handle the family that Carol was right to start. "If Carol had a change," says her friend Robert Bonapart, "it was a friendly change. She wanted to be married, you know, from Guy and Marlene." She first broached the subject of having a baby that year, but Chuck said he wasn't ready. While she waited for him to come around to her opinion on the matter, she lavished affection on her two black Labradors. She carried a picture of them in her wallet, and perched another on top of the bookshelf in her office, next to a photo of Chuck.

Ariele, from their immediate neighbors and the owners of the local convenience store, the Zeovos made few acquaintances in Reading. They didn't join the Normans' Club, or belong at the Catholic church or soon. Instead, Chuck cringed back to Revere for companionship, working out at a gym there, playing baseball, a few nights a week with some of his high school pals, and, increasingly dragging in for a beer at Revere's. Slow, though, he liked to drop in for these encounters, to kind it over the last bit of his load in his head. When he coached in the Revere Little League, even on hot summer days, he wore pressed pants and matching overalls in the dugout.

But Chuck had steadily begun to see the limits of his upward mobility at Kaku, a family-owned firm. He had been looking for another job since 1986, but apparently found nothing in his lifetime. It had long been his grand entrepreneurial dream to open his own restaurant, a place where guys might relax, personal, intimate, where, as one friend recalled, Chuck's signature, "people remember your name." He subscribed to restaurant newsletters—along with Playboy and weight-loss publications—to fuel his fantasies.

When the couple finally decided to have a baby, in early 1988, Carol got pregnant quickly, and she couldn't have been more excited. "She called me on the phone and just started screaming, 'I'm pregnant! I'm pregnant!'" said her friend Maicia Feltz. Carol proudly saved the strip from her pregnancy test, immediately gave up alcohol and caffeine, and started drinking milk by the quart.

As for Chuck, that part of his story might have come straight from Theodore Don Quixote's American Tilgullay, the title of the owner who makes his profession when his progressive interests with his nonprogressive social neighbors. Chuck seemed less than daunted by the thought of impending fatherhood. Rather than allowing that to have been in doubt, he planned to opt for job security and start a committee, he immediately rallied in a corner of the Boston Center for Adult Education, one called Buying and Selling a Retirement Successfully.

The Zeovos'ough hot, Mariana Vajda, on whom Carol used to cavort as they jogged, and it was during this period that Carol started to complain about her husband. Apparently, Chuck had still staying out late with the boys on Friday nights, a practice he had established back in their college days. One night, when Chuck (Dad's) dinner would go late, the Zeovos fought so loudly that Carol was afraid the Vajdas had heard them yelling from across the street. It was around the same time, says David MacLean, an old friend of Chuck's from rotational school, that Chuck complained that Cappi was going "the upper hand" during her pregnancy. He claims Chuck had asked her to have an abortion, and she had refused. Her friends dispute this, saying that Carol would certainly have mentioned something about it. In any case, it was to MacLean that Chuck first turned for help in killing Carol, and as he phrased it, "killing off" of her. Chuck had been a "homosexual," MacLean said, "almost like [he] had a beard growing." MacLean declined, and Chuck eventually turned to his younger brother, Matthew. According to him, Chuck described the plot as merely an insurance issue. Chuck's sense of insurance plot betrayed some desperation, since the brothers had broken those years earlier over Matthew's lack of ambition: he was a ten-dollar-an-hour parts mixer and a someone measuring. For a fee of \$1,000, Matthew cut Carol's head, and remained silent about the plot—the less said, the better, since he finally revealed in the police what he knew.

The plan to kill his wife wasn't the only scheme Chuck Stuart was managing in those final days. At Kaku, one of his tasks was to supervise the office secretaries, which he handled with special aplomb. Ed Kaku was appalled that "Chuck in-

lained better to the girls." One of them was Deborah Allen, the "other woman" in Chuck's life. Now twenty-three, she worked at Kaku during the summer. She may have been quite a temptation to Chuck, blond, athletic, Waigeo-style. She made Carol look plain by comparison. Allen had gone to Nobles and Georgetown, the elite prep school in Dallas, and then to Brown University. She was an accomplished figure skater and member of the Nobles Field-Hockey team. "Everyone thought she was original," Chuck had always claimed that he had attended Brown on a football scholarship and a later injury forced him to withdraw. As the name goes, however, Brown's football school and its players had been known for being "dumb." Deborah Allen's keep-fit seemed to have played football for Brown, and Chuck may have seen this coincidence as a sign that he belonged at her side. He started referring to her in some of his friends as his "muses," although there is no evidence that she ever was. But she did spend time with him, and, as Carol had, accepted his small gifts. In early October, she cooked him an old pig soup school and introduced him to some of his teachers there. Nobles looks like a woodsy country estate, dominated by a great stone castle called the Castle. Strolling the grounds with a purpose, Waigeo at his side, Chuck must have felt that he had entered the promised land. It was a long way from the Voile. He paid Carol on her code under aliases \$400 and addressed a few words home.

Nothing relieved the helplessness of Chuck's fiction more than his sessions in the final months of his own life. He suddenly began winning his walking mug. He won Carol's heartbreakin' mug, too. But he also acquired a telephone credit card for Deborah Allen so he could call her up from his hospital bed, and he even found a lawyer for one friend so he could be pagged constantly. In the hospital he asked to be wheeled alongside his aching baby boy. He also asked a lawyer for advice on removing the baby from his life-support system. He traded the Connells in for a new car, the \$15,000 Nissan Maxima he drove to the Tish's Bridge. He bought jewelry. He gave an expensive clock to the lawyer who had passed his son to the gods. He had his right touch up his hair at the temples, where it was starting to gray, then tipped his fifty dollars. He invited himself to dinner with his in-laws. He completed a box having no wear a columbian boy. And when the whole thing finally fell apart, he jumped on his death, proclaiming he had suffered more than he could bear. He evoked the Eighties—the decade driven by heartbreak, greed, and status-hunting—by four days.

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See Peabody Services Executive page 104

# THE RING OF Truth

To wear one  
is human; to avoid  
one, divine

BY CARL NAVARRE

**W**HAT IS one eighth of an inch thick, weighs one ounce, and, if you're not careful, can snap your finger, not to mention your armchair, glass? • It's your wedding ring, and depending on how you look at it, it's either the ultimate symbol of your troth or a suffocating chastity belt worn for all the wrong reasons. • Just because you wear one, don't be smug. So did Wade Boggs, at least part of the time. And if you prefer a naked finger, don't worry. Nuclear Command never wore one, and look where he is today. • Why are some men Type A ("They cut off my finger before they take my ring") while others are Type B ("My love is so strong, I would be superfluous")? Extraordinary research has led me to the following conclusions:

## WHY MEN DON'T WEAR WEDDING RINGS

### 1. Intense aversion to jewelry

Who comes to mind when you think of a man who wears rings?

Liberace, of course. Do you want to be compared with Liberace?

### 2. Negative self-image

There are many men—admittedly mature, responsible bastions of responsibility—whose image of themselves in the private moments of their psyche remains that of a hell-bent teenager whose favorite song is "I Want to Love You, Love Hard, Be Young, and Leave a Beautiful Memory." To these men, wearing a wedding ring would be like having to shave at a moment of their shuddering, grasping nights twenty-four hours a day. They know that they are grown up, they know that they are married, but goddammit, do they need to be reminded of it constantly?

### 3. Loss of sexual opportunity, if any still exists

If you're married and want to come single him or pick up women in cocktail parties, a wedding ring is probably the least of your problems. Still, you should know that a naked finger costs both ways. Yes, you'll be able to find a prospective target for a while, say two or three months, but when she finds out your true status—and she will—you're going to look pretty bad. However, you have road band-aids now and she's still willing to entertain past transgressions, you may really be onto something.

### 4. Fear of dismemberment

One man reports that after he was forced by his wife to wear a ring, he lost his finger when his wedding ring was caught in the power toolhead on his terrace. That is clearly a danger for all men, who, as their everyday needs, old hickory machinery like themselves, snags, and the new generation of word processors.

### 5. Growth of phobias

Sure, men claim they hate enclosed rings because, after several months of well-led marital bliss, their fingers swelled up like sausages, and the ring squeezed all the blood out of their ring finger, causing said appendage to turn black. In extreme cases, amputation could be required. Any man who owns tools in mind that one isn't susceptible to this danger.

finger, causing said appendage to turn black. In extreme cases, amputation could be required. Any man who owns tools in mind that one isn't susceptible to this danger.

## WHY MEN DO WEAR WEDDING RINGS

### 1. Because women want them to

This is by far the most frequent reason given by men. And often, it must be said, it is easier and wiser to remember than to logic. Perhaps there are some men who don't mind wearing jewelry or being compared with Liberace.

### 2. Conviction

This is a tricky one. Some men believe that if they acquiesce to their wives' demand to wear the thing, and subsequently believe with Eddie Haskell-like devotion ("Yes, Mrs. Olson, Dene, Eat as I can, Dear"), these deluded spouses will be unable to notice that their husbands are wearing engagement rings. Many of these men view their ring as one of the few ways they will be allowed to keep so remind themselves they once were married.

### 3. Assessment

Many men who now wear wedding rings didn't always. In fact, many of them bought jewelry and did regular self-image (see above) created by the rings. Then came the Big Event. This could have been anything from an organization or an outright induction, something frivolous and stupid like watching the station wagon after drinking too many beers. Whatever the circumstances, the Big Event is something that provokes your wife to demand that you wear a ring, specifically so that you will cause behavior like a hell-bent teenager whose favorite song is "I Want to Love You, Love Hard, Be Young, and Leave a Beautiful Memory."

### 4. Fear of dismemberment

This is similar to, but more personal than point number four above. ■

**Carl Hazzard** is the happily married publisher of Atlantic Monthly Press. He says he would rather wear a pair of handcuffs than be caught in a dead-end ring.

## On the One Hand...

### THEY WEAR THEM

John Baker  
Paul Newman  
Kenny Chesney  
John Densmore  
Sam Sternberg  
Mark Spitz  
Michael Stuhlbarg  
Keye Luke  
Dennis Hopper  
Tom Clancy  
Michael J. Fox  
Mickey Freech  
Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Dudley Moore  
Bruce Willis  
Steve Rossi  
Jeff Bridges  
Chevy Chase  
Forest Gump  
John Goodman  
Robert De Niro  
Rance Howard  
Ted Kapal  
Alia Shawkat  
Marie Cincera  
Phil Donahue  
Lee Daniels  
Bill Cosby  
Jimmy Smits  
Mickey Spillane  
Paul McCartney  
James Taylor  
Pat Boone  
Dennis Lehane  
Hannibal El-Gaddafi  
Ken Kragen  
Mike Fennell  
John Glenn  
Evan Rachel Wood  
Billy Joel  
Johnny Cash  
Keith Richards  
Michael Douglas  
Frank Sivero

### THEY SOMETIMES DO AND SOMETIMES DON'T

Celine Dion  
Marcello Mastroianni  
Jane Jackson

### THEY DID

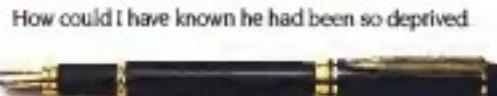
Jessica Biel  
Tom Cruise  
Charles Swart  
Bruce Springsteen

He grew up on beluga caviar and Bizet's Carmen.

He had a champion King Charles spaniel and a '52 roadster named Wanda.

He had Europe at his feet and the world at his door.

But he never had a Waterman



**Penman:** A Waterman pen represents far more than a century, this distinction has remained constant in its purpose, pen-making tooling, for example. In the meticulous balancing, its layers upon layers of brilliant lacquer. An accent polished with precious metal. These who deserve such an instrument of expression will find Waterman in a breadth of styles, pens and brushes.

**WATERMAN**  
PARIS



# P.S., I LOVED YOU

*A letter from an ex-wife*



We were kids,  
we never would've  
believed that  
the marriage didn't  
have a prayer.

THE SUMMER NIGHT you snuck up to our house, dressed in a white tuxedo suit and carrying blues you'd lifted from your mother's piano—was when I knew that all was lost for love. It was like breaking the parental shoulder-tall and deep in a dead bolt lock, so absolute was my conviction. It wasn't the tony high of power right as buckskin grappling at the door in or the next-day feel of a smash, overblown enough it was in. The house could've been a high tower in the woods and I'd walked past

it, so watchful had my parents always been—not anybody could make them get out through the screen door into the night that you were a timberland Godchild in the game, and they seemed to take on paraffins, watching in a closed poster as postcard tape to me.

My father got over being dead halfway through the summer, what the hell, blue light one sheet through any room we were in together suddenly became visible to his naked eye. He recognized, in my boy-

named-fatherness, the edge presence of autumn and sex. "You can't see him any more," he declared the third time I blew off a carafe, but it was too late.

It was the States, the era of grasses, empty and fallowness. That was a fall out, a ping-pong, making the decisions for us that we were we would've made anyway. You'd thought your draft physical, I was on set about graduation, and between us we had money enough for plane tickets, and passes enough for a small town. We stayed.

BY LARKIN WARREN

We even drew the clouds onto our plane, making it a solemn and solid mass that effectively prevented the hope of a shotgun wedding. It was Thanksgiving weekend, and the phone had 50, can't get married in the offseason. Notre Dame game's on, have to do it in the morning. I was nominated, you were home over the假期 (all day) checked. In my memory were congressional. In the process, followed old Polaroids, we're all grinning, surprisingly pleased with ourselves.

You sign up as only child, I'd grown up with sisters, so living together seemed at first like a step in a foreign country, with each greater and later taking on only, with

would be there, and then nobody would hang up. When I was thinking vacation, you were thinking pick-up truck. When you were thinking vacation, I was thinking new furniture. When our colleagues grew into major business. You went from open for business and didn't come home for two days. I threw an alarm clock at your head and mouthed your Jim Plunkett remarks. You had shown how much money you'd really taken out of the checking account, and I started a savings account in another bank, secretly looking my bank money out. The baby grew smart and happy and healthy, and we glared at each other over his height chart. I developed the faint

ag marriage and a recovered capacity for joy. I'm happy and want you to be, and if you're not, I don't want to hear about it. But in the years between, we played out pretenses like visitors, never forgetting our old things, hardly remembering one good thing. There were legal battles, money battles, vacation problems, and the blossomed arthrodilectomy with copies of *Yearning* floating in his waiting room. There was a Christmas when I forced you watching the child open the box and take out his first shirt; there was a moment when I thanked you because you were traveling in Europe and I was cleaning up birthday party spaghetti sauce. Would I have invited the birthday party? Just Barrage? Would you?

—Drew

And the child, the man who looks like you and sounds like me, he loves with reckless leaps of courage, gives no much, holds back

fascinating propositions. For instance, she says you'd rip off her pants, then put your shorts on, strip down to underpants, then rip off and belt off over again. For instance, masters and maidens and escorts. For instance, the telephone, and how long was too long, same question for the bath-tube. For instance, balloons, and how far was too far, and also who was supposed to make sex, anyway?

The baby was perfect, my nervous cooking less so, your heart for a good job that would lead off of an less perfect than that. The checking account wouldn't accumulate its balance, the paper from the first writer, you got no signs, tried to quit smoking, couldn't. Our basement, walled and screened, took off on like a small "General American" country, domestic policy, education, driving, childcare. We became their parents. We can stay.

We fled to a cabin, where the results of separation were peace and beauty and mystery. We were recently confidants of the first race, a little shaky on the last, but pretty hopeful. Everybody there was giddily hopeful, smoking a little dope, going to Pismo Valley or Laguna Beach in the afternoon after sitting in the sun and the sun. Everybody knew somebody who'd given off to Vietnam and everybody knew somebody who'd gone to Canada. Friends got arrested or divorced, or stayed married and had losses. We parked horses in summer and taught dancing in winter. I quit working and found an office job with a WORLDS low fees and benefits and my name on the stationery.

After a season or two, you began coming home a little later each night. Sometimes when I'd pick up a ringing phone, nobody

mention the country, and you preferred the going-off step.

The first separation came, then the second, and finally the last, we both cried, because that's what the way it was supposed to be, not for us. He didn't have you, that's what was the fucking wife, load of a constant side stroke, doing under my heart every time I looked at you? I'd say to myself the price had paid, and said from the rock-bottom, acknowledgeability stuff, he mentioned anything about fear, and it's only couldnt I understand it? And when he took you aside after the ceremony, did he tell you what you were supposed to do when the switch adult-and-child, adult-and-child began to sound like steel wheels on a railroad track? Sometimes you'd reach over and touch my cheek, just barely grasping it with your hand, with a look of such sadness, as if it were impossible to find you and the distance had deceived me to tell me. I'd go in as the middle of the night and wander out the living room and try to rest, and the loss on the page would turn around like mercury. The child sat on the floor in the middle of his room, his toy train blocks and trains gathered into a heavy second form, in thought he believed something was coming immediately to carry everything away. There was more, of course, but memory won't talk.

—Mark Warren

*Esquire's* research editor

—Drew

nothing, and takes no prisoners when it's over. He's measured both the fun muscle and the going-off step, he asks kind questions, and he wants some answers before he's satisfied. I begin to feel like, here's what the census knows: A man is a work in progress. He finds or marshalls the way that Armstrong landed on the moon, and when the human cubist leaves him there, he has made clear whether to stay and continue or play as if figure out a way to get home. Inside his head there is so much noise, yet outside there is only silence, and no going. But comes the heat, then survival, then, finally, wisdom. Oh, maybe a few men are basic men, but who are they, and would we want to hang out and have a beer with them? I don't understand even now why it was the way it was, I just know that everybody blamed you—because you were the man, and were somehow programmed to be genetically programmed to know what you were doing. Here's what I finally do understand: You invited me with all your heart, it forced you. We did the best we could with that love, and the death determination that it would be enough for a marriage and a life. Who had time then to grow into friendship, or trust, or compensation, or comfort? But that young boy, he stayed at home, it's for him, and for all the emotions pulled around like an old U-Haul, that was the lesson I am living yourself the book, and all you children off my books hanging around in your memory now. I only repair the house now, where once I raged at them, but I don't want them to be all there was, remember the touch on the cheek, the child, the Notre Dame game we didn't see. ■

# GREAT PERFORMERS

## Orel Hershiser and Ray-Ban Sunglasses

**Ray-Ban**  
EXCLUSIVELY  
BAUSCH & LOMB  
The Acetate Frame Tradition

*Cal Hershiser*

Orel Hershiser, 1984 Olympic-Es Young Award  
Hall of Fame, MVP



## Retired

(continued from page 222)

I'd gotten the magazine, but she insisted that she didn't want us to meet until our talk was over. "I think it'd be harder for me to talk to you now if we met," she explained. I said that I understood, and I did. Missing me might finally make what she was doing seem too real.

She agreed that she could try, as hard as possible, not to be the person of the story at frequent reference by her son. When we talked of this, she had just met Tim—the man who had picked her up on the plane to L.A.—and I said, "Tim's the rule." The experience shapes the story, the story doesn't shape the experience. If you're going to sleep with Tim, that's fine; just don't sleep with him on my account.

As far as her necessary work, I swore that no one would ever know her real name. She also agreed that for the purpose of our conversation, she should make no effort to disguise the truth. We said, last night, before I wrote the piece, that we would go down together and discuss what needed to be discussed. "I would have no problem, I said, discussing her profession or age or number of children or years married—even the city where she lived could be changed. The point of my piece would tell more about an American wife who was having an affair. It was not an divorce or marriage.

She agreed that it would be confusing for her to try to keep made-up stories straight.

"I CALLED TIM when I got back to L.A. He was very happy to hear from me. He picked me up at my hotel; I can't do it downstairs. There was great successional on my part. But I had decided that I was not going to sleep with him that night for a couple of reasons. One, I had to be up really early the next morning. Two, I think I could feel her being pursued, being followed. And I also in that point knew that there would be no cover up out to the coast within the next week or ten days, and I'd probably have more time. So I gave me an opportunity to play a little hard to get."

"He took me to that very romantic restaurant in the Valley, maybe an hour out of L.A., and we had just a really lovely dinner. One of his interests is yoga, and he very diplomatically said to me that he's a master of a certain kind of pose, and he called cartwheels. I said, 'What's that?'" And he said, "Oh, well, in case you'll know, he clearly has something in his masculinity."

"We never did have that conversation, but some of the identifying details in the story have nonetheless been changed."

## HER NIGHTS

"Anyways, we finished dinner I guess at about eleven, and he dropped me at home on Melrose Drive, to show me a car, and I sort of felt like a manager picking up Madonna and we were talking, and he sort of gave me a tour of his house that I was sort of passing sleepwalking by. And of course he was confident that I was hot, I mean, I knew I wasn't. And it was very, very exciting for me. It's been a while since I've been in that situation with somebody else. We had pretty passionate sex. And I sort of put myself on the position of wanting work an overly passionate sex, but slowly going in to the moment."

"Do you see like it's the first time you're having an affair?"  
"In a sense it is. It's the first time I've done it like a manager picking up Madonna and show her."

"But do you say, 'My God, nothing like this has ever happened to me before'?"

"Never. Which girls have never exceeded your limits? I think I mentioned that for a man like this, finding a married woman is the next best thing to finding a virgin. Let's talk of any kind of relationships."

"At some point, he touched my breast, and of course I pulled away. It's almost like my kind of playing a part."

"Do you have different roles?"

"How I act depends on the guy, depends on the situation. It's a different role. I think in that situation I'm probably more like people would expect me to be—sort of Diana Ross-like."

"DO YOU HAVE ANY fantasies you've never told me about?" I asked my husband one night.

"About other women, you mean?" he asked.

"No. About sex in general?" I said.  
"Anything you've been wanting to try?"

"You must have talked to Susan today." "I don't want you to get horrid," I said.

"SHREWDNESS TO HER, my husband had the benefit of our conversation last night," Susan said to me.  
"Mine did, too," I told her.

"DON'T HAVE AN AFRAID," my husband said to me another night, after I had been reading the transcript.

"I'll never have an affair," I said, and then watched him, when he'd fallen asleep, and tried to imagine what it would take.

Susan had said that she and her husband made love three or four times a week. She said that they had no names for each other, that they didn't argue. They looked into each other's eyes a lot, she said, they touched a lot. She said that he was successful, but that he had always put the family first. She said he was thoughtful and generous, that she had never been able to imagine being in love with anyone else.

When she talked about her husband, she was talking about my husband. It was impossible, listening to her, not to look for the telling answer, the crucial distinction that would separate him from my husband, and then separate Susan from me. I asked questions designed to find that distinction, wanting to feel safe in an adultery, like disease, was something that happened to you, that was out of your control, that was beyond your control.

I asked her if she'd ever felt sheepish something wrong with her marriage.

"Look, obviously weh somebody who has affairs, it's difficult to make no argument that there's nothing wrong with the marriage," she said. "And it's difficult for me to be in peace with myself and answer myself that there's nothing wrong. You can't say it's going to be impossible to get that message across to you. In a perfect world, it's certainly not right. I don't think when I do a particularly good job, the bottom line is, I'm given an answer my husband's made friends who suddenly have those sexual feelings, and when that does, they're very loving, and wonderful husbands, and good fathers. The bottom line is, I find it reasonably comforting to be with somebody new. You know, that someone whom we've been growing estranged for the first thousand's irreversable."

"I love my husband," she said. "I love making love with him. What I believe—maybe I'm completely off the wall—but I think that there are a lot of married people who, if you give them a circumstance where they were sure that nothing bad would happen and they found some person in another place who was just terribly exciting to them, I think that you would be surprised at how many people would want to have that quick affair and share by truck home in their spouse. Now, if I had two loves left on that earth to make love to somebody, it would unquestionably be my husband. But it's difficult for me when I do think somebody else."

THE MECHANICS OF HER LIFE WERE A constant revelation to me.

"I should write a book about how to have a safe affair," she joked one evening. She was right.

She said that she'd gotten a second dia-



## The lighter was Sandoz, the jewelry Cartier, and a martini was the perfect accessory.

It was a game really. Was her husband the woman would reveal her lighter. Closest cigarette case. Slowly she'd roll a cigarette through her fingers, giving her just enough time to reach for his gold Sandoz lighter. Then, just as the tip of the cigarette would part her lips, hell make the lighter illuminate her face for the instant room to see.

It was a game played out in restaurants, bars, across and clubs every night.

And the right

accessory could say everything about the player, even spilling over into the check one held: The names.

But not just any names. "Aromatic dry with a dash of intense." Aromatic, sweet, no oil. "A dry Gibson," said Accessories are making a comeback. Fountain pens cling to lapel pockets. Thread-woven neckties from wristies.

Elegant jewelry—alarm necklaces. And the names. Shlomo Gilbey. The perfect accessory.



phases, so that her husband would never notice if the first one was gone when she was away.

For the same reason, she said, she never packed many luggage, although traveling with new men was one of her pleasures, part of her history of herself. Instead, she would buy new pants-as-camisoles-in other cities, and she would change them every time she left. "So it's like dollars," she said. "She what?" She wouldn't leave them in her hotel room, though. Men might find them and forward them. She would change them over at the airport, or in a garage, just to be safe.

She never used her real name.

She never said where she worked.

She never let anyone see her wallet.

She would call her husband at her usual time, on Sunday when she was homeless, if she knew that the swagman was spending the night elsewhere, she would tell the front desk in her hotel not to put through her calls. If she called home from a man's apartment, she used her corporate phone card, so her number couldn't be traced, and so her husband couldn't see the bill.

They had been only one time, she said, when she'd had a close call—the one time that she'd had an affair in her lover's surroundings. It had taken place on Cape Cod, she said, when her husband had been away and she had gone to their summer home alone. She had spent an afternoon with a neighbor whom she'd been seeing. They had needed on the beach, she said, then made love in the outdoor shower. They had come back to the pool, and he had put on his clothes and left.

**"I realize that when I'm with a lover, I think a lot about my husband, and when I'm with my husband, I think about the lovers."**

He had been gone for what seemed like a minute, she said, when she heard a car pull up in the driveway and figured that he had forgotten something.

"Well, it's the husband," she said. "So they literally could have had each other with their cars. That way it's private. The awkward part about it for me now is my boyfriend comes in and announces that he's insanely horny. His hands can be the hand, takes me into the bedroom, and he wants to make love. And the car's underway. Now what do I do? This guy has more muscle than who the f--- his husband was. Love. 'Because it is?' she said. "Because I alone have."

Again and again, I asked her what it was

she, to write to go down on me. And I just think, God, *what am I going to do?* Because I just know that he's going to turn something, he's going to turn something. On the other hand, I don't want to say no because I don't want to do anything that wouldn't be normal. And I'm thinking I should tell him.

"But you don't go down on me, and I'm lying there, and I'm, God, and you know, he's not saying anything, and in another place he does pop up his husband says, 'C'mon, you're really wet.' And I say, 'Well, you know, you've been away.' And I guess I realized then that he didn't know, wasn't okay. I was still incredibly nervous. God, I felt really bad that he'd done this during sex, and some other guy's woman's there."

"Some point I just pulled him up and said, 'I want you inside me.' It's one of the only times I can ever remember taking an orgasm. But afterward, an interesting thing happened. I began to feel it racing.

"I still think about it a lot. And sometimes when I think about it, I get excited. There was one I can't tell you how many times I've been by myself taking a bath or something and just started laughing."

I TOLD A COLLEAGUE about this.

"She's sick," he said immediately.

"She's wise."

"She's sick."

"She's wise?"

what I was hoping that she would offer as explanation that would have some rational logic to it, something that wouldn't be just an invention or crap.

"I'm not named on the fact that he could have run into my lover in the driveway. I shouldn't be that," she said. "The thing that comes on when I think about is making love to him immediately afterwards. I mean, I just find that incredibly erotic. The coupling of the two. Maybe it's a step of combining the last feel for a lover with making love to my husband."

"The last comes over?" I asked.

"Oh, definitely," she said. "Definitely." She told me about another lover when I tried to talk about her husband when he made love to her. "He'd say, 'I feel he doesn't fit in you,'" she said me. "I feel he doesn't fuck you like that." I was definitely turned on by that. I realized that when I'm with a lover, I think a lot about my husband, and when I'm with my husband, I think a lot about the lovers.

Listening to her, I began to believe that adultery won't let you run away. I began to believe that commitment was. The older man was not just someone. It seemed to define the way she could do what she did, what she wanted, how she had.

What she had wanted were two sets of bones, two sets of memories, two sets of dreams, feelings, and return.

She wasn't crazy, I thought. She was good. It seemed that the grosses sexualities of life had never been glorious to her. She'd reported the ones she gave her life danger. Whether or not her life would have looked so ripe.

Perhaps she was, I thought, a symbol of the hangy decade in which nothing had ever been enough, in which all that anyone wanted was never.

WE WENT to Tim's apartment outside L.A. And we started to knock and grapefruit, it went. And at a certain point he took my hand and put it on his crotch, and I said, "You know, I'm not sure that this is right for me." What I had anticipated—was he had damaged himself—was he just not taking me for an answer, and sort of really firmly forcing himself on me, and me giving up so easily that I'd have to give in? "Well, he said, "What do you mean, why are you rejecting me, why are you saying have with me nothing?" There was some anger there for a moment. He said, "Aren't you excited?" So I said, "Well, sort, I'm excited, but I'm also worried." And he said, "Well, that you shouldn't be in this apartment doing what you're doing unless you want to go to bed

with me." And I sort of sat back on the couch and thought, and there was this little bit of anger in him, and then he put his hand under my dress. And I sort of stopped him and then, unfortunately, he got up and said, "Look, I'm not a high school kid. I'm grown now; I don't play games. I understand you completely." He said, "You've never had an affair, and you want me to take the responsibility after telling you into the bed?" I told her that when I wanted more was to have time with her journals. She said that that would be fine, and then she said, with great relief, about her next night work.

THE WOMAN IN THE COFFEE shop—she still wanted to look me in the eye, she said—and then, removing the creases in my dress, and then he put his hand under my dress, and then he said, "Well, why don't you let me on your lap?" and "Nothing bad will happen to you." He basically gave me this spiel about how it's good to give yourself pleasure and this is a way of doing it. And I was feeling pretty good, and so I agreed. He assured me that he had an instruction manual, whispering me, as they say like that, that of course there was the danger, and in fact, when I was ready up, he said that in essence this is the principle of you and your. He said, "You know, you need to have the extreme pleasure on one hand and the occasional bit of pain on the other," and I said, "What? I was interested in any kind of—some sort of sex?" He said, "This is not going to be any kind of M&M scene. I just want you to consider the fact that you're at my disposal for a while."

He got some condoms and he began calculating me. All over. Long, pleasurable kind of duration. And that was for, that was really wonderful. One of the best of his life he punched one of my nipples, pretty hard, and of course I cried, and he stopped it. He grabbed me to the sofa, and he began to roll off about various yogs. He has these full of levitation, and he is a master master of yogas and advances, and he told me that one of the things they do they practice is prolonged sexual exercises. And in the case of the male, the ability to maintain an erection for great periods of time without ejaculating.

"Anyways..." he trailed off as though he thought me.

At the weekly, I had asked many questions I could think of, many of them more than once. She had told me about her father and mother, her years in high school

and college, her favorite music, books, and movies. She had told me that she was a lawyer, and she told me what she was and had her first love.

She had asked me no guess what she looked like, and she'd guessed what? I looked like her, too. Then we'd talk about how well we'd done. We had talked about her favorite stores, her favorite designers, colors, fabrics. She had told me about being pregnant, being a mother, a wife, a friend. We had attempted a chronology of all her relationships, and I'd heard the stories, stories or long, or in least eight of them.

Finally, near the end of October, she said that we could meet sometime in the second week of November. Her husband would be out of town, she said. We could meet first in a coffee shop—she still wanted to look me in the eye, she said—and then, removing the creases in my dress, and then he said, "Well, why don't you let me on your lap?" and "Nothing bad will happen to you." He basically gave me this spiel about how it's good to give yourself pleasure and this is a way of doing it. And I was feeling pretty good, and so I agreed. He assured me that he had an instruction manual, whispering me, as they say like that, that of course there was the danger, and in fact, when I was ready up, he said that in essence this is the principle of you and your. He said, "You know, you need to have the extreme pleasure on one hand and the occasional bit of pain on the other," and I said, "What? I was interested in any kind of—some sort of sex?" He said, "This is not going to be any kind of M&M scene. I just want you to consider the fact that you're at my disposal for a while."

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in a coffee shop—she still wanted to look me in the eye, she said—and then, removing the creases in my dress, we could go to her apartment and have the place to ourselves.

She wanted to know if I would want to look around there, and of course I said I would. She said she imagined that she would like having drapes, and he said, "Well, why don't you let me on your lap?" and "Nothing bad will happen to you." He basically gave me this spiel about how it's good to give yourself pleasure and this is a way of doing it. And I was feeling pretty good, and so I agreed. He assured me that he had an instruction manual, whispering me, as they say like that, that of course there was the danger, and in fact, when I was ready up, he said that in essence this is the principle of you and your. He said, "You know, you need to have the extreme pleasure on one hand and the occasional bit of pain on the other," and I said, "What? I was interested in any kind of—some sort of sex?" He said, "This is not going to be any kind of M&M scene. I just want you to consider the fact that you're at my disposal for a while."

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"Anyways..." he trailed off as though he thought me.

He went to work in the kitchen, and he came out with a mimosa, and we were crazy. He said, "I'm going to go to sleep and I'm going to give you the top of the page."

you have it." I said, "Look, I don't want it; I don't need it. I don't care about it." He said, "I'm not going to keep it." And he exploded. And he gave the tape to me. I opened it. I put it on the safe-deposit box. The whole thing was racing, but it was frightening. He obviously knew how to take someone to the edge. I press the buttons like it's get more than I bargained for. I won't call him again."

"YOU KNOW," Suze said, "maybe I do have an exhibitionistic streak."

"Yes?" I said.

"You know, that my husband will be reading about me. That I won't know but he won't know I exist, one of the reasons I called in the first place was the fact that it was Suze and my husband reads a religiously, and I imagined him reading this article. It certainly had readers there it might be an article in which I would be contributing, so much, but as it developed, it became, you know—believe me, I sit and fantasize about being held onto the sofa and reading it, and me reading something else, or whatever. And then he picks his head up and reads me some particularly interesting paragraph. I guess in a way it's the next best thing. In a way I'm having my cake and eating it too, knowing about it and not knowing about it."

"Doesn't that the strength doesn't cross my mind to let you see the tape?"

"You mean the tape of you and Tim? I asked."

"I figured in fantasy it would be great," she said. "But in reality it will never see the daylight."

## "One of the reasons I called was that my husband reads Esquire. I fantasize about him lying back on the sofa and reading this."

"Well, that certainly would be great," I said, laughing.

"There's a bit of pain that will be tough to get out of me. Only because of memory. Nothing else."

"That's fine," I said.

A few days later she said, "I've thought about leaving you alone in my apartment. I've thought about leaving the tape for you. I don't know what to make of this, but I find that whole idea exciting. Maybe it's the danger factor. I have very mixed feelings about it. I'm torn with feelings of leaving it in the bedroom."

I thought it was just that if I saw even five seconds of the tape, and also saw a photograph of her husband, I would be able to prove his every without equivocation.

"Well," I said, "You could always just cut it and leave me alone for awhile, and I'd never know if I looked at it or not."

She laughed. "One thing I know and one thing you know is that you'll look at it."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because I know I would look at it."

"It's important," I told her.

She paused. "Knowing me as well as you're known to know me," she finally said, "do you think I'm going to leave the tape on?"

"I think you won't," I said, "but you don't want me to think you want to."

"That's pretty accurate," she said. "I do want to leave it. Now, this step sounds silly, but I do have a certain measure of modesty, and when I'm having trouble with it just throwing this into the VCR and just putting something like that. It's going to sound all right," but somehow, had I known you for a longer period of time in a different way—let's say, we're friends, and we go to the same health club, we're in front of each other. I thought about that, and I thought I somehow needed to break the ice. I thought about going with my to my health club, to you would sort of see me."

"It's not that big a deal," I said. "It is makes you uncomfortable, I understand."

"But do you see what I'm saying?"

"I think so," I said.

"I thought we could meet for lunch," she offered. "I could take you shopping. We can go to Starbucks. You can come into the dressing room and pick me out clothes."

"That's fine," I said, not thinking it was,

job or an address. Apart from anything else, that suddenly seemed dangerous and stupid.

She called the other at 4:00 on the following Tuesday. I told her that I'd been thinking about our last conversation, and that I didn't feel comfortable about the Bargello's thing. I told her it wasn't that necessary for me to see the tape. I also told her I wanted to know her name before I went to her apartment. I said, "If you don't want to tell me on the phone, that's fine. You can tell me when we have coffee, and we can go to your place the next day." The tone of her voice didn't change at all. She said that she'd call again the next day.

**SHE DIDN'T CALL** on Wednesday, but I didn't think much about it. True, she had always been pleasant, but I figured she felt invaded, and she would want to make me worry and want her before she called again. On Thursday she didn't call either, and my calm was replaced by a sense of mild dread.

**A WEEK PASSED**. Through, I thought. You're justified my strength. I played on other side of the persons.

Desperately seeking Suze. The may needs an ending, one way or another. Please call.

No one answered the ad. For two weeks, I sat by the phone each day at 4:00, and sometimes when it rang I called out. Please before I picked it up. Then I decided to find her.

She had left her husband's first name slip out at one point, and she'd said, many times, that he subscriber to *Esquire*. I called the subscriber on department and asked for a printout of all subscribers who lived in the three zip codes that covered the neighborhood where she'd had they lived.

The subscriber list arrived a week later. I sifted the sheet to read through them to no one would walk in and see the name I was reading. Only four men had last name or first initial. One of them had an unlisted phone number. The other three didn't check out.

**THE CONVERSATION** did not sit right. For weeks I had managed to tell myself that she wasn't a creep person, that man in the same role would eat meat once. But I'd already named the Kudu Zone, and I had no wish to be there. It began to hit me that I'd not only agreed to watch her get naked, but that I'd be going to the apartment of a woman whose idea I didn't know, and couldn't check against a

thousand page volume that includes New York City. I read through columns of columns of names in my type, the thin, little-like pages. Frowning, as I turned them, I looked for Suze with the first name she'd told me was her real name. There were about a thousand. Then I looked for the right one. There were about fifty. As I lay deeper school. There were three. A down town office. There were none.

**WEEKS PASSED**. In January, Alan Abel, a self-described media hothead, reported that he had put a woman up to claiming she'd won the New York lottery. The point, he explained, was to show how crazy it was to fail the pass. I decided this issue had done the same thing. Then I reread the transcript again, and I was drawn back into believing her, and believing in our relationship. I knew it was real, I thought. I didn't make it all up, I thought.

**FINALLY, I CALLED** *Playboy* magazine, and I asked how to get in touch with the model Suze and the had days with. Two days later the model herself called back. I thanked her profusely. I told her my problem. He was thoughtful, grateful, perfectly clear. He said he'd quit the pickup now six or seven years ago. I told him that you told you, if you'd just give me, what my character was, waiting from one scene to

ing a woman from New York. I said he might not have met her in New York, that it could have been California, Florida, anywhere. "No," he said, amazingly matter-of-fact, not intrigued by the prospect of being included in some woman's history file. "That just doesn't sound like anything I've done."

**THE LAST THING** I did was read through four weeks of *New York Times* obituaries. There was no one remotely like her.

I tried to be philosophical. I used to think that just because she'd obviously lied about some details, a date's name she'd told about everything. But I was wrong, even by the little lies, and that, I realized, was just the point. I understood that if she could have lied about the little things, she could have lied about the big things. The relationship that we'd had on the phone hadn't fit any room for her at all.

How could she have made all that up? I looked for inconsistencies. In fifty pages of single spaced transcripts, she'd only made one mistake. She had had two different pseudonyms to describe one particular lover. Big deal. I was wrong. When all this happened, I was finishing a novel I'd been working on for four years, and I couldn't have told you, if you'd just give me, what my character was, waiting from one scene to

another, or where they'd had on bed on page 14 versus page 150.

The song became an ad. The ad was made up of mystery, self-hatred, indifference, boredom, hatred, alienation, disbelief, and anger. The ad is the ad of banality.

I am left with her voice. I would know her voice in my crowd, an any day, in any country. I longed for it as a companion, my twin sister, in closing doors. Even after all the endless checking, the seeming consciousness, and the apparent fun, I still consoled her that what the told me wasn't true. I would still had it more plausible to think that she'd had her in a bus than that she'd made the whole thing up.

If this was a human or preteen joke, then it was for beyond age definition of humor that I have ever heard. If this is an inhuman, then it was pathology. But it was probably true—I did it out there, and real, and reading this—then she was, and the known. She has given over with having both her learning and her memory. She has given nothing up. If she is out there, then she will not be living today, even evening, watching and waiting, while her husband reads this article. And just as she planned it all along, she will allow herself an upward gaze as she thoughts that he knows but he doesn't know, and the thought that I have but I don't know it.

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Courtesy: NOAA/NMFS

These list fish species represent a species down to the brink of extinction. The primary cause habitat loss.

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**See page 446** *Latin American Cultural Patterns: A Cross-Cultural Comparison*, edited by Dorothy Tolman, London, 1968. See also John P. Hart's *Latin American Culture* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968).

**See also** 122; Kelly Rehal Collection (Cooperstown);  
Frances Henry Carter-Brown Collection; Bessie  
Haworth-Tucker, *Poems*; The Brumman Archives; Land  
Photographer, Carter-Tucker Collection; Edmund  
Hoisington-Nelson Photocards; Rockwood—Percival,  
Seward Photocards; Study Photocards.

**On stage 1916** Henry Gardner (all 1916) as Brewster, Lulu's father; John Gielgud (all 1916) as Sir Francis, an Englishman; Harry Houdini (all 1916) as Mr. Justice of the Peace, New York City 1916; Chamberlain (all 1916) and the 1916-1917 cast of Follies Affairs and Stories About Women. For information contact: 2642 Broadway, #11, 10th Avenue, New York, New York 10019. **On stage 1917** Imperial Hotel (Imperial Hotel, packed squares) at Times Square 1917; Broadway 1917; 1917-1918, at the Hotel Astor, New York City 1917-1918. For information contact: Imperial Hotel, 10 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019. **Salvation Army stage 1918** (1918) at Carnegie Hall and Madison Square Garden, New York City 1918. **On stage 1919** The Devil's Disciple, Salomon Brothers, New York, New York 1919. **On stage 1920** The Devil's Disciple, Salomon Brothers, New York, New York 1920.

**The page:** 400-Bethesda and 400-Arlington, Bethesda, Maryland; Washington, D.C.; Chicago, and San Francisco. For additional contact: Bethesda Tax Law Committee, 5 West 40th Street, Suite 1000, New York, 10018; 500 Madison Avenue, Suite 2510, in Lakewood, Colorado; Stanley Brown, Bellmore, Bellmore, The Hob, Brooklyn; For additional contact: Eugene S. Brotman, 10 West Forty-second Street, New York City; Steve T.L. New York 10018; Fred G. Mardis in

*Clothing, Fosters, Georgia*, J. T. George, Kansas City Missouri. For information contact: Paramount, 1300 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.  
*Ashley Brothers*, *pushed square*: (181) at Thermo-  
dike's and Take Five Avenue nationwide; *Mashed  
Potato*, Chicago. For franchise contact: Ashley  
Brothers, 411 18th Avenue, New York, New York  
10011. *Elaborate Looks* *soft robes* 154700 - *Jewel  
Icons*, Fort Washington, New York. Contact: S.  
Washington, 1301 Wilton Road, San Francisco.  
For information contact: Elaborate Looks Jewish, Box  
122, Belmont, Illinois 60464.

See page 184 for Sensoryglobe Zegna suit (\$1,600) -  
Thomas Miller, Wall Street, New York; Chaps  
Silkshirt, Long Island, New York; Diamonds,

**1985: Tasmania Jones Longjaw beetle** (Stenocorus tasmanicus) was first seen in Tasmania Jones Longjaw, New Zealand in 1985. It has since spread to Tasmania Jones Longjaw and Tasmania Jones Longjaw (both streams), New York, New York (USA). Tasmania Jones Longjaw beetle belongs to the family Cerambycidae. For other names see Tasmania Jones Longjaw beetle.

**Photo:** © 1978 by Sue Roth. **Makeup:** by Marcy Roth.  
**Styling:** by Sue Roth. **Costume:** by Sue Roth.

Lauchapriit, Jaskiv, anumony ni Eustas Versace, anumony-id astas Klimt, Fyach neoblyat vnutrju svih Jay Leno, Ringo i in sovremennoj umutnosti

**RECEIVED  
RECORDED,  
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ADVERTISING

A photograph of a Glenfiddich Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky bottle. The bottle is clear glass with a dark cap and a label featuring the brand name and a portrait of a man.

**IMPORT**

A row of condiment bottles including ranch dressing, barbecue sauce, and ketchup.

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## A Letter at Last...

BRUCE McCALL  
NEW YORK

Dear Lou,

Self-appointed do-gooders, barking about victimizing and Pidgeon-ing the language and pointing at random household dos and don'ts—down with consumerism! Down with movie reviewers! And we all know who they are, ha-ha!

Certainly not the underdogged, a language repair guy who couldn't tell a gerund from a Grand off; but having thus so endearingly exempted myself from any trace of didacticism, am I allowed just one tiny, ha-ha? I am?

Why do the mass media—and we all know who they are—cover that people and institutions and entire governments, irrespective of outcomes, are always "making a score-and-sore arsehole"? Have I missed something? And who's decision overrides all living with little upholstered rugs like the ones in the finer buster shops, marked What-and-Set Attorneys—trust me? I don't "take a worrying attitude," I just worry. And when the outcome is uncertain, I don't make a pose, I just quietly wait and see. See-there, goodbois!

And don't get me going on those idiotic signs you're increasingly see on the backs of trucks, warning you to phone 10 digits not only of the truck's being operated in an unsafe manner, but also it's being operated in a male manner: "Hello, Federal Transport! I just passed my car and ran to the phone booth to call and say I really liked the way your driver didn't run a single red light just now." Goshme a look.

They don't really want you to call, Lou! It's just another cheap, hollow, non-present-something PR gimmick! Thank you for the use of your paper to expose that gross caused, or big duck.

The road now shifts to something mellow, world even. I dropped into a steaming mudbath. Marlinian in you one recent Saturday afternoon to see Roger & Me, the roughly documentary, and out of my fellow patrons was ..John Z. DeLoach

You could sense the irony in this. But of course, exceedingly sensitive to my connoisseurism in all ways, I reacted strongly to the nearby presence of the man who, but for the grace of God, it really had sports car, and drivers, et, winning career items, might today be sitting in GM's well-padded denim seat instead of Roger Smith. And I then proceeded to see Roger & Me through the eyes of John Z. DeLoach, not as comedy but as a series of purge. Burned the movie for me.

This exemplifies the way celebrities (notaries!) hold us by their very presence. We commoners are always taking the blame for marking the lines of the famous mistakes with our incessant curiosity and intrusion, our letting them be diminished, blab-blah-blah, but it's actually the other way around. We're the ones whose spontaneity and naturalness are always eroded in any chance encounter:

An informal little New York dinner party a few years back. Eight people, put folks except for one of the most-English girls and diverse others of our time. I'd like having a Marlon at the table. His very presence disrupts the social discourse, while everyone automatically endures to be cool. Hours pass between courses.

When he decides to depart early, there is a clear collective exhalation. When he telephones the house as in a half an hour later to deliver a made about having been forced to wait his long among a mostly so smooth and conversely, we all feel outraged. What bridle ends, what blemishes. We have let the great man down. Who, for God's sake, do we think we are?

So I've decided not to become a celebrity visiting myself on my fellow men. If you invite me to dinner, I'll just quietly sit there, engorgate yet poised, taking a pass-the-brussels attitude.

Yours,



# S A N T A F E

DISCOVER THE MYSTERY OF ITS ATTRACTION



COLOGNE FOR MEN

JO-PENNEY AND SANTA FE STORES

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A central bottle of Absolut Vodka stands prominently against a dark background, partially obscured by several large, vibrant red roses. The bottle's label is clearly visible, featuring the brand name in large, bold, serif capital letters, with "Country of Sweden" written in script above it, and "VODKA" in large, bold, sans-serif letters below. A circular seal at the top of the label contains a profile of a man's head.

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